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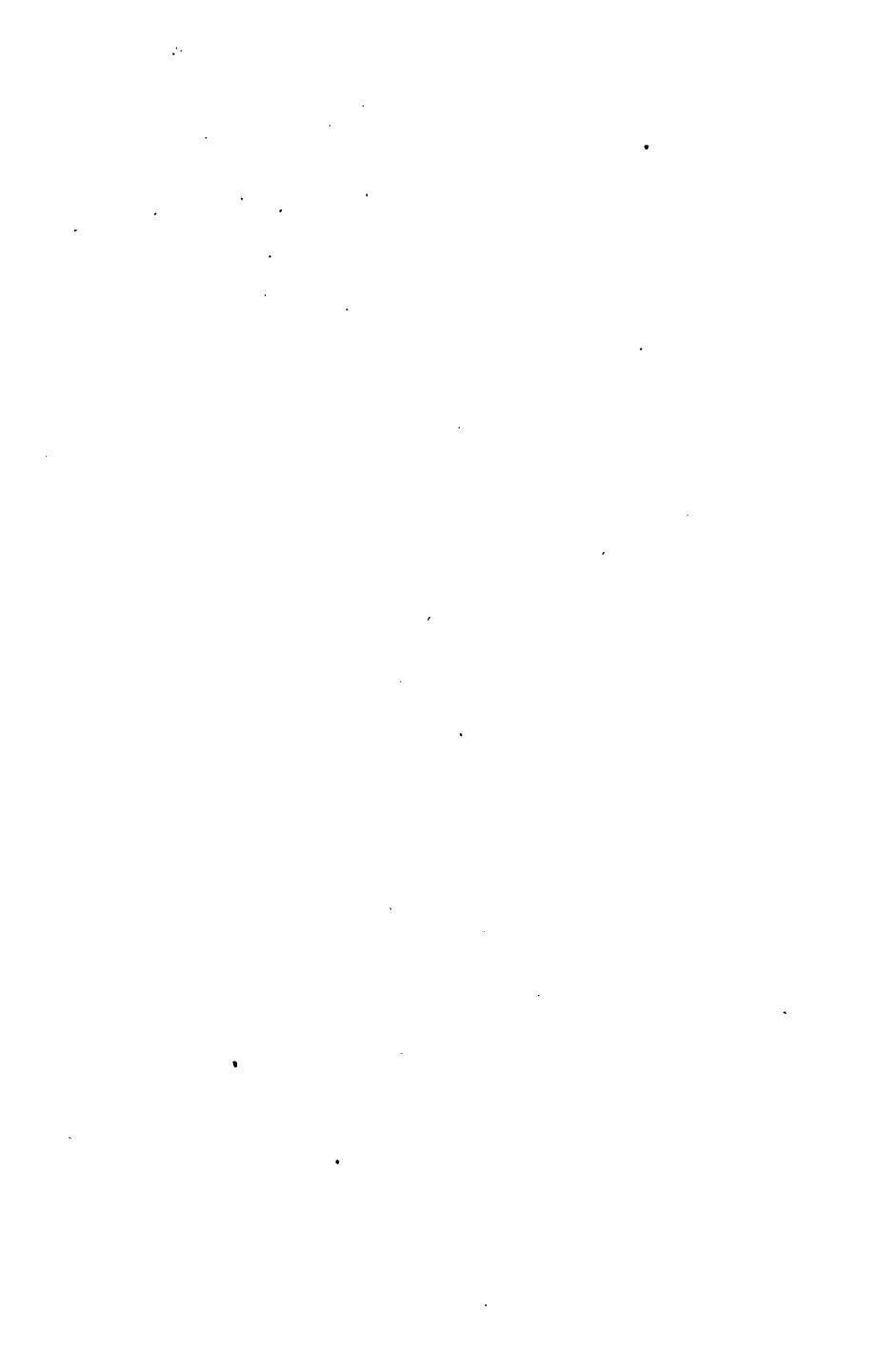
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FOR KING AND KENT

(1648).

A True Story of the Great Rebellion.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

(WITH NOTES.)

BY

COLONEL COLOMB,

Author of "Donnington Castle" (a Royalist Story), "The Cardinal Archbishop" (of Granada), "The Miller of Wandswoorth," "The Song of the Bell and Lenora" (translations), and of the Romances "Hearths and Watchfires," "The Shadows of Destiny," &c.

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FOR KING AND KENT.

CHAPTER I.

THE BEGINNING OF THE FRAY.

NED HALES and L'Estrange had not been idle on the day when that memorable council was held, nor before it. Sir John Mayney having before distinguished himself in the first war, as also Sir William Compton,* had been appointed to high commands. I cannot tell you whether the Lady Anne did interest herself in their favour or not. Various other commissions were given out to command troops of horse and companies of foot. But after the grave news brought by Thornhill and Peyton 'twas plain that the night must be passed industriously. There was no time for sleep when such perils menaced. After midnight I went into Ned Hales his chamber to ask per-

* Lord William Compton's commission runs as follows:—
"Rochester, May 29th, 1648. Ordered that Sir William Compton, Knt., take the command of a Regiment of horse, consisting of 500, as Col. of the said Regt.—Given under our hands the day and year above. (Signed), Phil. Ward, Mayor, Ed. Hales, Robt. Trewe, James Durrell, Francis Clerk, John Darrell, Geo. Newman."

mission to accompany Sir William Compton, who was to go to Dartford and desire Sir John Mayney and all the petitioners resting there that night, to fall back on Rochester. Imagining that there might be some skirmishing like what they had at New Cross, I was desirous to participate. Alas! I little knew what a business it was to be.

The reply of Ned Hales sounded strange.

"I fear," says he, when he had heard my request, "I have no power to order you. I have just received a letter informing me that the Commissioners desire a commander of experience, as we are now likely to come to blows, and that they have invited the Duke of Richmond to accept the supreme charge of our forces."

"Now a plague on them!" cried I, "when you have advanced all the money for arming the country."

For though old Gray had procured only half the sum he had promised, Crisp had made it up to the rapidly increasing requirements, so that one way and another Hales was answerable for £100,000!

"Hush!" says Hales, "the walls are thin, and you may be overheard—and after all," he adds with a something mortified air, "perhaps they are right—and yet I would have done my best; verily, I think Roger L'Estrange is more displeased than I; he hath violently broken his fiddle, and is gone to bed in a huff."

Said I, "I hope notwithstanding, Ned Hales,

that remembering all you have done, the petitioners will generally decline any other commander."

Here enters L'Estrange in his night-gown and night-cap, which last methought seemed to give him an air of more supreme wisdom.

"Hearing voices," says L'Estrange, "I did conceive that an answer might have come from Cobham," (this was where the Duke of Richmond then was). "Has Ned Hales told you this strange intelligence, Admiral?"

"Yes," said I, "and I am grieved to hear it."

"Sdeath, if it had not been that I am now on the King's quarrel," says L'Estrange bitterly, "it had cost that braggadocio, loud-voiced bravo-fellow, Sir Richard Hardress, a bloody coxcomb, when he taunted me with being absent from mine own county when there are risings there. But 'twould have been waste of choler—yet he sometimes winced when I touched his withers about his former friends of the Committee of Kent. Well, 'tis an ungrateful world! And Colepepper, too, to fall away! But 'tis plain at whom they drive when they would ease themselves of you, Ned Hales. Should the King come in again, however—as I yet trust he will—I will take care that neither you, Ned, nor I are forgotten—nor you, honest Rupert—here's your healths!" (and he seizes a flagon of Rhenish and a glass that were on the table, and fills and drains a brimmer).

"Where's Sir William Compton?" he asks, smacking his lips.

"Lying asleep on his bed," says Hales, "booted and spurred, and in his buff doublet; he is to be called in half an hour from this."

"I was desirous of going with him," said I, with a disappointed air, no doubt.

"And what is to hinder thee?" asked L'Estrange.

"I told him," says Hales, "I had no power to command him thither."

"Pshaw!" says L'Estrange, "you are not out of the command yet. The Duke of Richmond hath compounded once, and will not care to venture it—so a little bird tells me."

"Wherefore did you break your fiddle, Master L'Estrange?" said I.

"Break my fiddle?" said he, looking at Hales, "'tis not broken—it had a fall—but a good fiddle may fall seven times. 'Tis like the King his cause—let it be into fifty pieces it will come together again, and in better tune than before."

Here a servant of that inn, distract with so much work, comes in with sense enough left to announce to Hales, that a man was below with a letter which he would deliver himself.

It proved to be Geoffrey, Hales his under-steward. The letter was from the Lady Anne. It contained the news that one of her carrier doves which Sir William Compton a week before had

taken to the Isle of Wight, had flown back with a letter.

Hales dismissed Geoffry with a message. L'Estrange went to awake Compton, who came in presently.

"See! from Carisbroke!" cries Hales.

Compton snatched and looked at it.

"Where the plague have I left the cipher?" says Compton. "In my snapsack, or where? Wait a while."

He soon returned. The letter ran thus:—

"Carisbroke, Sunday, 28th, 12 of the clock at night. All is ready for the attempt. The bar of the chamber window is eaten through with mercury water—friends are gone to attend below the window that looks forth on the bastion. The King will endeavour to be at Blackheath by 10 of the clock on the day named."*

"Who sends that?" says L'Estrange.

"I am bound to secrecy," replies Sir William Compton.

L'Estrange then said to Hales—

"Your fair lady hath made the best hit of all. 'Twill be an eternal shame if her husband is robbed of his command."

* I have several quotations to prove that this was planned. As for Sir William Compton, it is certain he was employed on a mission to the King of a special nature.

"'Tis almost a pity," said Compton, "to order back the men from Dartford."

"But if the army should interpose? and the King be received not by us," cries Hales, "but by his deadly enemies at Blackheath?"

Our hearts fell like our faces.

"It must not be," says Compton, "it shall not be! What!" he cries, clapping his hand to his forehead, "'tis to-morrow!"

"Nay, *to-day*," said I, "for 'tis one of the clock. I heard it clang from Rochester Cathedral a minute or two ago. This is the 30th of May."

Again I made my petition to go forward to Dartford.

"You had best let him," said Compton. "He can take the letter from the Commissioners to Fairfax as well as I could. I shall not now have time; besides I am the only one who knows the road His Majesty will come by."

Then all of a sudden 'twas remembered what danger I should run of being recognised. But that argument I could not entertain.

Ned Hales had six good horses of his own in Rochester. He ordered the fleetest and the best for Compton. Word was despatched to lower the drawbridge on Rochester bridge. In less than ten minutes' time we did clatter over it. The air felt fresh and cool as we flew along. It is seldom quite dark at the end of May. We could see the furze blossoms on Gadds Hill. We drew not

bridle till we reached Dartford. All was still except that sparrows did chirrup wonderfully. The sun had not risen yet, but 'twas quite light.

"Stand!" cries a sentinel at the court of guard. He would know our business. When he knew it, he directed us to the principal inn of the town. Sir John Mayney sat at the open window; he had not slept.

"You have a heavy nightcap, Sir John," cries Compton. For Sir John, indeed, sat there armed *cap-a-pie*, and in his pot.

"We have a beauteous morning for our march," says Sir John—whose appearance before me reminded me of Bocton Malherbe, and how the Lady Anne was lost to all three of us now.

"What makes you here in such a sweat?" asks Sir John.

"Another horse, for God's sake!" cries Compton. "I shall sweat more ere I am done. I have to go forward, but you to go back."

"To go back? Whither?" says Mayney.

"To Rochester. Black Tom and all his red-coats are coming down on us."

"The devil!" cries Mayney.

In three minutes more, I gave the written order of the Commissioners to Mayney. In five or six more Sir William Compton was mounted on a fresh nag. I was fain to gallop away with him and the letter I had to deliver to Fairfax, but he said—

"There is no need for you to use such speed. Old Simpleton has the gout, and I hope will not rise before ten."

I, however, did not delay long. Sir John gave me particular instructions to call in the advance guard. He laughed at the pretence thereof.

"'Tis a parcel of poor prentices," he said, making me feel a little abashed, "who were for taking London if Skippon would let them—though there be but two muskets amongst them."

When he described the commander of these prentices, I began to think it must be Jack Gayer, whom I had not seen since we parted at Sandwich. I said as much.

"By my faith," says Mayney, "I think, indeed, you are right. I told him to hold the hill till I came, scarce dreaming that we should be played a trick like this."

After a morning draught and some cheese and biscuit, I rode away—thinking how Sir John had forgotten the Lady Anne; but he was far from that, though the business he was on diverted his thoughts.

Never was such a lovely morning. The sun rose red over fair Kent; throstle and nightingale sung in the woods; wild rose, sweetbriar, and eglantine sparkled with dew; and laburnum scarce yet faded, drooped over white-thorn hedge. I had orders to turn back all who seemed petitioners—except the guard at Craford bridge under Major

Childs, which was to stand fast.* I found near the place, six score petitioners under Master Mills of Canterbury, and Master Codd † of Sevenoaks, covered with dust, asleep, and tired, in a meadow, having, some of them, marched nigh thirty miles the day before. Childs said he would keep them to guard the bridge. Childs was keeping up his spirits with a pipe and a can of beer with one Master Phipps, ‡ by the roadside. Not very long afterwards five hundred men with a standard before them, decked with laburnum encountered me. At first I thought 'twas the enemy, but the inscription of

“KING CHARLES! AND KENT!” §

showed what they were. Several hundred prentices || 'scaped out of London came behind—their hats well garnished with flowers. They had

* “The Kentish men forced back from Deptford, Greenwich, and Blackheath . . . resolved not to fight but to hold the passes.” *Bloody News from Kent*, 1648.

† “Geo. Codd, of Ash—six charges” (against him) “preferred by John Abel. In actual arms in the insurrection, and through his persuasions and threatenings, divers were forced to serve and drawn into the wicked design against the Parliament,” &c. *Uncalendared Papers, State Paper Office*.

‡ “One Mr. Phipps, very active in the insurrection,” says a diurnal, describing the affair at this place.

§ “A butchers' regiment from London,” says another, “joined the Kentish gentlemen; colours, red; motto, ‘For King Charles and Kent,’ and a butcher's steel in white, Colonel Cook the Colonel.” “Eight hundred clothworkers, butchers, dyers,” &c., mentioned elsewhere.

|| “To Kent,” says Heath, “resorted many hundreds of London apprentices, the chief and flower of the youth . . . thousands more would have gone, but that all the ways were so laid.”

crossed the Thames below Woollage (*sic*) not without difficulty. They told me that they had heard that Fairfax was at Blackheath, and that he had forced the people to clear away the trees at the entry* of the heath, which were felled to stop the way. They also asked the meaning of a white flag which I carried. I told them I was with a message to Fairfax. They said they were chiefly butchers and did desire to fight.

I did order them all to Rochester. They went on their way singing—

For we know we shall never have peace
Till all the Roundheads be down—
When the army's well banged,
And the Parliament hanged,
Then the rest will be true to the Crown.†

Anon I came upn more of the same. The sun was high when I reached the top of Shooter's Hill, but ere I caught a distant sight of the square ‡ tower of Paul's, a voice called me to stand, and I saw Jack Gayer, ready with his old matchlock propped on his linstock, and blowing his match. I believe he knew me well enough, but desired to show how nimble he was. He was glad to hear the news that the petitioners were like to have a fight for it. His fellows were both tired and dirty. They

* Two thousand Kentish men possessed themselves of Deptford Bridge and planted some ordnance upon it, and upon the halfway house at Greenwich, cut down trees and barricaded the highways.

† This is not a modern imitation but a ballad of the time.

‡ The steeple of Old Paul's was down long before this.

were famished. Jack Gayer and I had a little talk over Margaret, who refused to see him ere she left Sandwich—of Cornelius Evans, whom he thought I should have cuffed—and of my wondrous success with the fleet, which amazed him. He then desired me to hold his guard for him, and to lend him something to buy victual with. He had to go to Woollage ere he could find aught. He returned with bread and two bottles of ale, after so long an absence that I had begun to be impatient to depart for Blackheath. When he came back, I ordered him to be gone to Dartford with his guard. He desired to eat a little first and to give me some ale. Just then, my horse which I thought fast to a tree, broke loose, and would have a run into the wood. When I had caught him, and had just mounted, I heard Gayer challenging. There appeared to be no answer, but I thought I saw the flashing of burnished steel through the trees and bushes between me and the road. Heavens! could it be that Fairfax his men were really coming on. I had supposed I would find them at Blackheath. I rode out of the wood. Scarce had I done so, when I perceived six fellows fenced with steel coming up the hill, all of a row.

“Hold, Gayer—for God’s sake!” I cried, seeing what he was going to do. But it was too late. Gayer had levelled his old matchlock, from whence there comes a flash, smoke, and an explosion. The right-hand man of those six falls for-

ward on his horse's neck, and then pitches over on to the ground.

He was shot into the head, and died presently.

The rest, who were put into some disorder, fearing an ambush, wheeled about suddenly; and then changing their minds turned again, and gripping their broadswords—for they were cuirassiers—were about to gallop up and slash us to pieces—when a voice behind called out to halt; and a dark-visaged man rode forward with his hand raised, and forbad them to stir.

“Oh, Jack! Jack!” said I, in a low tone, “what have you done?”

He made no answer.

I believe he was more amazed at the discipline of those soldiers, than he would have been if they had ridden him down. He did not attempt to load his piece again. I was as amazed as he was, but from another cause. My mission was to be suddenly accomplished. For he who had prevented the soldiers from revenging the death of their comrade, was no other than the General of the Parliamentary forces, and it seemed a bad entrance to my business.

“Surrender every one of you on pain of instant death!” says he, while twenty more files galloped up and surrounded us.

Gayer's firelock was dragged from his hand; the whole of his companions were instantly bound with match. I was myself seized.

"You must not lay hands on me!" said I, holding up my white flag. "I come with a letter from my general."

"What general?" cries the trooper contemptuously.

I perceived that two or three other officers were with the Lord Fairfax.

They looked at one another, and then at me.

"It is some deceit," says Fairfax.

"For which this fellow of the white flag deserves to be suddenly put to death," says another of a solemnly divelish countenance as I thought—and then immediately remembered him to be Commissary-General Ireton.

Happily the Lord Fairfax did not remember me.

"Sir," said I, addressing the Lord Fairfax, "I am innocent of deceit; my horse was loose," and I was handing him the letter when Ireton snatched it out of my hand and read it.

He then whispered something to the General.

"Go back and tell those who sent you," says Fairfax, "that I am in a better position to fight than to treat."*

* "We desired a pass," says a *Letter from Rochester*, 31st May, 1648, "that twenty men might be permitted to offer our petition to the two Houses; and to this purpose desired a pass yesterday by a trumpet from the Lord Fairfax. But the trumpet was menaced, and the pass denied us." The letter from the Commissioners at Rochester is preserved in the Bodleian Library. It appears to be in the handwriting of young Edward Hales. But it is also signed by Hardress. Brockman, T. Colepepper, R. Colepepper (? R. Pilkington), John Darrell, and James Darrell.

"What! your Excellency," cries Ireton, "will you send this fellow away again? Truly, I think, by your leave, he hath forfeited his liberty notwithstanding his flag—what say you Colonel Rich?"

"I know not," says Rich, looking at me vindictively; "but I know I have lost one of my best men."

"Where is your next guard, fellow?" cries Fairfax.

"At Craford bridge, sir," said I.

"I deem it fitting to detain you," says Fairfax, stammering over it, "until—until I—examine into this business."

"The General will send an answer by a trumpeter of his own," says Ireton. "Bring all these prisoners after us," adds he, as they all turned to go down the hill whence they came,* "the General is for Eltham."

* "As the General was marching up Shotover Hill i.e., Shooter's)," says a letter from Rushworth to the Speaker, "to see how the enemy had placed their guards, a trumpeter came from them, desiring my lord to grant a pass to their Commissioners to treat, according to the order of Parliament, signed Peyton. The trumpeter said Squire Hales was their general, Sir Thomas Peyton, Lieutenant-General, and Sir John Mainy, Major-General. His Excellency returned answer by a trumpeter of his own. . . . Major Husbands was sent with a party of horse (to Dartford). . . . The General quartered this night (30th May) at Eltham."—MS., Bodl., Oxford.

Another letter says, "Colonel Rich and Colonel Berkstead possessed themselves of the heath betimes" (30th May). "The enemy is on the other side of Shooter's Hill. They have killed one of Colonel Rich's men, and we have taken thirty, with their arms, but hurt none."—*Ibid.*

"Two of you remain with Sergeant Lobb's body," says Colonel Rich; "and when you have taken off his armour and clothes, make some of these clowns help you to bury him in the wood.* Major Husbands, when you have settled a guard here you are to go forward with the advance towards Dartford, and destroy all you meet in arms."

Another letter in a diurnal says, "They shot one of our troopers, who is dead, as gallant a stout man as any in the army. We neither killed nor wounded any of them, but took about thirty prisoners, and then the soldiers changed clothes with, and brought them away bound with matches."

* *The Kentish Independent*, a few years ago, reported the discovery of a skeleton in Shooter's Hill wood, and advanced a theory that it was some victim of Dick Turpin. It seems just as likely to have been the "trooper" in question.

Eighteenth Inscription.

To

LADY FILMER.

CHAPTER II.

TO THE RENDEZVOUS OF KENT.

THE soldiers were without humanity; but what could we expect after killing one of them outright? We were stripped * of most of our clothes; these they disposed of to sutlers who presently came up. We were then taken to Eltham through paths in the wood—some of those soldiers being familiar with the ways. We were sufficiently terrified, not excepting Jack Gayer, for they told us a proportion would be shot. About Eltham the fields were full of horse and foot bivouacking. We went to the palace of Eltham, whither the General had gone before in his coach—for having a fit of gout coming on he could no longer endure his riding boot.

This palace, like many other palaces, had been ruined by these reformers. The ancient hall, where kings and court ladies had oft feasted, was now too foul and dilapidated for aught but horses and prisoners. We found there more wretched companions, and learnt that many hundreds more

* "Our soldiers stripped those they took, but saved their lives."—*News from Kent*. But a diurnal mentions "two young gentlemen brave, in gold and silver lace, slain—with them the soldiers changed clothes."

had been taken about Blackheath, and either sent to London or put on board ships in the Thames. The Lord Fairfax his charging horses, and those of Ireton, were in that hall, well fed; but we were left with empty bellies.

There were some old soldiers who told me to appeal again unto Fairfax—that it was unheard-of treatment for a flag of truce; but I could not get access to him.

At four next morning we were roused up; and found ourselves shortly marching in rear of Berkstead his regiment through what were the Lord Rivers* his woods, which had been wholly destroyed all but the stumps of the trees. We perceived the soldiers had lain all night in the fields,† a few officers only having tents. When we had gone about a mile we were eased of our bonds, but merely to have burdens imposed instead. For every soldier took off back, breast, and pot, which we had to carry.‡ We soon got faint with hunger, but were obliged to continue;

* I find the following:—"Sir S. Simpleton had the Honour of Eltham given him—it was the Earl of Dorset's—the middle park and a house that was Mr. White's, and cut down £5,000 worth of timber; but hath scarce one left of his own to buy a gibbet."—*Mystery of the Good Old Cause*, 1648.

† The diurnals inform us that "the Lord Fairfax was at Eltham (30th May), his men lying in the field all night (31st)."

‡ It is probable that this was a common practice when forced marches were made.—See *Whitelock's Memorial*, under date 20th August, 1651, where this passage occurs, "4,000 of the General's foot march in their shirts 20 miles a day" (against Charles II. and the Scots), "and have their clothes and arms carried by the country."

however, some of the soldiers gave us bread out of their snapsacks. These I accosted concerning my unwarranted detention, but they told me 'twas my own fault for getting mixed with the party that did murder one of theirs. But the real reason was, I am sure, that 'twas designed to take the Kentish men by surprise.

So on they go marching like lords—each soldier having his armour-bearer after him. And many foolish petitioners were among those beasts of burthen, for being met coming without arms in their hands towards London out of Kent, in behalf of peace, they from time to time had the answer of Jehu given to them—

“What hast thou to do with peace?—turn thee behind me.”

At Meopham were few besides old men, women, and children. For by degrees the country—hearing of the approach of soldiers—if they could not burrow like rabbits, did flee away like hares; and houses both of gentry and commonalty were found without an inhabitant. But the march was hurried on at such a pace that there was little time to spoil.* Here we did hear that Craford bridge was forced by Major Husbands;† but they

* There was, however, a good deal of plundering, as the proclamations of Fairfax shew.

† A Parliamentary diurnal gives the following particulars :—“Major Husbands and 300 horse, who mounted 200 foot behind them, attacked a bridge that the Kentish men had fortified. The enemy fired thick, but Husbands' men fell on. The horse swam through the water; then they fled. Major Child's horse shot;

dared not to enter Dartford, though the petitioners were gone, it being* towards night.

I had almost forgot to mention that Jack Gayer was no longer with me; and that he had by some unaccountable means escaped from the palace at Eltham, much to the disappointment of the soldiers who desired to have the shooting of him. And they did declare that none but the divel himself could have got away† so secretly. I was put in some fear by their talk of the divel having appeared in Kent, and at the Counters, lest I should have been remembered to have been one of those who rose in the City. I could not discover that Jack Gayer had again personated the Evil One, and I knew he had not the dress—for Parson Dixon had got it away from him for a sum of money.

I was anxious lest Jack Gayer should be found on our march. Another thing did trouble me—which was, that Compton must have found it im-

his son shot in the back; twenty slain and thirty prisoners. The enemy's party consisted of countrymen, seamen, and London apprentices. One, Mr. Phipps, very active," &c.

Another, *Mercurius*, says, "Carts barricaded the bridge and harrows the foord. Colonel Jackson gives no quarter, but a kinsman had it. A major swore and drank upon it that no Roundhead should have quarter or can be permitted to live any more in England. Being asked why they cried 'Hey, for King Charles,' when they charged, some said they would die in his cause," &c.

* So says a letter from Rushworth.

† As Lendall finds no explanation, it is as well to state that there is a subterranean passage from the hall to the fosse round Eltham Palace.

possible to reach the place where His Majesty was expected to arrive at with Fairfax interposed.

We left Meopham * very early in the morning of the 1st of June, and were made to halt again at a certain place for the space of half an hour. 'Twas said Colonel Berkstead was on a private expedition. Anon he appears with a score or so of horses with saddles, and pistols in holsters and other furniture. We were to be turned into dragoons. I say *we*, for I got mounted because an officer of Berkstead's regiment having fallen off his beast—he being a foot soldier and not used to dragooning it—was glad to let me mount in his stead, and bestowed my burden upon a prisoner they had just taken. And, indeed, I found that colt so very unruly—trying to break away, and also springing all at once into the air without any notice whatsoever—that I had much ado not to follow that officer's example.

The said officer was now to search for information concerning the Kentish men; and we did visit divers houses of divers persons who were to give it, and were to communicate all to Colonel Berkstead again. At Birling inquiry was made about some who were said to know somewhat of the counsels of the petitioners; we then went toward Snodlands.

I have told you I have good sight. The land

* "The Lord General at Meopham last night (May 31st); men lying about the fields."—*Diurnal*.

near Birling lies high, and you can see thence very easily the high ground * on the further side of the Medway, which lies between Maidstone and Rochester. A part of that ground is marked with white tracks of chalk up the face of the hill-side. Looking above this, and rather to the left of those tracks, I thought I did perceive somewhat. 'Twas not trees, and yet looked like plantations. Anon it was hid by a shower—for that morning was showery—and then again it did appear. I perceived motion in it; and at last was convinced 'twas horse and foot in great numbers, the stands of pikes having been mistaken by me for fir plantations. A short while later a cry of—

“There they be!” broke from Berkstead his men.

Ten thousand petitioners did stand upon that distant hill. They were Esquire Hales his men collected in a body. 'Twas the rendezvous of Kent!

I think Berkstead's men were troubled at the sight. As for me, I was so overjoyed that I did almost shed tears. We turned back into Birling. Some men were for killing those who they conceived ought to have told us. But Colonel Berkstead by-and-bye appearing all was quieted; and to my great surprise he took that small party of horse at a good speed in the very direc-

* Burham Heath above Woldham, on the right bank of the Medway, and about two miles from Rochester.

tion of that force on the hill. But he had ascertained that there was no Kentish forces on that side of the Medway. He made no inquiry as to me; but, supposing me to be a lacquey, told me to take care of that horse I was on, for he wanted to reserve it for his own use.

We went to one Gyles,* at Snodlands, who had been employed in the casting of ordnance there, and had a good house. The soldiers who came

* I found the following record of Fairfax's march amongst the uncalendared MSS. in the State Paper Office:—"Peter Hewster, of Birling, husbandman, sworn (15th March, 1651), saith—'That upon Thursday morning early, being ye 1st day of June, in ye year 1648, ye same day ye fight was at Maidstone, several hundreds of ye Lord Fairfax his forces marching through Birling aforesaid, where this depts. house was, and where he there was in hys bedd, called at hys house and told this ext. that he must get him a horse and shew them ye way to John Gyles his house at Snodlands, where to have some pasture for ye horses. Whereupon this dept. saith that he did take up his horse and shew them ye way to John Gyles his house accordingly, where they called for ye said Gyles, who putt hys head out of a chamber window and spake to them, who asked him if he had a cupp of good beere. He answered yt. they should have such as he had; there being not above twenty of them they staid at ye sd. Gyles hys house, but what became of them aftds. this dept. knoweth not, he leaving them at ye sd. Gyles hys house and setg. home.'—(*Before the Committee at Maidstone.*)"

"Robert Austen, of E. Malling, labourer, sworn and exd., *ut supra*, saith as follows:—"That ye Tuesday before ye fight at Maidstone, in ye said insurrection in this co., he was sett by Stephen Tomlyn, constable of ye hundred of Larkfield, upon ye roade there to watch and ward; and aftds. was taken by ye Ld. Fairfax hys souldiers, and brought to ye rendezvous at E. Malling Heath, where was brought ye sd. John Gyles of Snodland by some souldiers, who said they fetched him out of hys house, and thys ext. saith that ye sd. Gyles and himself were discharged by ye Ld. Fairfax as ye souldiers told this ext."

ROBT. R. AUSTEN,
his X mark."

there first approached, craftily asking for drink. He gave them some, and in return they presently tell him he is in some danger, and must speak the truth.

"I know nothing whatsoever about nothing," says Gyles.*

At that instant up comes Berkstead himself.

"Ye lie! ye lie!" says he; "ye was all day yesterday with Esquire Hales, Francis Lovelace, Augustine Skinner, and one Strange, viewing the passes of the river."

How amazed was I to hear that Berkstead knew such a thing as this!

Down goes Gyles on his knees and prays for mercy.

"I am innocent of aught against the honourable Parliament!" cries he.

Berkstead says nothing, but catches at his ear, and pulls as he would pull Gyles his head off.

"You gave out two new brass culvers out of the Parliament stores, which are now planted on Aylesford bridge," says he.

"I swear I did not, gentlemen," says Gyles; "they were but old iron minions, and honeycombed

* The political bias of John Gyles is more clearly indicated by the following information against him:—"John Gyles did carry himself with much inveteracy and malice against the Parliament, and against all honest, godly, and well-affected people in the last rising of the Kentish enemy in ye year of our Lord God 1648, at that time when ye Lord Goring and Esq. Hales was in arms for ye late King against ye Parliament."—*Uncalendared MS.* State Paper Office.

also, and the gents did take them from me with force and violence. A poor honest man—oh, by your leave, sir, do not span your pistol at me—knows not what to do in these times. ‘Sign the petition,’ cries one, ‘or I will stab thee in the belly;’ ‘Arm for the Parliament,’ says another, ‘or I will shoot thee into the head.’”

“What hath been done to Aylesford bridge besides?” demands Berkstead, with his pistol still pointed.

“Oh, Lord, sir, it is stocaded and a half-moon in front of it.”

“And to Maidstone?”

“The like, sir! Have mercy!—and a murdering piece thereon.”

“And to Farleigh?”

“Master Skinner undertook it, sir. ’Tis to be destroyed, sir.”

Berkstead here lowers his pistol, but he asks about all the fords, which he appeared to know accurately.

“There be harrows and sharp stakes there,” is Gyles his answer to each question.

“Are those forces on the hill yonder drawn from Rochester or Maidstone?”

“From both, please your worthy honour.”

“Your memory is indifferent good, friend Gyles,” says Berkstead, putting his pistol back into his holster; “’tis my design, therefore, to carry you before the Lord Fairfax.”

Gyles scared, says nought.

Some had dismounted from their horses while this talk went on. The people that were about us, I could see, would have cut those soldiers' throats if they dared. Most of Berkstead's men were quaffing of beer. It seemed an opportunity. Ned Hales and all the men of Kent were on the heights on the further side of the Medway, not three miles off. Wherefore should I not hazard an escape.

An old farmer stood near me with a whip. I signified my condition to him and my desire to be gone by signs and looks, which he presently understood. He secretly passes his whip into my hand. We were in the orchard beside Gyles his house. It was toward the river and begirt with wooden pales. The colt I was on had mettle, as I told you. I turned him to the pales. He would not jump.

I saw I was observed.

"Stand! will ye?" says I.

I put him straight at the pales, and slacking my rein instantly cut his hinder quarters with the whip. Over he flies bravely!

"Not touched!" muttered I, as the small shot rattled through the apple and pear trees, which somewhat screened me from my guards—but that was all they did, except to roar at me, Berkstead loudest. I was through the thin hedge of the next field, over a wall, and so into the Medway plump!

—and none seemed to follow. It was high tide; and though I had further to go, no current to battle with. My nag and I scrambled up the bank on the further side. But now I found I was no more the master. He was a runaway, and cared for nothing whatsoever. He ran desperately up the white track of the Pilgrims' Way,* and catching sight of the horse on the hill, neighed, altered his course, and carried me through furze and brushwood to the rendezvous of Kent, among squadrons of horse, plumps of pikes and partizans, and pennons and standards of divers blazons. An unanimous huzza seemed to greet my arrival, though, having been despoiled of the fine suit which Ned Hales had given me, I was but poorly clothed for so brave an assembly.

* See Dean Stanley's highly interesting work *The Memorials of Canterbury* for allusions to the Pilgrims' Way at this identical place.

CHAPTER III.

OF THE RENDEZVOUS AND HOW I LEFT IT.

“Hold, sirrah! Stay your beast!” “Ride not over the General!” “What the plague is this?” Such were the next expressions which were addressed to me, as I glanced with some violence against a great Flanders horse, whereon an ancient gentleman in half-armour sat bowing and waving his hand as if the salute was meant for him.

I looked for Ned Hales to see if I had ridden over him; but I saw him not, therefore I understood not well those cries. The huzzas were not unreasonable to salute one who had brought over the fleet to the King, and whom doubtless they imagined to be lost, as he had not returned with any letter from Fairfax. I had not much time to consider such matters, for my colt made no halt there, but sweeping a circuit of the multitude—which was indeed an army, quite amazing to look upon, stopped in the centre where the horse stood thickest.

The huzzas by this time had died away, and I found I was quite mistaken as to their cause; and that indeed I attracted little notice.

When I came to observe where I was, I per-

ceived that I was close to Ned Hales his troop, which I knew by their red doublets, and the standard of the royal arms which the beloved Lady Anne had broidered with her own hands. Ned Hales himself and L'Estrange were in front of it. The ancient gentleman began an oration which lasted not long. I heard him say that "he doubted not but that by their means the King would be restored to his throne ere the week were out," or something to that effect. Then came more huzzas, after which Ned Hales rides forward with L'Estrange, and I made towards him; but as he seemed to have business with the ancient gentleman, I halted at a little distance. I soon discovered the explanation of the whole matter. The ancient gentleman was the Earl of Norwich, who had accepted the command of the armed petitioners of Kent, the Duke of Richmond having declined the same. Those cheers were therefore not for me, but, sad thought! for the Earl who had ousted Ned Hales of his command!*

"My lord," said Hales, with a somewhat sad countenance. "I yield unto you not only my

* "They" (i.e., the gentlemen of Kent) "appointed a rendezvous the next day" (i.e., June 1st), at Barnham Downs (i.e., Burham), "three miles distant from Rochester towards Maidstone; when the Lord Norwich was proclaimed General at the head of the army," &c.—See *True Relation*, p. 67.

"The old Lord Goring being that day proclaimed General at the head of their army, on the hill near Aylesford, where we saw their body drawn up which as their prisoners do confess, and they themselves gave out, consisted of 8,000 men, besides those in Maidstone and Aylesford," &c.—*Letter of Fairfax*.

command, but mine own regiment of horse. I pray you however to preserve it as his Majesty's life guards, should King Charles shortly arrive amongst us as is possible, since for his Majesty that force was designed, which for that reason is clothed in red and hath its standard a royal scutcheon."

The Earl prayed Hales to accept the post of Lieutenant-General, but Ned Hales declared his friend Sir Thomas Peyton worthily filled it; and in fine—notwithstanding all the Earl his polite remonstrances and entreaties—declared his intention to fight as a volunteer. I heard L'Estrange* following his example, and

* L'Estrange describes the supercession of young Hales, and the rendezvous at Burham Heath, where he says "We mustered near 10,000 horse and foot. I was offered," says he, "a very considerable command, but perceiving the people against me, I asked pardon, if I not only quitted what I had, but declined any other; but if my person might be thought of any use in the action, I should be ready upon all commands and occasions to serve my Prince. At the same time Master Hales also delivered up his command, and presented the General with his own immediate regiment." L'Estrange observes that "the reception of the Earl of Norwich was good. He doubted he wanted not forty-eight hours of giving the King his crown again. At one," continues L'Estrange, "we drew off the Heath . . . particular charges were given to secure the rivers, and parties commanded to watch the enemy hovering indifferently between Rochester and Maidstone."

"Hales," says Carter, "constantly continued with them till this night, when having seen the army in such a state as that day's rendezvous, and the appointment of a general, took it for an absolute solution of his engagement, and resolved that night to go home only to accommodate himself the better with money and other necessities for a longer march, and to return the next morning."—*True Relation*, p. 78.

declining all preferment. Ned Hales then turns and rides to his troop, and with tears in his eyes, addresses a few words recommending them to obedience to their new commander. L'Estrange attending with a mock cheerful air, which was sad to behold. Then did I present myself to Ned Hales to whom I incontinently determined to offer no expressions of pity—for that is an ointment that smarts.

“Why? ’tis Rupert Lendall!” says he, looking at me with some wonder, and truly my dress was as if I had been making a *camisado*. Doublet I had none, nor hat either. A shirt black with dirt, tattered leather breeches, and old boots much too large, was all I had gotten from the soldiers in exchange for the handsome suit Ned Hales had given me. A few words explained all to Hales, my delivering the letter, being taken prisoner and escaping. He at once brought me before the Earl of Norwich, who was surrounded by a multitude of gentlemen, all proposing divers things. There were many strangers besides. Hardress, Peyton, Mayney, Colepepper, Brockman, Godfrey, Hammond, and the rest I have mentioned before. But all listened with attention to my story. Nor did Skinner and Garland late of the Parliament party decline to lend an ear, but methought ’twas but a poor part they played to turn away from their friends at the last moment, yet I hoped they might be sincere..

One who had succeeded L'Estrange as Quartermaster General, was of opinion that a considerable force was hovering indifferently between Rochester and Maidstone (and indeed there had been a feint on Strood) but none believed that the headquarters of Fairfax his army had got as far as Meopham, nor was I able to assure them that he had been there himself, or what proportion of his force had left it, for Berkstead's men had marched before the others.

"'Tis just as I said," cries one, "they are but small detached parties; but let us send a good party of horse towards Meopham."

"Your horse will be spent ere you need them," says another, "if you use them so."

L'Estrange and Hales urged that all the passes of the river should be better guarded.

"Aylesford is safe," says Darrell.

"We will answer for Maidstone," said Sir William Brockman; which Sir Gamaliel Dudley did second.

"Farleigh bridge shall be destroyed at the last moment," said Skinner.

Colepepper proposed to march the whole army over Rochester bridge and attack a considerable body said to be at Gadd's Hill.

Newman thought Rochester should be our citadel.

Hardress was for going elsewhere.

It seemed to be the notion of the Earl of Nor-

wich that Fairfax would not be in a mighty hurry to attack a county so unanimously opposed to him; and that the message which Fairfax had sent by a trumpeter of his own, offering pardon * to those who would lay down their arms, was but a bravado which he dared not follow up.

"If King Charles should suddenly appear at Blackheath," said he, "the City will rise, and Fairfax will be between two fires. And though this young man," says he, "can give no tidings of Sir William Compton—his name is not on the list of prisoners Fairfax sends for exchange. So I trust that the mission so ably designed by Master Hales will be successful—but I will demand of the said Fairfax his explanation for treating a flag of truce with such contempt."

"By your leave, sir," said I, "I shall be happy to revenge the insult myself—if I have but the addition of a sword, and a scarf of the King's colour. I have a great desire to take Colonel Berkstead prisoner; and I doubt not he is not yet gone far from where I left him."

At this several bold young sparks whose fathers had fought for the King, but who had till now been too young, caught fire and pressed to be allowed to go.

* None was offered to their leaders. "His Excellency returned answer by a trumpeter of his own" (to the letter delivered on Shooter's Hill) that "if they would lay down their arms, and disperse, he doubted not of the mercy of Parliament to them that are abused and deluded; and of their *justice against* such as shall appear to have been the chief and most eminent actors in this rebellion."

"If this knave," added one, "will be our guide."

"You must not speak so of a late vice-admiral of the fleet," says the Earl of Norwich, smiling.

In another minute some twenty or thirty persons, mostly very young gentlemen very well mounted—collected. I determined to shew that though they mistook me for some common fellow, I was going to prove their leader. I doubted not but that my horse would worthily second his rider, and that I should not be last in the race after Berkstead, though he had been somewhat blown by galloping up hill.

I was furnished with a scarf of the King's colour, also with a sword and a hat. I refused all else.

"Come along!" said I.

They started off with me. But the General by somebody's advice altered his mind. We had not gone far when voice and trumpet called us back. Those young blades for the most part obeyed. As for me, I could not. My colt after running away up hill, chose to go down at a like pace. The trumpet sounded—as I thought angrily—once more. I found myself alone in frantic gallop leaping bush, pit, gripe, whatever came in my way. Away I did fly the road I had come.

And so I arrive at the bank of the river which my colt declineth, and careers about refusing also to return to the rendezvous, which indeed at this

time was breaking up, and the men going into quarters by troops and companies. When I endeavoured to force my colt towards Burham he did rise and paw the air. Then I perceive some coming down from the rendezvous. They approach and tell me they have been sent now to accompany me. We are to go no further than Snodlands, and to be circumspect, not running too much risk. But "wherefore did I go at such a speed?" and is it "true that I am he who played vice-admiral on board the 'Reformation?'" &c.

I invite the rest. My nag adventures the Medway once more. But no sooner safe on the other side, than he snaps the bit in his teeth, and looking round on me with an evil eye, seemeth to say—

"What ho! Will ye indeed catch Colonel Berkstead?—i' faith, and so ye shall!" and scours through Halling.

"Hilloa ho! hi! hi!—softly, Vice-admiral!"

But 'tis in vain. I am off like a tornado in the tropics—the rain which had begun again, all this time pouring in my face. Did I know whither I was going? By no means. But my nag had no doubts. He preferred skirting of the Medway. My friends did not overtake me. I passed the Friary—only 'twas, of course, on the other side of the river. The white ensign and cross of St. George did float on the top. "But," thinks I, "as I am now alone, and perhaps near the enemy, I had best throw off my king's scarf." Next comes

Aylesford bridge well barricaded—a demilune of sods in front with two pieces of ordnance peering out—the bridge crowded with musketeers and pikemen—the windows of the old tower on the further side of the river filled with faces. Something between a hiss and a groan from many voices—as to a dog which is scorned, greets me as I pass. I was not pleased to receive such a welcome; but 'twas soon explained. They took me for an enemy. There is a way to the right hand; my colt turneth into it. As destiny would have it, these are the very new-made dragoons I have parted with, only their prisoners are not with them. They have on their pots and armour; and withal, are at a fine speed running away from Aylesford, which they had been viewing. Two things I may mention—first, the poor prisoners had gone another road; second, there was no horse in Aylesford, otherwise the Kentish men would have assaulted those new-made dragoons. I spurred my colt, for stop him I could not. I believe these soldiers feared me until I was past them; and then the fools snap pistols at me, but too late. On I go, not knowing where, but hoping towards friendly quarters, as I was now quite alone. When lo! I come upon more steel caps, more cuirasses, and more swords, also pikes, a whole regiment of foot, part of the train, two pieces of ordnance, and nigh a whole regiment of horse! Now farewell valour and welcome discretion. I would be a

countryman on a runaway nag. I fling my sword over the hedge among the ladies' smocks and cuckoo-buds. I gain the van of those men, receiving nothing worse than a solemn curse, or a cut that misses me. And now my brute chooseth to walk, and will not pass that van where is one whom I recognise as Colonel Rich, who had had to do with putting down the rising of the prentices of London—with him is an older colonel whose face I did not at first see, and—oh! but my heart died within me to see his third companion!—for 'twas no other than Berkstead again—Berkstead whom I had rashly thought to make a prisoner of!

Neither he nor his two companions observed me. I could not halt my brute nor yet urge him forward. I believe they took me at first for a friendly country fellow. Berkstead was telling a story.

"While these 20 unarmed were drinking healths to King Charles in the parlour," says he, "we seized their horses—this I ride on is one—ready saddled and bridled in the stables, with the pistols in the holsters all ready for them to mount to ride to Blackheath with their silly petition."

"Ha! ha!" laughs the cracked voice of the third man.

"So," continues Berkstead, "we took them all prisoners and made them walk t'other way; all except the old fellow that sat at the head of the

table, who having snatched down an old rusty fox broadsword from the wall, and made resistance was despatched.*

At this moment Berkstead makes a sudden motion, which was indeed a start, though not born of fear. Doubtless not knowing that the colt was a runaway, he marvelled that I had been mad enough to come back.

"By —!" cries he, and then corrects the oath. "Seize this fellow and bind him, and write him down also to be Tindale" (which was the name I altered myself to for security) "he is the prisoner who escaped, and he rides one of the beasts I speak of."

It was indeed the very fellow of that whereon Berkstead then rode, which may account for my colt choosing to walk at that worst of all places for his rider. Enemies did abound. Colonel Rich recognised me. The mad lieutenant was

* Though much has been said about the excellent discipline of the Parliament armies, acts of violence and plunder were frequently committed by them. The following petition at the Restoration furnishes an instance:—"To the King's Most Excellent Majesty—The humble petition of Thos. Brewer humbly sheweth—That your petitioner's father . . . was in his own house most barbarously slain and plundered of all his personal estate for his ready engagement with the petitioners and other your Majesty's loyal subjects in the county of Kent, who in the year 1648 did take up arms for restoring your Majesty's late father of glorious memory, from the barbarous restraint and imprisonment he at that time underwent," &c.—(Copied from *MS.* in State Paper Office.)

there to seize me; and he of the cracked voice having turned to regard me attentively cries—

“Tindale? * Nay, ’tis the rascal Lendall that betrayed the fleet of the Parliament’s ships, and hath besides committed all manner of mutinies. No other is he as sure as my name is Livesey” (for Livesey it was). “Slay him not, but keep him fast, Miriam! The scum is of value. The Derby House will give a thousand pounds for him. And thou, Miriam, shalt have a share of a third with myself,” adds Livesey.

“Of a fourth ye would say,” quoth Rich, “’twas I who first caught him.”

“Where?” says Livesey.

“On Shooter’s Hill, where his companion—who hath, I know not how, escaped—shot one of my best soldiers.”

“I will resign my share of the money,” says the firm and solemn Miriam, when Rich ceased speaking, “provided his blood flows as an expiation to appease the Lord’s wrath.”

“You will have enough of blood presently,” says Berkstead, “without his. ’Tis for the Parliament to hang him up and not for you to slash him down.”

Although I now gave myself up for lost, I was not displeased to find that Miriam May was not let to

* Several histories mentioning our autobiographer call him Tindale.

be my jailor. I was, however, secured; my hands tied behind me, and my feet fastened with a cord under the colt's belly, while a trooper on each side did guide the colt.

Just about this time one of the advance gallops back and calls out—

“Way stopped!”

A turn of the road explained that mystery. Trees are across the road, and we are not far from them. The sound of an axe is going, and another tree is being felled.

“Jasper! come away for the love of heaven!” cries a voice; and another, “Captain Pearson! Captain Pearson! * they are on you!”

But the man of Kent will finish his work. One more stroke, and down falleth tree, a goodly green elm with many great boughs—slowly down! and away skips Pearson over the other prostrate trees. I caught sight of him, and remembered to have seen him at the “Shooter's meadow.”

His men (Courthope's † Wrotham train band)

* I found the following amongst the uncalendared MSS. in the State Paper Office. (Depositions on oath before the Committee of Kent):—“Jasper Pearson, E. Malling (an officer) did cutt down trees and layd them across the highways to block up the passage against ye Lord Fairfax his army in 1648.”

† Captain Francis Courthope (I think of Court Lodge), one of the leaders of the Insurrection 1648. The following is a mention of him associated with our friend John Gyles:—“Francis Wyburn, of Wrotham, in the county of Kent, yeoman, sworn, &c., saith—that he hath known John Gyles, of Snodland, by ye space of 20 years and upds., and yt. he hath been of ye traine-band called ye Wrotham band, under Capt. Fras. Courtopp.”

discharged their shots*—then all mount and away.

“Well done my brave boys!” thinks I, “Rich his regiment is stopped for ten minutes at least.”

But, indeed, ’twas not so long. What can stay an army prepared for all things?

* I find no account of any “shooting” at Parliament troops. There is an account of “Christopher Gardiner, of E. Malling, being killed by the Parliament soldiers, early on the 1st of June,” but the MS. is torn off at the bottom.

CHAPTER IV.

THE RENDEZVOUS OF FAIRFAX.*

THE cords were tight on my wrists, and the constrained posture of my legs caused me some pain, and you may well believe I was in a deadly state of fear, and did each moment bewail my folly in leaving Burham Heath, which I learnt was the name of the place where the men of Kent had assembled.

'Twas not long ere I overheard we were bound for East Malling,† but ere we got there we found more trees felled, and other impediments. At last we reached a clear, open space, and there I perceive at once the full scope of the Parliament design—planned vengeance upon Kent !

The whole heath did swarm ‡ with sturdy, well-fed, and well-armed soldiers, and more still did

* Burham Heath, formerly a common, was enclosed early in the present century.

† "The Lord General will make a halt at East Malling, where orders will be given out."—*Diurnal*.

‡ The forces of Fairfax numbered probably six or eight thousand. The diurnals mention the following regiments :— " Fairfax's horse, Commissary-General Ireton's, Whalley's, Fleetwood's, Rich's, half Colonel Scrope's, Colonel Hewson's and Berkstead's foot, the Tower Regiments, and half another regiment." " Captain Freeman's and Barrington's troops came up and joined those that lay toward Rochester."

pour in—headpiece, breast and back armour rusty with the rain, which all this time was falling. Nor was there wanting a field train, whose gaping mouths seemed ready to spit forth their venom against walls whether of flesh or stone.* Fires were already lighted, the blue smoke crawling rather than rising, by reason of the heavy atmosphere. But they are presently ordered to be put out. The poor petitioners of Kent must have as little notice as possible of what is prepared. A coach and eight horses appears. I remember it to be that of Fairfax, and he now suffers worse twinges of his gout. Hath he no twinges of conscience for to come down thus and devour a peaceful land? I think not, for Ireton is at his elbow with his bloody texts to keep His Excellency from wavering, and besotted Tom thinks he understands “the mind of the Lord” in this business. I am taken off my colt, but my hands are still fast. And now the prisoners herding under divers shepherds are driven into a collected flock. Ere this they were relieved of all their burthens, for horse and foot must come with their arms and furniture ready for use to the Lord General’s rendezvous. It is rumoured that that army is to fall

* The confidence of this well-equipped veteran army is well expressed in the following:—“*News from Kent*. From the rendezvous at E. Mallin. . . . Every man is three men in courage; God appears when man forsakes . . . some said that . . . the Kentish men are but ciphers. It is hoped their estates will not prove ciphers.”

suddenly upon a town, and is to be as usual first prepared by preachers. Soldiers receive a dose of strong waters to fortify them against the wet, and horses being tied to stakes with ropes stretched between the dismounted troopers; as well as the foot, are packed together to hear a sermon. For from the top of a box of granadoes and other fire-works, on a waggon of the train—shadowed over by a great painted cloth which makes both church and council chamber for the grandees—the great pulpit buffoon * spared by Cromwell for the purpose, and despatched a very long way, commences his oration. A kind of suppressed roar of satisfaction did greet his appearance.

He looketh to Black Tom, whose face is dismally seen in his coach, the curtain next the preacher being drawn a little apart, and begins to read his text from his pocket Bible with gilt leaves. And that text is Exodus xxii. and 27th verse, "Put every man his sword by his side, and go in and out from gate to gate through the camp, and slay every man his brother, and every man his companion, and every man his neighbour."

"Gallant soldiers," says he, "ye see me here having my sword girt about my loins" (and indeed he was both armed and cross-belted), "but it is with the sword of the Spirit I would smite

* Of course the chaplain to the train, Hugh Peters, whose harangues were both humorous and inflammatory, is here intended.

this day. The Lord hath at this time a great work to perform, namely, wrath to the ungodly, but a feast of wine upon the lees to those that are true of heart. Ye shall see garments rolled in blood—gallant soldiers of the Gospel!—as ye have oftentimes seen before. A thousand shall fall on your right hand, but it shall not come nigh unto you. It hath been revealed unto me that your victory this night shall be complete. Ye shall go through the land as a whirlwind and as a tempest—oh! righteous cause!—to punish the backsliding and rebellious. Gallant soldiers, ye shall possess the land. And now 'tis meet that I should touch upon the cause of quarrel that the Lord hath with this land—I speak now of the Lord Fairfax—who hath this some time been our Joshua, leading us from Egyptian bondage into a blessed Canaan—a land of goodly heritages and possessions—where we enjoy the glorious liberty of the children of Zion! For who now dare to lay anything to the charge of the elect? We are a peculiar people, zealous of good works. We have grace to observe the Sabbaths, and we are given to ride upon the high places of the earth. We sit in honour and our enemies are made our footstool” (here he turns to the Lord Fairfax); “therefore ride on, my lord, because of the word of meekness and of righteousness, and thy right hand shall teach thee terrible things!

“But now, as I said, as to the controversy His

Excellency hath with this people. And truly I must tell you it began with their rebellion at Christmas in Canterbury, when they rose to oppose the godly Parliament and Committee, and worship their idol. They have continued in divers mutinies since, insomuch that they could now bring back that other idol whom ye have locked up in Carisbrooke, whom, in our late petition for 'no more addresses,' ye did desire wholly to lay aside. Oh, my friends, can such a thing be tolerated at all? Truly I think it not a matter of a Nebuchadnezzar gone mad with self-worship, to be turned among the beasts of the field, but a Dagon to be broken, and an enemy to be destroyed for ever. Shall the reign of saints be interrupted by a few sorry petitioners? I trow not, and we have finely rolled them back whence they came. The few poor sheep we have captured are scarce worth the slaughtering, but if it be His Excellency's good pleasure to make an end of a proportion of them, here is good Master Boreman and Master Belcher, chaplains to the Committee, ready to give them such preparation as brief time will permit. But oh! gallant soldiers, when I think how the godly Committee of Kent have toiled in vain to sow the good seed in this back-sliding county, I could weep as many tears as the clouds have this day rained drops! For what have we seen but treachery everywhere—ships, towns, castles, magazines, betrayed or surprised

by the enemies of the truth? The godly Committee have, however, informed themselves in all matters necessary for the punishment of these backsliders. They know the passes; they know the ways; they know the weak parts of the towns. Noble Kenrick is fast in Dover Castle, which he will not render up, but I see gallant Sir Michael Livesey, and Master Bix, my worthy friend, and when the work before us is finished it shall be said in all modesty to the vigilant Sir Anthony—

“ ‘Well done thou good and faithful servant; enter thou into the joy of thy lord!’ ”

And again this blasphemous villain looks to the Lord Fairfax, and some hardened fellows perceiving the jest, are moved to mirth.

“But to return,” says he. “Are we safe to leave the cause of the Lord unavenged?—to go back without doing the work which has been put upon us? The army is insulted; your godly general is mocked at. Know ye, that in their scandalous petition—which the Parliament hath caused to be burnt by the hangman—these petitioners do pray that the army of His Excellency may be disbanded. The poor children of the kingdom to be cheated of their reward for cleansing the land of sin and ungodliness. The heathen dogs would snatch the bread out of your mouths. And the Kentish men desire to be the first promoters of that wicked design.”

Here this pulpit juggler, casting his eyes aloft,

happeneth to descry a dove flying through the air, and coming up from the south-westward.

“Hold!” says he. “Yonder flies a messenger of peace, but were it sent from Heaven to these backsliders I would turn it back thither, for the time of mercy is past, the time of long-suffering hath come to an end!”

At this some fanatic soldier, having raised a loaded matchlock and pointed it, shoots; that dove turns a little in his flight, shedding, I think, a few of his breast feathers, but after a little wavering continues his former course.

“Lo! I take up my proverb against these backsliders,” continues the preacher, “against these men of Kent, to whom yon messenger of peace flies in vain. For thus and thus do I speak to these rebels—art thou come for to take a spoil and to take a prey? Get ye up ye young lions of the army! Blow up the trumpet! Roar at them! run at them!—tear them!—trample on them! Away!—the Medway is your Jordan. Kent is your promised land. If it flows not with milk and honey there are other things as good. It is boastful; it is proud. Its heathen motto boasts it never to have been conquered. But by yon sun that now gleams forth yonder, I swear to you Kent shall have a fall. March, then, whithersoever the Lord shall direct you; march like mighty men of war. March through Kent and harry the nests of the malignants. Let us hear no idle

prate about Magna Charta, English liberties, brotherhood, and such-like vain words of man's wisdom. Reason not at all, but strike hard and spare not ! Our kingdom is not of this world. We have another banner than they wot of to follow, and we must follow it to the death. What are kings to us ? Quit ye like men ; be strong, be vigilant. Remember it is written, 'Cursed * is he that doeth the work of the Lord negligently !' 'Put every man his sword by his side, and go in and out from gate to gate throughout the camp, and slay every man his brother, and every man his companion, and every man his neighbour !' "

So ended this blasphemous buffoon who hath most constantly and diligently blown the trumpet of rebellion, stirring up poor unlearned knaves to frenzy and madness, till they imagine that to shed the blood of their kindred is doing a service to their Maker—at times throwing in a jest to catch the favour of the crafty villain, who, serving for pay and plunder, believes not at all in the frantic doctrine garbled from the Warrior Jew his books ; at other times, with clenched fist, blazing eyes, and roaring voice, lashing himself into such a fury that you would verily believe that not *one* but *seven* raging divels possessed him.

A fierce hum or rather roar answered this preacher's last thunders ; and snaphaunce, sword,

* This passage of Scripture was, I think, used by Harrison at the sack of Basing House as he slew Robinson the player.

and pike, rattled as their bearers clutched them with vengeful purpose. And then in answer to the hoarse voice of command, they are swiftly marshalled for the advance into great squadrons and squares, where horses neigh, and pikes cluster like pine plantations, with musqueteers on their flanks. And now they remain grim and silent, awaiting the General's order. But he waiteth for news from his scouts.

I and the other prisoners, now full of deadly fears for Kent and for ourselves, were kept herded as I told you, and not very far from Fairfax his coach. The council of war—Ireton, Whalley, Rich, Berkstead, Hewson, Cobbett, &c., having conferred together, Cobbett calls us up. This was that Cobbett whose hand was dipped in all cruel businesses, the suppression of the rising of the prentices, the Surrey massacre, and who afterwards crowned all by seizing the King in the Isle of Wight to drag him to his mock trial in London. The frightened herd are brought nigh to Fairfax his coach.

“We are incommoded with the number of prisoners,” says Ireton, “’twere well to fix their doom. They have all rendered to mercy. ’Twere most convenient to dispose of them suddenly. If it shall please your Excellency we can slay a proportion, and despatch the rest to divers prisons.”

The voice of Fairfax was inaudible from his coach. The council were noting of us; Fairfax

still talking and hesitating. Hewson he had but one eye; yet he did oftentimes see as much as others with two. He levels his finger at me.

"That knave was a ringleader in the prentice riot on the 10th of April," says he; "come hither, sirrah!"

I walked forth. He accused me again.

"I am not bound to convict myself," said I, "I desire to speak to his Excellency."

I was brutally refused, and then buffeted; but I would not be so put down. I raised my voice and spoke—

"I demand to be liberated. I carried a flag of truce. Wherefore am I to be treated like a common felon?"

Fairfax heard me. I was called up. Ireton reminded him of the affair on Shooter's Hill. Rich complained of the loss of Sergeant Lobb. I defended myself. Fairfax lying in his coach, with his gouty leg swathed in flannel, turns uneasily, and drags back the curtain of his coach to have a better view of me. Then he shakes his fist.

"What a pother you make," says he, "so great a criminal cannot be covered by a flag of truce."

"He is our prisoner," says Berkstead, "please your Excellency—that is, Livesey and Rich having a hand therein—for this fellow is the notorious Tindale"—

"Lendall," says Livesey who came up with

Weldon—"Lendall, who betrayed the fleet now in the Downs"—

"And a friend of the chief conspirator of Kent, Esquire Hales," adds Sir Anthony Weldon, "and was also at the surprising of Aylesford, when he insolently brought Hales his rebellious message. I have other matters against him besides."

So all my enemies appear at once! Fairfax could not contain himself for anger.

"Thou rascally knave!" says he "darest thou to accost me forsooth, and talk of flags of truce? Think thyself lucky to be spared an hour of thy worthless life"—

"'Twere no harm to despatch him at once, your Excellency," suggests Ireton, "with some formality, while we await the return of Watson his scouts."

You may well believe my blood curdled, to hear those cruel words of that remorseless rebel who never flinched at aught.

"Nay, by your Excellency's leave," interposed Weldon, "I would propose his being sent to Leeds Castle, which I expect Captain Franklin still holds—or which if rendered we shall soon regain. For this rogue should be disposed of, I humbly suggest, by the Committee of Kent to be an example of terror to this county and to the rebellious ships."

The arrival of the scout-master-general his men at a gallop—prevented any further consideration. Those colonels—who were, I forgot to mention,

not at all incommoded by the rain, having each an oilskin coat,* hurried into the covered place to hold debate as to what was to be done. I was sent back amongst the trembling herd, who asked what was to be their fate. I could not inform them. Our guards smoked quietly, taking little notice of our desperate dilemma.

On a sudden there is a general movement; those colonels call up divers officers and give orders. And we received ours. We were to go towards Farleigh Bridge in rear of all the rest. I remembered that this was the bridge which Skinner (formerly of the Committee) had with the help of Garland, undertaken to destroy. I was not much relieved to see that fanatic Lieutenant Miriam May come up and look at me; and then inform the officer in charge of us that 'twas Berkstead's order that I should go with him. He had two files with him, who like himself were mounted. He attaches a long cord for to lead me as I were a dog. Whether he had any such order I know not. I think he had been directed to lead the way which he knew, being a Kentish man. I was forced to run along by the side of his horse. He went at a good pace. But as soon as we got in sight of the Medway, word is sent from behind that he is to halt. He then dismounteth, and bids those files with him hold his horse, and await there his re-

* These were used by the officers of the Parliament Army. See *Ludlow's Memoirs*.

turn. He then bids me come on, and down he goes towards the river.

"What is this for I pray?" said I, not much assured by his demeanour.

"I would have a word with thee in secret," says he with more quietness in his tone than customary.

I could not choose but obey, for I was wholly in his power; my hands were fast; he was armed; no help was near except those two men who had seemed rather disposed to mock than to aid me. I was, however, at that time somewhat callous from fear; considering my doom one way or the other as fixed. And now I perceive the bridge of Farleigh, which I remembered to have crossed before, *not* destroyed as had been promised by Skinner. On the contrary, 'twas clear for the passage of the army of Fairfax. I saw Farleigh Church with its spire of wood to the right, and I remembered 'twas not three miles from Maidstone. What was May going to do with me? I began to suspect 'twas his intention to hang me like a dog over the bridge, for which the long cord he drew me by would serve very well. In anger and despair I was about to stand and resist, when he moves aside, and slackening that cord, invites me to descend to the bridle-path by the side of the river, which flows darkly and silently there. I think I see that place. We were below the bridge—'tis of grey stone of four pointed arches which are ribbed underneath. We stood on the bank of

the Medway where was rich grass, sweet meadow, and alder bushes drooping into the water.

“What mean you to do here?” said I, fixing my gaze steadily on Miriam, which I had heard was the best way of subduing madmen and wild beasts, for now it occurred to me that he would drown me in that stream.

“A good work,” replied the lunatic, with a firm glance, which showed he was not to be so overpowered. “Hearken,” said he, “you are now in my power.” (We were out of sight of his men.) “I give thee one chance for thy life. There is a band of devoted saints who have sworn to bring Charles Stuart to account for the blood that he hath shed, and for his continual malice against the poor people of God. He is to be suddenly seized and made an end of.* Some of the chief officers of the army are privy to this design, for there is to be an end of all the kingdoms of the earth, that the throne of the MIGHTY may be set up, and the reign of saints commenced. I have sat under the ministry of that Arminian blinded priest of Babel,

* That this is no exaggeration, but quite in accordance with the designs of the fanatical part of the army afterwards accomplished, is shown by the following broadside published some weeks later. “*A discovery of the intentions of the army*—Words used by an agent of the said army to an honest and loyal subject—the words are these, ‘That if the King were now in the army they would murder him. That when the army hath beaten Colchester and all the rising counties, they will go to the House of Commons, and pull out 100 of them, and put in others of their own choosing; and then will they divide and share the kingdom between them.’”

Robert Dixon, but I have long renounced his heresies, and mean to doom him to death for his wickedness and blasphemies towards the saints, as I will also doom his patrons Squire Hales and his wife. If thou wilt forsake the wicked multitude that do clamour to set up the idol of the King again; and now swear unto me an oath to join the band of king-destroyers, I will save thee alive and answer for it."

"And what will happen," said I, "if I refuse?"

"Farleigh Bridge shall see thy doom," replied the bloody fanatic, "and the Medway shall hide thy body. As the prophet hewed Agag in pieces before the Lord in Gilgal, and as the priests of Baal were slain by the brook Kedron—so shalt thou perish with none to help thee."

"I charge you Master May," said I with a very fierce earnestness, "to consider your own soul, and the guilt you are heaping up. No deceitful handling of the Scriptures can excuse disobedience to the command, *Thou shalt do no murder!*"

"It is a righteous act to slay* the enemies of

* This homicidal doctrine was evidently accepted by Cromwell. *Vide* his account of his nephew's death at Marston Moor, in which he seems to find the assurance of his nephew's being, "a glorious saint in Heaven," from his dying observations. "Before his death," writes Cromwell, "he was so full of comfort that . . . he could not express it. . . . A little while after he said *one thing lay upon his spirit. I asked him what it was? He told me it was that God had not suffered him to be any more the executioner of His enemies.*" See Carlyle's *Cromwell's Letters*, &c., i. 251. Ed. 1850.

the Lord," returns Miriam, coolly drawing his sword, "and the godly are also obliged thereto, as ministers of God's wrath."

"Are you a man?" said I, "you pretend to be a Christian. But however godly you may be, 'tis a base and cowardly act to assault an unarmed person. Loose my hands however, and you may keep the sword if you like."

"Will you repent of your opposition to God's kingdom and saints? Once more, and for the last time—will you take the oath of enmity to the King and all his accursed party?"

I saw he was about to conclude his murderous business; and I confess I was hesitating, under fear of death, whether I might not take an oath, with a reservation to decline altogether all observance thereof—when I happened to notice some smoke coming out of the stones on the further side of the Medway, and remembering what Augustine Skinner* had proposed to do, concluded 'twas about to be accomplished. Whereupon I called out in a lusty voice—

"Look at the bridge, 'tis going to blow up!" A natural fear of death, which few saints or madmen are wholly without, caused Miriam to divert his glance, which was fixed on me, to the smoke; so that as I darted away from the danger he let go the cord. At that same instant came the clatter—

* Augustine Skinner had a house near East Farleigh, Tuttleham or Tolesham.

ing of horses, and Berkstead a little in front, with Hewson and some foot soldiers running beside them, comes down the hill toward the bridge, and calls out:—

“What the plague art thou doing with my prisoner yonder, bring him straightway up here, and ”—

The rest of Berkstead his instructions were lost, for by a desperate effort, I managed to wrench my hands out of the cords by which they were bound, and plunged incontinently into the river, diving nearly to the bottom of it. I came up again under the drooping alder bushes on the opposite side. But my hat came up in the middle of the stream, and they fired shots at it. Berkstead in the meantime storming and raging and telling all that there was no danger as to the bridge (and indeed some friends of the Parliament had wetted the powder, as Berkstead knew).

I swam securely for some distance under those drooping alders ; and before they could cross and get through an intervening thicket, I was out of the water unperceived, and running like a hare through woods and hop-yards to Maidstone.

Nineteenth Inscription.

To

THE MARQUIS OF WINCHESTER.

CHAPTER V.

MAIDSTONE ASSAULTED.*

NEAR death, and yet escaping it. After all 'tis but the everyday life of man. But this last was as narrow a 'scape as mortal could have, and I freely confess I did vow vengeance against this madman if ever we did meet again. In a fair field I would shew him no favour, mad as he was, for a mad dog ought not to be spared. It was one-eyed Hewson, his regiment that did march across the bridge. Where was the horse then? Had it passed through Farleigh? But my thoughts revert to the madman. Was this a new plot or the old one? Ah, poor king, beset by so many foes! But all was not yet lost. Though yon fanatic preacher said somewhat in his harangue about plots defeated, I trusted that King Charles might yet head his Kentish army. What if, baffling the watchfulness of his foes, he should be at this moment at Blackheath and the country there rising about him?

* About seven o'clock, orders were given for the storming of Maidstone, and after some exhortation was given to the soldiers to prepare them for this great and desperate service, they began to shout and with great violence to storm.—Rushworth's *Historical Collections*.

I still kept the woods and fields. Though the rain still fell, all was lovely as Kent ever is when merry May hath newly passed. That memorable evening was the 1st of June. The fields full of flowers, the woods full of song. Cuckoo answered cuckoo, the corn-crake craked in the meadow, the peaceful dove cooed in the grove. And yet, and yet, fair Kent was that night furrowed with tracks of war. Brave and loyal Kent was about to be stabbed to the heart by rebellious, and blood-thirsty swords!

It was but seven of the clock when I got into Maidstone. All was hasty preparation. The way towards Gabriel's Hill was barred by some felled trees, a rude stoccade and a half-finished earthen fort,* where the innocent white flag † of loyalty hung sadly in the rain with the red wound of the cross on its snowy breast—emblem of trial and suffering—was wrapped from sight. Maidstone knew it was menaced, but did not know how near the enemy was!

I found gallant gentlemen in the earthwork toiling in their shirt-sleeves with the commonalty.

* At the entrance of the town, near the place where the work-house now stands, were some slight fortifications cast up, some remains of which were to be seen not many years ago, but these gave them (i.e., the soldiers of Fairfax), very little interruption.—Newton's *History of Maidstone*, 1741, p. 145. (An old plan shows this to be at the bottom of Gabriel's Hill on the Tovil and Farleigh road.)

† The Standard of the Petitioners bore the very pregnant motto of *Regis et Populi Libertatem*.

I told them of the great rendezvous at East Malling; of the fanatic preacher's discourse; of the bridge not blown up; of Rich's, Berkstead's, Hewson's, and other regiments marching, as I conceived, straight upon the place. Brave Sir William Brockman believed what I said, though some others would scarce give credit to it. He straightway gave orders for drums to beat up and trumpets to sound, and bade me go to the "Star," which was the head-quarters, and tell my story to Sir John Mayney and Sir Gamaliel Dudley. I paused an instant to ask for Hales and L'Estrange. Sir William said he knew not where L'Estrange was, but Hales had gone away to Tunstall to procure money, for war cannot be made without that commodity, and half-starving Royalists had flocked in in great numbers from London—gentlemen Cavaliers, prentices, watermen, and seamen.* The pay of the privates was twelve pence per diem and five shillings in advance.†

"Haste on thine errand, vice-admiral of strange escapes," says Brockman, "for there is not a moment to lose. I wonder that our forlorn hath reported nought of this."

Just as he spake, a horse with the saddle and holsters turned round, and the bridle broke, came wildly galloping up, swerved at the obstacles near

* So say many accounts.

† Papers found on the prisoners prove this statement.

it, and ran round to find an entry at another part of the town.

It was the first* notice that Fairfax, or shall we say Ireton, had sent. The forlorn had been surrounded and killed to a man.

I guessed that this horse belonged to the regiment which Ned Hales had raised for to be his Majesty's guard, for my eye caught the red riband rosette in the headstall, which I knew to be the work of the Lady Anne.

I passed the first barrier, which was at the bottom of Gabriel's Hill, and the second, which was at the top, near the Market cross. I ran into the Star. They were mounting in the yard. Sir John Mayney was amazed to see me, and so was Dudley. I had been given up for lost. There were others there that I knew, Sir Thomas Godfrey amongst the rest. Ned Hales' gallant regiment of horse marched away in hot haste. Sir Gamaliel Dudley stirred himself with the town defences. The Market cross—which is in the centre of a cross formed by the principal streets of Maidstone—had culvers and drakes in it pointing down the four ways. There was likewise a reserve of horse drawn up in High Street, and foot companies to line the houses.

* "In the night the Lord Fairfax with his whole body marching down towards Maidstone, and finding the river slightly guarded about Farley Bridge, beyond the town two miles, easily got over, and with a strong party fell upon the town before those in it were alarmed," &c.—*True Relation*, p. 72.

Every door, window, and roof was to be defended when the army of Fairfax should come. But so sudden was the alarm, that the town was thrown into confusion. Few had believed that the enemy was so near, and many thought that perchance they would not be visited at all. But now women and children wailed and wept for the trouble that was coming upon the place; and many a fair maid of Kent, with whitened cheek, did wildly clasp her dear loved swain, as the news ran round like wildfire that the terrible army of the Parliament was about to fall upon that unwallled and peaceful town.

I stayed scarce five minutes at the "Star." Returning to the earthwork on foot, I saw Hales his regiment of horse drawn up in advance of the felled trees to await the onslaught—Sir John Mayney riding in front.

There were some old Cavaliers in that earthwork. Some did look exceedingly grave, knowing the danger we were all in; others did jest, to keep up their own spirits and those of their fellows. And there was Mitchell, the boatswain, now lieutenant, and other of my former companions in trouble; but Andrew was brisk, skipping about the ordnance of which he had charge, regulating his powder casks with wet blankets over them, and his case and key-shot.

"I'll warrant you we'll pepper them, Master Lendall," says he; "the spirit of Captain Burley

is in this place. While there's a shot in the locker these men of Kent will stand to it."

About this time forth rides "Away-with-it" Washington, ready to do what he can. With him goes Sir William Compton, who had made his way back that morning, and a choice band of nigh one hundred volunteers, young men* of noble families chiefly, but a horse, a sword, a leathern doublet, and some fences of steel is almost all they can now call their own; for the Commissioners of Haberdashers and the Goldsmiths' Hall now rack the estates of their friends and relations. A loud cheer from those in the earthwork and at the other defences bid them God-speed. How far they went I know not, but I heard they did gallantly, extorting praise from even their enemies. But what can they do against so many. Besides they had been on hard duty all that day and the day and night before towards Dartford.

They were forced on a retreat, and in about quarter of an hour's time were to be seen with diminished numbers retiring behind Hales his regiment—or rather troop it should be called—their courage not abated, but their horses spent. At the same time came suddenly the terrible apparition of Rich's horse in fierce pursuit, issuing out of the road from Tovil and Farleigh. Fast

* Various accounts of the Kentish business agree in stating that many younger sons of noted Royalist families took part in this brief campaign. When the State papers of the Interregnum have been calendared probably more light will be thrown on this subject.

they came up, halting in a compact line about one-eighth of a mile from ours. Mitchell and I could shoot but two bullets at them—case nor key-shot we could not use, for fear of hurting our own men.

I pray you image to yourself the good steel caps and breast armour, as well as the fine horses of this picked regiment of Colonel Rich, while you read what follows.

And now their trumpet soundeth a warning note. Rich his horse moves forward with a gradually increasing pace—then an angry note, and with a great shout on they come like thunder.

Hales' small regiment of yeomen, scarce yet used to move together at all—with horses clumsy and untaught, advance to meet Rich's furious roaring fellows, but advance in a wavy line, some lagging a little behind the rest, and none obtaining the required speed. For one yard they make their opposers make three. Both meet in dreadful shock!

Hales his regiment (who could expect other fate?) is tossed back and overthrown. And yet the remnant form again and try to stand, while some firelock men do what they can to gall the victors. But lo! a second line, coming up at the same terrible pace—while the first turns by sixes and gallops to the flanks, clearing the way for the second onslaught.

Alas! alas! The flower of the Kentish horse is destroyed. Sir John Mayney is down, and with him the red standard with the blazon of the

royal arms, worked by the hand of the beloved playmate of my youthful days.*

Rich's horse would pursue the victory, but are stopped by the felled trees which bar the road up Gabriel's Hill, and a poor and hastily framed stoccado.

Ere we can well recover our surprise at the sad disaster to our horse, up comes a Parliament regiment of foot, loosely running as it were a race which should be first. The foremost carry axes and tools to destroy the stoccado; those behind carry partizans and pikes. A proportion of musketeers on the flanks rattle away more leisurely. All shout with fury as they run. Our drakes are loaded, and case-shot flies among them; for now what was left our poor horse, except the wounded and dead on the ground, had gotten through the sally-port of the stoccado.

But I have not time to follow all the combat, and tell you how we sent a bullet clean through Berkstead's square battalion of pikes which, with its attendant musketeers, did approach—how we then showered parcels of good slugs upon the assaulters of the earthwork—how Hewson's men did waver after many repulses, and forced Black Tom in his coach painfully to draw a split boot

* "Our forlorn hope of horse," writes Rushworth to Lenthall, "gave the *red standard of horse* as gallant a charge as ever was seen, which is said to be Genl. Hales his troop." Another account says, "Our horse gave them a thorough charge, and did that execution upon them that it is thought there was not a man of the enemy's party that was not slain or wounded."

on to his bandaged right leg, and mount his charging horse and lead them himself* up to the barrier that nearly stopped the tide of rebellion and robbed his sanctissimus of his high command and his wife of her great state, and anticipate the great day of restoration by twelve years.

But an all-seeing Providence had, doubtless for the future good of this nation, decreed a long period of further trial and suffering to poor Royalists. An entry was gained at King Street by stratagem. We, in the redoubt, warned that we were about to be taken in rear, had only time to nail† the vents of our ordnance, and retire upon the Market cross by way of Gabriel's Hill. From thence our horse and foot charged the enemy that had broken in upon us. But I must describe something of our defences inside of the town.

High Street, Maidstone, is as wide a street as you shall find in all Kent—the width a little diminished near the upper end by the row of houses called Middle Row. At the top of the said High Street is the cross‡ I speak of. It is an ancient structure, open at the bottom, supported by buttresses and pillars. The cross rises from its roof. It stands, as I before said, where four ways meet—High Street, Week Street, King's Street, and Gabriel's Hill.

* See *Heath's Chron*, *Ludlow's Memrs*.

† Spike.

‡ See view of this cross, now no longer in existence, in *Baverstock's Account of Maidstone*:—"It stands in the centre of the four principal streets," says Newton, "and appears to have been very

This cross was hastily barricaded round with openings left for several pieces to sweep the four streets. Into this we rushed; our reserves under Sir Thomas Godfrey with his own troop of horse to lead having come out of the High Street and desperately dispute the passage that had been forced, insomuch that Fairfax his men were nigh driven out of the town. Anon the reserve rushes back, leaving the way clear for the discharge of our ordnance.

All this time the sky did pour down its showers, and being obscured by a pall of clouds, an unusual darkness did prevail; but not in this part of the town, where blazing bonfires and flaring torches did throw a strange red glare over the scene. And it now could be perceived by us that all was not yet lost, if a will to fight on to the last could aught avail. For figures were seen at every door and window, and on every roof where there was standing place. And their illumined faces were seen looking out for their cruel foes, and their hands clutched eagerly their firelocks. With bullet in mouth and matches lighted they were ready for the invaders. We had run into the cross, and the enemy had, as I said, retired—but only, as all well knew, to fall on more furiously than before.

large; but only a part of it is now remaining" (P1741) "which is handsomely covered with lead, and used as a fish market . . . near it is a conduit . . . on the top is a clock, or dial, which is called the 'fish bell,' it being always rung when fish is brought into the market."

Then was the watchword of the night—which had also been used when our ruthless foes did first assail us—pronounced again.

Sir William Brockman having sent another messenger to Rochester for relief—ascending by a ladder goes out upon the upper part of the cross, and waving hat and plume, calleth out—

“FOR KING AND KENT!”*

Caught up at door, window, and roof, the watchword flieth afar to the outskirts of the assaulted town. “For King and Kent! hurrah!” cry all the defenders of Maidstone.

But an answer came from our enemies. A voice had repeated the word which Fairfax gave forth at his rendezvous. The men whose trade was war, and who were little used to be baffled, bursting the barriers that kept them out, come running in with shouts that swell to a roar like that of an advancing deluge.

“D—n their shouting!” cries the hardy Mitchell. “Here goes a brimmer for his Majesty—give fire!”

And two pieces are let off upon them.

“For His Highness the Prince of Wales!—charge again!” cries the ex-boatswain of the “Reformation.”

But ere we could load our drakes we were assaulted at close quarters.

* “Their word at the engagement was ‘KING AND KENT,’ ours ‘TRUTH.’” Letter of Lord Fairfax, 4th June, 1648.

CHAPTER VI.

THE FIGHT IN THE TOWN.

AN endeavour made to assault the enemy with the remains of the horse led by the volunteer gentlemen, and assisted by companies of foot prevented the second discharge of our ordnance. For friends and foes were mixed together both in King Street and in the street called Gabriel's Hill. And up comes one-eyed Hewson,* than whom a bolder rebel was not to be found in all their army. Though presently knocked down, he rose again undaunted, and was by me a second time laid flat, by an application of the rammer stave of the drake I stood near. He was borne away senseless, but contrived to recover and return the third time, only, however, to see a score of his men rolled into pieces down Gabriel's Hill by the discharge of one of the drakes—among the rest Captain Price—Captain Carter having also been killed at the redoubt.

But such numbers now came on to assault us that we were at push of halberts and partizans.

* "The men . . . for a good while were unable to make any considerable progress, till Col. Hewson with his regiment opened a passage into one of the streets, where the dispute growing hot, he was knocked down with a musket ; but recovering himself, he pressed the enemy so hard that they were forced to retreat," &c.—*Ludlow's Memr.*

and fierce and deadly thrusts and cuts were given on both sides ; pistol and musket shots filling up the intervals, and after a horrible struggle, fighting till the place was so slippery with blood that we could scarce stand, we were obliged to nail the guns and quit the cross with a revengeful cheer against their skilled cannoneers, who found their captured ordnance was of no present use to them.

Now was a cry for relief, but none came, though messenger after messenger galloped to Rochester.

I was driven into Week Street with Mitchell, where about 800 men did strive to block that way while the greater body of the Royalists were standing to it as well as they could, ranged across the High Street, where torches and bonfires had now been mostly extinguished though there was still light enough to show something of the progress of the fight or rather defeat.

Foot by foot our more numerous and better armed enemies did gain upon us, forcing doors as they came along, and violently assaulting all within—ofttimes catching those on the roofs by surprise, and flinging them off three stories into the streets on to the pikes of their fellows. Oh ! horrible ! horrible !—the sights of that terrible evening are burnt into the tablets of my memory.

After an hour or more of this, when we had been driven back about eight score yards from the Cross there was heard a noise approaching from the way

of Rochester, and we began all to vent our joy in huzzas—when lo, a rush of fugitives headed by about 200 prentices, from the same point, shewed too clearly that we were deceived. For oh! dreadful truth—it was Rich's regiment driving all before it like a whirlwind. We were being hemmed in to destruction.

“Retire! retire!” cries a voice I knew, “the town is entered at all points.”

It was the voice of Jack Gayer, I saw him for an instant. There seemed one chance of escape. We turned out of Week Street and ran down St. Faith Street in an attempt to get to the High Street, where we believed the mass of our friends to be. But when we got into another street, we found a number of Berkstead's men, forcing the doors of the houses there, led on by some natives of the town with torches—shining lights of the party, doubtless. Instantly perceiving what we were they spread into a line across the street, and levelled their halberts, and their firelock men are about to fire, when they observe Rich's horse pursuing us. Some poor boys of our party sent up a piteous cry for quarter, others prepared for such resistance as could be made. We were like unto a herd of deer where many are but few tines, forced to bay and running over each other, as they huddle to a stand. When I tell you that this fatal street hath since received the name of Havock Lane 'twill prepare you in some sort for what is to follow.

On comes Rich's horse, plain to be seen by the light of the torches, and plainly discerning their prey. And at the head of them, clanking along with his heavy broadsword dripping gore, is Miriam May, acting as guide and pioneer, for he knew the town.

"Fall on! Fall on!" cries this furious persecutor of the loyal, "give no quarter, hew them down—trample on them—slash and destroy—let not one escape!"

And cruelly and remorselessly he began his divelish work, which his men seconded with butcher-like zeal, for escape was impossible.

Some of us fought desperately. I called out for a rescue, hoping that friends might hear. It drew particular attention, on myself instead. Two troopers rode at me to quiet my noise.

"Forbear," quoth Miriam, whose restless eyes had caught sight of me, as he was wrenching out his sword from the body of one he had spitted. "Forbear—'tis my prey!"

I carried a small rapier by my side—the ash rammer-stave of my drake in the cross, in my hands. With this I had managed to parry a thrust of one of those three troopers. Miriam May careering on his war-horse beareth the rest away.

"Now shalt thou not escape me!" says he, with a ferocious smile. "The Lord hath a second time delivered thee into my hands!"

I was with my back to the wall of the street. I

had been given a change of clothes at the "Star," but neither buff-coat nor fence of steel. The furious fanatic lifted his great sword high in the air, and stood up in his stirrups for to bring down the blow with all his force and weight upon my head which had no better protection than a common beaver. I darted nimbly aside as the blow came down hissing through the air, and with all my force struck him with my rammer stave on the side of the head, and he fell off his horse. About the same instant the street became dark, for something had drawn away the men with the torches and Berkstead's foot, and such of my companions as were left unmangled, made a sudden attempt to run for it in divers directions, pursued again by the troopers of Rich. I caught the bridle of May's riderless charger, mounted on his back, called out Jack Gayer's name, but there was no reply, save the faint groans of the desperately wounded. More Parliament horse came sweeping through the lane, I could do no good by remaining. After a while I found myself in High Street, in another *melée*, borne away by a crowd which did fight while it retreated. Brockman and Dudley bravely rallying their men; Washington and Compton and about 300 horse doing what they could. Godfrey and his now-thinned reserve struggling manfully. The cry was "To the church!" for these buildings in time of peace, the resort of the religious to prepare their souls, become in time of war, the last refuge of soldiers to protect

their bodies. Sir William Brockman, Sir Gamaliel Dudley, and about 1,400 others rode and ran into the church.* The doors were barred, and muskets pointed from the windows. But this was not accomplished without all imaginable opposition from Fairfax his men, and copious discharges of fire-arms. Sir Thomas Godfrey's horse and those under Lisle and Compton protecting the retreat into the church, found themselves cut off from their friends within, and also from each other. Each party had to shift for itself. We saw Godfrey, who had concluded to make for Dover and join Hardress (who had already gone thither), cutting his way through the enemy. And the word was passed amongst us for to charge, and try to get clear of the town. With an "Away with it!" it was done, Washington and Compton leading, with something of the same success they had at Bristol and divers other places. About 200 persons, of which fortunate number I was one, made good their retreat from Maidstone.

When we got half-way up the hill on the Rochester road about where the Druid's Altar† is to be seen, drums and trumpets did sound dismally behind us. We stopped to listen.

* Newton says, "The Royalists being quite overpowered, by the numerous reserves that continually advanced, were forced to retreat till at last they came to the churchyard, and from thence to the church, where after a long fight they were obliged to make the best terms they could for their safety." Newton mentions that this church (All Saints'), is the largest in the county. Sir John Mansel, Chief Justice of England (*temp.* Hen. III.), was rector of it.

† Kit's Cotty House.

"They are those of Fairfax," says Compton, who had heard those sounds before. "'Tis to call stragglers together, muster the living, and approximate the number of the slain. Brockman hath made terms of surrender, and he had no other course."

A mile or two further we were overtook by Colonel Newman, who confirmed our anticipations. He had been let away by the favour of, I think, Colonel Berkstead, with whom he had formerly served, and who knew how hardly he would have been dealt with had he been retained as a prisoner—for Newman had once been a Parliament officer. Soldiers how cruel and ferocious soever they be to their enemies are oftentimes kind and generous to their friends.*

* Rushworth in his letter to Lenthall says of this affair:—"The fight began about seven p.m., a mile from Maidstone, and before we could beat them from hedge to hedge and get in at the barricades, it was past nine; and after we had entered, the town was disputed at every street and turning. They had eight pieces of cannon which they discharged twenty times on our men in the streets; but by God's mighty help and assistance, we overcame them between twelve and one o'clock at night, being every minute of all that time firing upon their horse and foot, it being extremely wet weather during all the time of the engagement."

Lord Fairfax also writes:—"Through the goodness of God our men made their entrance, and became masters of the town after four or five hours' hot service; the town being strongly barricaded, through the darkness of the night, and our ignorance of the town, they disputed the barricades and places of advantage with our men, playing hard with their cannon upon them. In which service both horse and foot did exceedingly well, and particularly I cannot but take notice of Colonel Hewson, whose regiment had the hardest task, Major Carter being hurt, and Captain Price slain, &c. The best of their forces were there, whereof many were Cavaliers and London apprentices," &c.

CHAPTER VII.

I REPORT TO THE EARL OF NORWICH.

As we rode towards Rochester, we remarked with some surprise that no attempt to succour Maidstone by sending reinforcements was made. I shall not discuss the why and the wherefore. Perchance if Ned Hales had not been robbed of his command it would have been otherwise. But I would not asperse the Earl of Norwich. 'Tis well known that he did propose to quarter* the whole army in the field that night between Aylesford and Maidstone. Had that been done Maidstone might have been relieved. But perchance it had only added to the slaughter? What can all the zeal in the world do against those who have taken their degrees in the art of war?

At this time I could scarce persuade myself of the truth of what Sir W. Compton, with the rest, had resigned himself to, viz., that Maidstone was lost. I had left them on the road, for their horses were somewhat spent, whereas I found means to make the regicide Miriam's horse fly with speed to Rochester. I found the Earl of Norwich and many of the Council there, amongst the rest

* Carter, p. 71.

Colepepper, L'Estrange, Sir Bernard Gascoigne, and divers others in the Dean's house, seated round the table, belted and spurred, with pistols and rapiers to their sides, drinking a sorrowful glass.

The Earl bade me be seated, but he had already been advertised of the loss I had come to report. I was amazed that he took the matter so quietly, and after relating what I had seen and done almost reproached the ancient gentleman on the score of apathy; but I did not then clearly understand how little control he had, or how great was the difficulty of reassembling together a body of tired and somewhat disheartened men, quartered too far apart, who had already made at least one retreat in the last twenty-four hours. I am sorry I went so near disrespect to the Earl and that council. They knew I was but a boy, and were magnanimous enough to shew no sign of resentment.

They had not without reason decided that nought could be done, and had earnestly debated the matter; my Lord of Norwich having been nearly as far as Maidstone himself, which I did not know till Master L'Estrange informed me of the fact.

By-and-bye L'Estrange, who said not a word before, helps himself to a glass and thus speaks—

"My lord," said he "you know I did lately decline the command you were pleased to offer

me, as did my friend Ned Hales also. From the news we have heard we can no longer doubt but that Maidstone is irrecoverably lost, and what the fate of the petition may be also!—Who knows?”

All bent their eyes upon the table, but it did appear to me that all did very well conceive what was coming.

“My friend Ned Hales,” says L’Estrange, “hath embarked his whole fortune on this venture—having, as you know, shipped it in the little bark of the petition. It hath cost him a matter of £100,000. He hath also ventured his name, having been at first received as the commander, or general-in-chief, of the said petition. And, therefore, hath perilled his liberty; yea, and probably his life! I do not know what view the Lord Fairfax may take in his heart—if he have any—of this petition. But he hath certainly played the game of the Independent faction in his hasty and cruel assault upon Kent. This most pleasant garden of England hath this day been dismally invaded. This gallant youth’s relation of what hath happened in the heart of the un-walled town of Maidstone—where the blood of poor loyal men who would have their King released out of prison hath flowed in vain—will affright all Christendom. The fight at the Cross of Maidstone hath left a stain upon the breast-plate of St. George. It is the martyrdom of loyalty. Not

only all Kent, but all England shall weep for it.” (Here L’Estrange did shed some tears himself, wiping them away with his napkin.) “The petition, my lords and gentlemen, is lost !”

“Nay, nay, nay !” cry all those gentlemen, the Lord of Norwich leading the chorus. But there was somewhat of faintness in their chorusing—as if they rather wished than did really think favourably of the future.

L’Estrange continued—

“To revert to my friend Ned Hales—he hath, as I said, my lord, perilled his fortune and his life. He hath lately gone to his house at Tunstall for money for the expedition. Whether there or here he will now, my lord, be diligently sought for by Fairfax his men.”

“If *you* counsel him to fly,” said one of those present, “’twill give a fine encouragement to the rest of us.”

“I crave your pardon, sir,” quoth L’Estrange, “but I conceive Master Hales hath done enough to have spent £100,000 and risked his life upon the throw of a court card. My Lord of Norwich hath been already a courtier. I crave your lordship’s pardon, but I think you can judge what Master Hales is likely to gain now.”

L’Estrange was here interrupted by expressions of disapprobation. He was thought to hit at my Lord of Norwich. But the Earl did very well perceive what L’Estrange did drive at—scilicet,

that Hales being robbed of his command would now incur the risk of what had been done, but not gain the credit of any redemption of misfortune ; and said that he saw much wisdom in L'Estrange his observations, and that 'twould be well if Esquire Hales were speedily advertised of the posture of affairs.

L'Estrange, hastily drinking off another glass, invited me to join him in a ride to Tunstall ; to which I did signify an eager consent, for I began to entertain dismal fears for the safety both of Ned and the Lady Anne. I could not help perceiving that L'Estrange's departure was not very favourably viewed by the rest. Something of jest even passed about his possibly speedily going beyond the seas, which he bore as one who, somewhat resenting, is yet obliged to bear.

As we passed through Rochester and Chatham, we did perceive that none seemed in haste to be gone to their beds. Folks, mostly armed, did gather round the doors in the streets, and did demand of all comers the news from Maidstone. L'Estrange would not have me communicate anything. Once out of the east gate of Rochester, he prevented all further inquiries by spurring his good horse. I followed his example. Scarce at all did we draw rein till we reached Tunstall.†

† Roger L'Estrange gives his recollections of this memorial as follows :—"Towards evening we received intelligence that Maidstone was alarmed, and that the enemy were drawn up before it ; by-and-by that they had assaulted it. Thus adver-

tised His Excellency." (*i.e.*, the E. of Norwich) "resolved for Maidstone, upon him waited Sir Bernard Gascoigne and myself—in all eight persons; by the way we encountered more fugitives their messengers all upon the spur, and the word was for relief. At last two miles from the town we found that the enemy had passed the river (which we little expected) and possessed all the avenues. Hereupon my lord determined for Rochester again, and to send immediate succour. There arrived, it was consulted what to do. Col. Colepepper proposed to draw out horse and foot to a man incontinently and fight; then some cried 'twas too late, and others that their men were weary, and some that their men were lying too far apart that they could not get them together. In a word, they rejected wholesome counsel. It was then demanded what they would do? It was answered, what they could. About midnight we received tidings that the town was forced; that the foot had stood very gallantly and repelled them, the horse not so well. Sir Willm. Compton, Sir John Mayne, and Sir Gamaliel Dudley most eminent in the action," &c

Twentieth Inscription.



To

THE COUNTESS OF KENMARE.

CHAPTER VIII.

A FAREWELL TO TUNSTALL.

"He is not yet abed," said I, perceiving a light to come from the window of Ned Hales his study.*
"You shall speak, Master L'Estrange; I know not what it is, but I tremble all over."

Was it any wonder when I had gone through so many strange events on that day to finish with a long adieu to Ned Hales and the Lady Anne?—for I felt that was the upshot!

We entered the room. I saw there the beauteous Lady Anne.

She was somewhat pale with watching and trouble. Upon the table before her were parcels of her jewels of divers kinds, which she was assorting—as we presently learnt—to be turned into money for the army of Kent. At the table also sat Ned Hales in his leathern doublet—his cuirass, steel cap and sword on a chair beside him—writing of letters, with a heap of papers and some bags of gold coin in front of him. By the fire sat Sir Anthony Aucher, melting of lead for bullets—piles of the same which he had been casting were on the hearth. He, too, was in his

* The use of this word is not an anachronism.

soldier's dress. That they had not had the least notice of what had happened to the army was clear. They were overjoyed to see me.

"Ah, dear friend," said the Lady Anne, "we feared you had been taken."

I could not speak.

"Alas! Roger," cried Ned Hales, "look what I have received!"

Both L'Estrange and I imagined that the letter he held up contained tidings either of some fresh disaster or of the loss of Maidstone. It proved, however, to be only a furious letter from Sir Edward Hales his grandfather,* casting him off, and declaring that he would make any chance beggar out of the street his heir sooner than him.

"And my wife," said Hales, "hath also gotten a cruel letter from her mother.† So," he added, with a faint laugh, "we are both in the same boat. However, should our petition yet prosper, my grandfather, who is only in fear of the Parliament on his own account, will sing another tune. But this news of the King"—

"Of the King!" said I. "What of him?"

L'Estrange, with a very doleful countenance, was occupied with reading Sir Edward Hales his letter.

"Alack!" said the Lady Anne, "King Charles is again betrayed. About eight of the clock the messenger bird did arrive, carrying a little despatch

* See *Clar. Hist.*, Book x. † *Ibid.*

which told us that he was almost gone* out of the window of the castle of Carisbrooke when one Captain Rolfe, with a pistol in his hand, and divers other soldiers were perceived below, instead of the friends he expected. And," added the Lady Anne, with her eyes full of tears, "ill augury for our persecuted King! the messenger, my poor dove, did suffer like violence on the road from cruel men! He flew into my chamber dripping blood, wounded in the breast, and like a Cavalier faithful unto death, his loyal service gallantly but painfully performed, presently closed his poor eyes to open them no more!"

I inwardly wept for the King and for the dove, and above all for the Lady Anne.

"Thou art ill!" said the Lady Anne quickly, and turning suddenly paler, observing how wan were my looks. "Oh, Ned!" cries she, "he hath perchance received some hurt!"

And hastily pouring some wine into a cup, she carried it quickly to me.

"No," said L'Estrange seriously, "like myself he is ill rather in mind than in body, and no marvel—Ned Hales and Lady Anne, fortify yourselves for ill news!—Fairfax hath surprised us, the army is half destroyed, and Maidstone is lost!"

Almost as when the news of the sudden eternal

*This attempt, which was the last, took place early on the morning of the 29th of May, 1648. Clarendon has given all the particulars. Captain Rolfe figured conspicuously.

departure of a near and dear relation is brought to those who cannot bear to believe it—such was the carriage of Ned Hales and the Lady Anne. For an instant they seemed turning to stone, and then cried out—

“Maidstone lost! Maidstone lost! Oh, Roger! Maidstone?—the army?”

“It is but too true!” cries L’Estrange. “Here is one” (signifying me) “who was in the fight, and escaped not till it was finished.”

The sight of the Lady Anne’s countenance was too much for me. I had determined to put a good face on the matter, but a vivid recollection of seeing the colours she had wrought with her own hand falling in the dust amidst the wreck of Hales his own regiment of horse, together with the multiplied misfortunes of the hour, affected me so, in my then weak and agitated state, that I burst into tears.

“Poor boy! he hath ridden much and fought hard,” said Roger L’Estrange, adding in a broken voice, “Alas! I am inclined to weep myself.”

Ned Hales, with horror still in his countenance, demanded particulars.

L’Estrange replied briefly. Suddenly Hales ran where lay his cuirass and steel cap.

“Let us to Rochester at once,” says he. “The disaster may yet be retrieved. Oh! that I had been with my poor regiment to have borne my share or perished.”

“Ned Hales,” said Roger, “I charge you to go no further in this affair at present. The blame of this ill-fortune cannot rest with you. Those who did slight your advice, and did not submit to your authority, are responsible. But enough ! ’tis your business now to look after yourself and your wife. Besides, it may now be impossible to reach Rochester. Maidstone is lost these two hours ; and should your enemies suspect you to be at Tunstall ’twill be an easy matter to take you at your house,” and pulling forth his pocket dial he starts up. “Good Lord !” says he, “I am mistaken ; it is three of the clock. Look ! it grows to daylight. Delay not an instant ; if you will not think of yourself, think of the Lady Anne !”

Ned Hales, arrested by the force of this reasoning, stood a moment irresolute, and then, calling to his servants, gave sudden orders for the coach to be got ready, and his charging horse to be saddled.

The Lady Anne sat pale, silent, and agitated. Anon a tremor seemed to seize her frame, and tears began to flow.

“Oh, Ned, Ned !” says she, “it is I who have brought this ruin upon thee by my own hasty and foolish zeal !”

I could not bear to see her tears, and forgetting everything but sympathy for my playmate of old days I fell on my knees before her and kissed her hand.

"Oh! Lady Anne!" said I, "it is not your noble loyalty, but the cruel wickedness of rebels that hath caused these misfortunes. Oh! I beseech you, lose not an instant, but prepare for flight."

Then I rose hastily and made way for Ned Hales, who approached his wife.

"*Thy* foolish zeal?" said he, kissing her affectionately; "nay, my sweet Nan, it was *rather mine!*"

"Blame rather me," said L'Estrange, "for I did urge ye both to the business."

"Blame rather the Committee of Kent, the Parliament and army, and the evil times in which we live," said Sir Anthony Aucher.

"Ah," said the Lady Anne, "I cannot, I cannot put off on others *my* share in these disasters which have fallen on thee, Ned! I ever harped on the cord, but oh! I never thought it would sound an air so doleful. I thought of honour for my husband, of succour for the King, of freedom for Kent—for the nation. 'Twere better I had only prayed instead!"

"*Laborare est orare,*" said Roger L'Estrange. "Though Kent hath fallen this time, *resurgat*, she shall rise again, to mount like a phoenix. *Our* defeat is more glorious than the enemy's triumph. Nay, *their* victory is their eternal disgrace."

"Nevertheless," said Hales, "I will go and help to retrieve the disaster that hath overtaken us. Farewell, sweet, sweet Nan!"

So saying, he embraced her with the embraces of love.

Anne wept bitterly. She was torn by inward strife. The thought of letting her husband go where honour and duty seemed to call, and the thought of the terrible dangers he would run, these did balance in her mind. But love did fling its weight into the scale.

"Oh! Ned, Ned!" she cried, "let me accompany thee—I will mount on a pillion or ride behind thee—I will share thy dangers. Oh! let me go; I cannot bear to part with thee."

"Excellent Lady Anne," said L'Estrange, "rather persuade Ned not to return to an army in which he hath no duties, having resigned the command thereof. He hath done more than enough by perilling his fortune. But if you are still resolved to sacrifice all you have left for the King, transfer your bounty to the fleet, wherein His Majesty's best hopes now lie. Ned, go aboard the Vice-Admiral, and take your wife and her jewels with you."

"'Tis prudent advice," said Sir Anthony Aucher. "Ned Hales, if you take it, I will myself accompany you, for I see there is naught to be done on shore at present. I told you what Palmer said—that the fleet would want monies."

Anne, seeing a ray of hope, was recovering her serenity. But Hales said—

"Alas! I fear as I can no longer dispense bounties I should be of little use either here or there,

and my poor Anne ought now to keep her jewels for herself, for until the King shall enjoy his own again, and pay us back what we have spent, we are now but a beggarly pair."

"Ah, Ned!" said the Lady Anne, "so as I can be near thee I care not what may befall."

"Oh, go with her Ned, I beseech you," said I, "and take Master L'Estrange's advice."

"I warn you," said L'Estrange, "that you have not a moment to lose; I am prepared to accompany you, for I see not that I have any further business in Kent."

At this instant the Rev. Robert Dixon came running in breathless.

"I have dreadful news," said he; "Maidstone is lost."

"Alas! we have heard," was the reply.

"And further you must fly hence instantly, Master Hales—the Lady Anne too. A dozen or so of horsemen are returned sorely slashed to Sittingborne. I have prayed over Thomas Love the joiner; he bled to death before my eyes. Barham the postmaster is badly wounded amongst others. He told me he was pursued by the mad fanatic Miriam May, and a party of Parliament horse, who, he thinks, are coming to carry you off. Their horses were somewhat spent, and so Barham managed to escape."

By this account I perceived that I had not settled Miriam May as I had imagined.

"I told you what would happen," said L'Estrange. "There will be £1,000 upon your head. We were mad to delay as we have. Away ! away ! I hear your coach coming round, Lady Anne."

Parson Dixon superadded his entreaties.

"Come, dear Lady Anne," said I ; "step into the coach—and away Ned ! We will bring her after you."

"Whither ?" said the Lady Anne.

"To my house first, and afterwards to Sandwich," says Aucher.

"And you, Master Dixon," says the Lady Anne, "what is to become of you ?"

"I have prepared for flight," replies Dixon, "and will find a hiding place at Bredgar."

We forced Ned Hales to mount, and sent him galloping away. Anne begged Roger L'Estrange to follow her husband, so that she might know where he was. He complied.

It was by this time daylight—a calm and beautiful summer morning ; laburnum drooped in front of the windows, and hawthorn and lilac rose above the bright flowers in the Lady Anne's parterre. It was so still that nothing was heard but the carols of the birds. But in Tunstall House all was agitation and confusion. The whole household was in consternation, and running to and fro with blanched cheeks and tearful eyes. All the wenches did desire to fly with their mistress, but she could only take her own tiring maid with her, nor were

the men at all easy in their minds. And things were yet to be worse, for before the Lady Anne, with my assistance, could pack up one quarter of her jewels, another alarm came. Geoffry had sent out a scout, who had galloped in to say that he had had a prospect of a score of Parliament troopers coming Maidstone way—their steel caps, as well as some of their horse furniture, decked with May blossoms for their bloody victory—and that they were also very near the house!

There was now nothing but instant flight to be thought of. We dared not take either the money or the jewels with us for fear of being overtaken on the road. A small quantity only was put in the coach, the faithful Geoffry undertaking to conceal the rest, and bring them after us when he could. The Lady Anne got into the coach. She was very fearful that I would be captured, and wanted me to go before, for she said she had little fear for herself, as she thought they would neither have the will nor the power to molest her. I was not so sure, and insisted on riding beside the coach, which was not a very wise resolution. Two mounted servants accompanied the Lady Anne; three more were left to protect the house or to make the best terms they could; but two of them ran in a panic of fear into the woods with the maids (so it is said) as soon as their mistress had left. The third was captured in his bed, either asleep or feigning to be so.

What became of poor Geoffry you will learn presently, and of Dixon by-and-bye.

The sun was shining scarlet upon the red walls of Tunstall House when we lashed the farm horses into a gallop which drew the Lady Anne's coach; I assisted at that exercise. It is true there was great risk of the coach being overturned from the speed we went at, but 'twas certainly expedient to run it when a mad, murderous, fanatical officer and a score of bloody troopers were perchance on our track.

Adieu to Tunstall House—the old ivied church with its ancient trees about it! Adieu to the Shooter's Meadow—fresh after the rain—to the orchards with blossoms scarce gone off—to the groves and bosquets whitened here and there with horse-chestnut blossoms—gilded in patches with laburnum's fading gold, or flowering with rich lilac paling to the advance of June! Yes, adieu to Tunstall—along adieu for the Lady Anne and presently for me! After that day never did I see the place again. As for her—but I will not sadden you by what I could say. Consider, however, both the suddenness and extent of her misfortune and that of her husband, and reflect upon the miserable results of civil discords which oftentimes demand as a sacrifice the noblest and the best, and drive into beggarly exile those who rather deserve to be greeted as queens and kings, with uncovered heads, joyous

shouts of welcome, and flowery arches of honour !
The fields they have planted—the gardens they
cherished—the houses that were their hospitable
abodes—these are left behind—to be wasted by
savage marauders or defiled by the cunning
harpies who did plan the ruin that seems acci-
dental ! *

* That Lendall's account of the flight from Tunstall is strictly correct will be seen from the following extract from the writings of Roger L'Estrange :—" . . . Missing Hales, upon inquiry I heard that he was gone to his house for money . . . for public money, gentlemen, and let me tell you his bounty was the best string to your bow. Hereupon I rode over to him, told him Maidstone was lost almost three hours since, from whence upon the least notion it was but an hour's work to take him at his house. Upon due consideration he concluded for Sandwich with his lady, and from thence to play the after-game as he should see occasion. Sir Anthony Aucher there with him persuaded him to go before," &c. •

CHAPTER IX.

FURTHER ADVENTURES.

It was not long before the clear sky became again overcast, while the sad downpour of the rain commencing once more, seemed to weep the fate of afflicted Kent. That morning many did mourn over the loyal slain, who lay thick in the streets of Maidstone, or over the miserably wounded, who had crawled into the woods and hop yards beyond the town,* to sigh away a few hours of pain—while others, scarce more fortunate, trying to conceal themselves, were ferreted out, and marked for future punishment. Ah, sad desolation! Children did grieve for their fathers, fathers and mothers for their sons, sisters for their brothers, wives for their husbands,† maids for their lovers! In the evening, and to-morrow, and next day, they shall come from greater distances.

Far over this fair shire, the garden of England, and from places still further off, they shall come, riding and running, to look for the missing. London shall send forth her hundreds; for some

* "There were about 1300 prisoners," writes Lord Fairfax, ("many of them being taken next morning early in the woods, hop yards and fields, where they fled in time of the fight)."

† Newton mentions, that for some time after this affair, a remarkable number of widows were married in Maidstone.

of the very pride and flower of her youth lie stark and silent on the stones and flags of the county town.

But the Parliament shall order* a thanksgiving and the heroic soldiers shall be rewarded that have done the bloody business, and trampled upon the rights, and upon the bodies of their countrymen. And it shall be piously recommended that God † shall have all the glory of this great mercy!

My Lord Fairfax, I hope you will long have cause to remember with pleasure and pride the 1st of June, 1648, when you did so very effectually oppose the petition of Kent.

We went along the road towards Faversham in a veritable deluge of rain—which, perchance was so far favourable, in that it cooled the ardour of pursuit even of a madman; yea, and perhaps kept others of the roving troopers who were now discovering Kent, under cover, after the fatigues of massacre at Maidstone.

The farm horses which Geoffrey had procured—all Ned Hales his stud being enlisted for the war—were so swelled out with grass, that we were forced to come to a brief pause, some few miles from Tunstall—Sir Anthony Aucher and I much

* Mentioned in the diurnals, &c.

† "I have sent Col. Rich to Dover" (i.e. against Sir R. Hardsress) "with a party of horse and foot," writes Fairfax, after the affair of Maidstone, "where I trust we shall find the same presence of God as hitherto hath been. My further prayer to the Lord is, that His great mercy may be further improved to His glory and this kingdom's good."

concerned for fear of pursuit, the Lady Anne not so much, and rather occupied to refresh her guard out of the window of the coach, while the rain pattered loudly upon the roof—her tiring maid, a sensible wench, having put into the said coach good store of wine and viands for sustenance by the way.

Under such treatment my exhausted spirits revived ; and I rather began to desire that Miriam May should overtake us in order that I might more effectually crack his headpiece, and put an end to his bloody fooleries—for boys are prone to hazardous exploits, and require some experience ere they gain wisdom. Miriam May, however, did not appear, and our meadow-fatted team was persuaded—after a bottle of beer apiece, given them at an ale-house, to proceed on their journey and ours. But ere we reached Faversham, we were somewhat disturbed by the apparition of horse coming up in our rear. Sir Anthony Aucher was for flight, but I perceived, firstly, that it would be difficult to escape them, and secondly as they seemed like our own people, that there was no necessity. It proved to be the gallant Colonel Hatton who had not been ordered into Maidstone, and therefore possessed his regiment untouched. He was moving to the relief of East Kent, having left Colonel Hammond's foot on the road between Rochester and Sittingborne. You may be sure his kinsman Aucher was glad to see him. Colonel

Hatton was accompanied by one of his daughters, pretty Mistress Hatton, whom I was glad to see again, also by his wife, who would have passed very well as the sister of her fair offspring. All these did ride after the troop—so full of loyalty and bravery that they could not at all concede that the cause their relations had enlisted in was anything—or at least much prejudiced by what had occurred at Maidstone. They were going for Canterbury, which they intended to help to hold until London city should rise, as was very confidently expected by them.

The Lady Anne was a little alarmed to learn from Colonel Hatton, that notwithstanding the supposed departure of Ned Hales for Sandwich, he had been met by Hatton going the other way. He was not with him ; whereupon I did declare to the Lady Anne my intention to follow and overtake him, Colonel Hatton promising to guard the Lady Anne the rest of the way. Scarce had this been agreed to when we were called to a halt. Colonel Hatton's son, the lieutenant of the regiment or rather troop, having been in advance, came back and reported that forces were coming up against us Canterbury way. I never did see ladies more brave than Colonel Hatton his wife and daughter, who remained near the Lady Anne's coach exceeding pale, but yet determined to face it out.

Colonel Hatton's music sounded the signal, and

yet a hundred yards' distance from the enemy—a strong troop of Parliament horse—he commenced to run at them. I concluded to charge with him, so did the mad lieutenant's horse which I still retained, and which was found evidently accustomed to such business. I could scarce keep him from getting ahead of Colonel Hatton and his lieutenant, a thing which neither good manners, nor my own wishes, after my late runaway experiences did prompt me to. Colonel Hatton shouted and flourished his sword, so did the lieutenant, and so did I. "Hurrah!" cried all his men. We went at a fine pace. The Parliament men were unable to withstand the shock. After a little they one and all turned tail, and were soon seen scattering along the road in a retreat.* It was the most decided victory that the poor army of Kent had achieved. The ladies were less zealous for warlike operations when they perceived the dead and wounded upon the place, of which there were a few.

Ah! great is the kindness of women! If those poor rebels had been blood relations, the gentleness and goodness of the Lady Anne and of the Lady Hatton and her daughter could not have been exceeded. Good Dr. Pyle—who came upon me like an apparition, being surgeon to Hatton's troop, was worthily assisted by them, and indeed the Lady Anne did produce some of her best laced

* See Carter, p. 78.

smocks from her night-bag, and tear them into strips for to bind the poor men's wounds herself, the Hatton ladies assisting. They were taken into neighbouring dwellings, and directions and money given for their better entertainment. How seemly is it when humanity doth assuage the calamities of war !

But now the moment of my parting with the Lady Anne had arrived. She extended her hand to me ; which having kissed I pressed tenderly ; promising to bring Ned Hales speedily back on the road to her, if persuasion on my part could aught avail. Fully convinced that a few hours would see me back in that beloved presence, I took my departure, and setting spurs to my mettled charger, galloped away on the green side of the highway to Sittingborne, and thence to Rochester which I reached early. I met a party of Parliament horse on the way, but avoided them by taking to the fields and riding through three hedges and over a bank, a dyke, and a wall. They seemed not to care to pursue me. Not far from Rochester, I met Hammond who was much dissatisfied with the aspect of affairs. He had desired to have marched with the petition to London but had been ordered back into East Kent with his regiment instead. When I got to Rochester I was only in time to cross the river, for Sir William Compton had been ordered to break down Rochester Bridge, which operation he was superin-

tending, and was cutting away the drawbridge* over the fifth arch when I arrived. He greeted me with civility, and offered me a commission in his regiment, which I told him I should gratefully accept, if my service as Sergeant-Major Adjutant-General to the train were no longer required. He said Ned Hales was in Frindsbury fields with the army, which had gone a short distance towards Maidstone, and then returned finding the prospect of doing any good there hopeless. Hales, he said, would march to London as second in command. When I got to Frindsbury which is not far from the London side of the Medway, I discovered Ned Hales in close consultation with my Lord of Norwich. The scene was somewhat dismal. The rain was falling in drenching showers. The poor Kentish soldiers, full of rage and despair, looked sufficiently wild and haggard. Death or ruin menaced them, if they returned to their homes—fury against the enemy possessed their souls. I was told that on some motion of breaking up the expedition, they had one and all declared, that if their officers did not choose to lead the way, they would march without them.† To London they would go with the petition cost what it might. Hales was bent upon accompanying them, but the Earl of Norwich earnestly dissuaded him.

* I presume the drawbridge was on the fifth arch for Maidstone contributed to its repairs.

† See *True Relation*, p. 79.

"You have spent," said he, "all your money Master Hales" (Hales * had dispensed his last bounties to those men in Frindsbury fields, and was now penniless, except for the matter of the jewels and bags of broad pieces which had been left under the care of Geoffry) "there will be a price set on your head—our further success with the petition is by no means well assured—the fleet requires assistance—I cannot but second the advice which Master L'Estrange, as I understand did intend to give you—namely, to put yourself aboard of the Vice-Admiral, and see what chance there may be of rescuing the King out of prison."

"I think," said Hales, "that perhaps your lordship is in the right. I will so far yield to your persuasion, as to take my departure for Sandwich for the present"—

"Ah! Master Hales," said I, "our retreat is already cut off—Sir William Compton hath by this time destroyed the bridge."

"It is even so," said one who at that moment came up breathless from the waterside, "and Captain Sir John Mennes of the 'Swallow,' † is anxious to set sail, for it is said that Fairfax and all his men are marching straight upon Rochester, and the town is already in a panic fear; and the people have already begun to destroy the fortifica-

* See *True Relation*. p. 80.

† The "Rainbow" had been moored above the bridge, the "Swallow" below, to defend Rochester.

tions ; and Master Pett of the King's Yard hath sent word that in spite of all he can do, he knows that the ordnance there will be seized, and turned upon such of the revolted ships as be in the Medway, which can make no fight of it, all their ammunition being run out."

"Begone ! Master Hales, I beseech you," cries the Earl of Norwich, "it is sheer madness to remain."

"Have you seen aught of L'Estrange ?" says Hales turning to me.

"Nay," said I, "I did suppose him to be with you. He is without doubt gone * forward to Sandwich."

To finish the matter Sir William Compton now appears on the scene, and reports that Rochester Bridge is impracticable for friend or foe. He adds his entreaties to those of the Earl of Norwich, and Hales now consents to depart and get aboard of the "Swallow."

"Sir," says Sir William Compton to me, "we are very short of horses here, and as, I think, you will be better employed in attending upon Master Hales, I will recall my request to you to serve in my regiment, and beg of you to sell me that mettled charger which you are now mounted upon."

* It is plain by referring to Carter, p. 80, that L'Estrange was in error when he supposes that Hales went direct to Sandwich ("I waited only for a stirrup and within six minutes followed, but could not overtake him").

"Sir," said I, taking my decision to accompany Ned Hales, and moved to a generous action I could ill afford, "I will beg your acceptance of the horse, which is indeed only plundered from the enemy."

But Sir William, notwithstanding the old score he had against me, gallantly refuses the gift, and in another instant I am afoot with thirty broad pieces in my pouch.

Ned Hales shakes hands with Compton and the Earl, and turns to depart. Doubtless if those men who were all around had been less occupied by their own troubled thoughts, they would have given him a parting salute of small shot, or at least a hearty round of cheers. As it is, however, he departs without notice. And thus are great services sometimes rewarded! Those men had been armed and clothed principally by his bounty, and yet—but I have not time to dilate upon these sort of shortcomings just now, and any notion of their ingratitude I am persuaded never entered into that young man's head. He was thinking of how little use he would be to the King's revolted ships.

"Alas! Rupert," he said to me, "I am now a beggar, and can do little either ashore or afloat!"

We walked to the waterside. He seemed in great trouble, and I was in as much trouble as he was.

"Ned Hales," said I, as soon as we were in the long boat of the "Swallow," "I trust that affairs will turn out better than they now promise."

He did not seem to pay any attention to this remark, but said to himself rather than to me—

"I hope Geoffry will be able to send me presently, in some convenient manner, those jewels and gold pieces which we had not time to carry away."

Then did an idea flash into my head.

"Ned Hales," said I, "I pray you land me a little further down the river, and I will adventure it to Tunstall, and with the help of God bring you that money and those jewels."

At first Hales scouted such an idea, but his urgent necessities pressing him he at length lent an ear to them; and, in fine, upon Captain Mennes promising that if I did not delay above three hours, he declared he would lie to opposite Milton—provided that the wind shewed no indication of changing; and thus I might perchance bring at least a part of the treasure which was so very much wanted. The next thing was that Ned Hales wanted himself to accompany me on my errand, but I swore I would not consent to his running such a risk. Whereupon, having arrived at a convenient place, I landed, receiving the warm thanks of Hales, and a tribute of admiration

from those few officers of the "Swallow" who were cognisant of my undertaking, among whom was Sir Robert Newcomen.*

When I was fairly started, I confess I had some fears, which were increased when I got as far as Sittingborne. Ned Hales had made me promise to go secretly to Master Barham at the post office, and negotiate my undertaking by the help of some wenches of the town. But on reaching the place I found that the same panic fear had obtained there which had been reported at Rochester, and I had great fears that I should be seized myself. Barham was in hiding, and so were many more; only women being to be met with. Furthermore, it was reported that more soldiers had come to Tunstall, and were searching of every corner for to find Ned Hales, who was thought to be concealed thereabouts. I had changed my soldier's apparel for a pair of green breeches, a waggoner's frock and a Monmouth hat much the worse for wear; and not being able to get any wench to stir in my errand, I determined to adventure it myself, and so concealing a pistol under my frock and smutting my face the better to disguise myself, I went out of the town by the bridle path to Tunstall (the very same whereon I had been startled by the apparition of a divel and no divel). This I

* Sir Beverly Newcomen, his brother, had formerly commanded the "Swallow," but was drowned at Passaye, near Waterford, 25th April, 1837. See *Burke's Genealogies*.

soon quitted for the more obscure part of the wood, which, a little way from Sittingborne, grows on both sides of the path. If you ask why I did so, I shall answer that you would have done the same yourself if you had heard, as I did the clatter of hoofs in Sittingborne street, and a Parliament trumpet sounding a march!

“So,” said I to myself, “there is now an enemy in rear as well as in front of me.”

However I was determined not to give up the object I had come for.

But how to accomplish it I knew not; and I perceived that the three hours allotted for the purpose would be wholly insufficient. Perchance, however, the ship would wait for me. I cautiously continued my progress, and at last came in sight of the church. Thinks I—

“By this time they will be busy with the windows in which there is some squirrels and arrows, &c., represented in painted glass (a thing abhorrent to rebels), and also some crows—being the arms of Hales, Cromer, and Squirry. But doubtless deeming them superstitious they will be for destroying them.”

But all was quiet in that old churchyard, and apparently there was no one near it at all. Between the church and the Shooter’s Meadow and the house, &c., are great orchards of cherries, and the view of the house is somewhat intercepted.

But I heard the crackling of flames and saw smoke curling up.

"The miscreants have set the house afire!" said I.

But it was not so, but indeed they had fired the parsonage, and it was, I found, far gone towards being wholly burnt.*

I was seized with fear for the fate of Parson Dixon, whom I had not thought of till now, though I ought to have remembered the hatred which Miriam May bore to him.

I cautiously approached Grove, the steward's house, and even went part of the way into the shrubbery. But perceiving some Parliament soldiers smoking at the parlour window which was open, I retreated as fast as I could. The rain which all this time was falling heavily was in my favour, and kept some of those rebels within doors. I now went in the opposite direction, and at length got a clear view of the house over the Lady Anne's parterre. Oh! how sad did it seem to think that that hospitable dwelling was now without its kind mistress! I had not much time to indulge in such sorrowful reflections, for something I saw diverted my attention. Out of the house comes one trooper after another with books and pictures. Under the great red thorn they go, and then I perceive they have already

* Since 1648 the Rectory of Tunstall has been several times rebuilt, and each time the site has been changed.

lighted a bonfire, which they are feeding with rarities from the house. I made no doubt but that the fanatical Miriam was the commander of those men, though I could not see him. I had no sooner observed this than I was alarmed by somebody whooping loudly, and being answered by others whooping. Thinking that I was the object of pursuit, I took to my heels, and then seeing a conveniently thick tree clambered nimbly up—something after the fashion of his present Majesty into the oak.

Well was it that I did so, for though I soon found they were after other game, they would undoubtedly have mincéd me on the spot, if they had then caught me, for lo! no other than Miriam May himself passes close under the tree where I was hid—which was not an oak but a fine spreading cypress.

“I will cut him as small as herbs for the pot!” said Miriam, grinding his teeth.

If you wish to know who was meant to be thus dealt with I can tell you that it was no other than the Rev. Robert Dixon, whose retreat to his hiding place at Bredgar was cut off. This was presently made plain, for a fellow whom I could not see, but believe to have been one of the men-servants is conducted up. Miriam is disappointed, for it was not the person he wanted. However, he sets to work to make him tell all he knows.

I heard the fellow assure him that he did not

know where Parson Dixon was hiding; and also tell very circumstantially the departure of Ned and the Lady Anne and the rest of us. All of which May seemed to know, for he returns to his inquiries after the parson.

"I do assure you, sir, that I know not where he is!" says the servant, beginning to blubber.

"We will soon discover that," says Miriam. "Tie the villain to a tree."

Then more piteously does the poor wretch entreat for mercy, believing, I daresay, that he was about to be forthwith harquebusiered; and he is told if he continues his noise that shall presently be done.

"It were well," says one of Miriam's troopers (there were three or four in all there), "if this fellow were made to tell what became of the money and the jewels that were on the table at the moment these malignants did depart."

"Oh, sir," says the man, "I do assure you I know not at all where it is. Geoffry, the under-steward, took it away with him in a sack; and moreover, said he would kill whosoever followed him; and he had a blunderbus for that purpose, loaded and cocked."

"I will know where that son of perdition, Robert Dixon, lies hid first of all," says Miriam.*

* Lendall says nothing more of Miriam May. I find, however, in the State Paper Office letters about his fanatical designs after the Restoration—how he collected both men and arms to upset the Government.

"Now that this fellow is fast to the tree, tie me a piece of match between his finger and thumb, and set a light to it."

Oh! to hear that poor wretch roar with pain, when the match being set alight to began to seize his flesh! Oh! 'twas pitiful! Whether he said anything I know not, for I had to stick my fingers in my ears to prevent me hearing the dreadful sound. But suddenly it was stopped, for one comes to say that one of the maids had been caught in another place.

What they did to the maid I cannot tell you; but it is certain they released the man who was tied to the tree, and he went away with them.

I now perceived that unless I could find Geoffry himself my errand was in vain, to say nothing of the difficulty I should have in getting back to the place where the ship was. In the meantime I thought it prudent to come down from my hiding place, and get a little further from the house. This I did, and soon found myself near the bridle path which leads to Sittingborne. I was considering whether to make a circuit of the house beyond the Shooter's Meadow or to hide somewhere till dusk, in the hope of finding out whither Geoffry was gone, when I heard the noise of a broken-winded jade galloping hard on the other side of the paling. Before I could look through to see what it was, the said jade comes suddenly to a dead stop. I, thinking it was one

in pursuit of me, take myself off as fast as I can. But as I did so I began to imagine that the horse and rider had fallen together, instead of the rider dismounting in the more usual way for to pursue me. On considering the sounds I now heard I made sure that it was so, and ventured to look over the paling which was about a foot higher than my stature.

“Oh ! Geoffry, Geoffry, art thou hurt ?” cried I, for lo ! it was the very man I was thinking of ! And there he lay on the path as if he had not only fallen heavily, but had also been rolled upon by the broken-winded jade, which I now saw to be an old blind brood mare belonging to Grove, the steward.

Without giving time to get an answer, I scrambled over the paling. There lay poor Geoffry still quite motionless. The mare had now got on to her legs again, and merely shaking herself, began to eat the grass on the side of the bridle-path.

I knelt beside Geoffry.

“Speak to me, Geoffry,” said I, “for God’s sake ! I hope thou art not seriously hurt. I would fain know where thou hast bestowed the Lady Anne’s jewels, and thy master’s money ?”

Alas ! alas ! poor Geoffry could give no reply. I opened his doublet, undid his shirt at the bands, tried to raise his corpulent form to a sitting posture, but all to no purpose. It was too plain

that the secret I wished to discover was lost. For alas! poor Geoffry was stone-dead! I could not find any cut on his head, but it is my belief that his neck was broke. Finding that his heart had ceased to beat, and that he was already growing cold, I searched his pockets in the hope of finding something which might shew how he had disposed of the treasure; but beyond a few crowns and an odd sixpence or two there appeared to be nothing concealed about his person. And now hearing some come rushing in pursuit I thought it high time to leave the inanimate corpse of that faithful servant—for faithful I am sure he was, though there are not wanting some who will tell you that he had played his master and mistress false, and had caused the jewels and money (which could nevermore be found) to be conveyed away privily by some accomplice to be presently devoted to his own use.

My mission being now ended—though by no means in the manner I had hoped—I had no plea for delaying further, and took to my heels, discarding the notion of aiding my flight by mounting on the sorry blind jade which had killed the person who, of all others, I desired at that moment to be let live.

I will not weary you by describing my long and perilous journey back to the riverside. Suffice it to say that when I got there six hours after the time agreed upon—that is to say, nine hours after

I had disembarked—there was no trace of the ship. You may very well imagine the state of apprehension I was in, considering that I had very good proof on my return journey that the enemy's forces were pouring into all places on my side of the river, quartering in large or small bodies in every hamlet, village, and town, and treating* the inhabitants as rudely as they pleased.†

* "Our bretheren of Kent," says a Royalist diurnal, "resolving to petition, but fearing a Surrey welcome arm for their defence against the army. And instead of receiving their petition, they delude them with treaties and wiles, till they had got the rebell army into the county amongst them and then they send their orders to fall upon them and slaughter all that desire to have an old King and a new Parliament, which was sufficiently observed by the soldiers; for none could pass the road uncouth or unstript; and when they came into quarters they would with drawn swords and spanned pistols swear and curse, and tell the women they would have roast meat or they would broyl a piece of their husbands' heads. Neither were they content to feast whilst they stayed, but at removal, let cellars of beer upon the floor, knock out the bottoms of milk vessels, and spoil all."

† The following piece of curious information from a publication of the year, 1780, throws light upon one of the incidents in this chapter:—

"At a little distance from the ruins" (i.e., of Tunstall House), "is a small coppice, or as we call it a shave, where in January, 1738, several hundred pieces of gold were dug up. The boy before mentioned, Thomas Love, led the way to this discovery; for, turning aside as he was going on an errand, he perceived four or five of these pieces lying on the ground, which he took away with him; but not knowing what they were, and carelessly playing with them at Daniel Wood's, a farmer at Highstall forestall, Wood got knowledge of the place where they were found; and going thither made himself master of a very handsome treasure; but not being able to keep the secret he refunded 624 of the broad pieces for the use of the Crown, though Sir John Hales claimed the whole, it being thought that his ancestor had concealed them there during the civil wars.

"Mrs. Tysoe, mother-in-law to the Rev. Mr. Tysoe, vicar of Bredgar, was visiting at Sir Edward's house, when they were con-

cealed, and very well remembered the hiding of them; it was immediately after the defeat at Maidstone. She said also that a large parcel of jewels were deposited in the same shave, then called the Gascoyne walk; I suppose from cherry trees of that name which might grow there. Upon the credit of Mrs. Tysoe's account those jewels have been often searched for, but hitherto without success."

The same work quoting from Walker's *Sufferings of the Clergy*, confirms the account given by Lendall of the Rev. Robert Dixon's peril:—

"He" (*i.e.*, Dixon), "was sequestered from this living" (*i.e.*, Tunstall), "when a Parliament party came for him at midnight, swearing *they would cut him as small as herbs for the pot*; but a servant of Sir Edward Hales, Bart. (who was just before in the same night taken out of his bed from his lady and carried away prisoner), having given private notice of their approach, Mr. Dixon escaped into Oakwood, not far from his house, where for about a week he lay night and day for fear of his life, and was there supplied with small matters privately sent him, until in a lay habit he fled and so escaped that storm. But his house was rifled and plundered, and by degrees he and his family quite undone and banished the country. Great sums of money were exacted out of him while he had anything, by sequestrators, committee men, and such-like. . . . The crimes laid to his charge were his loyalty to King Charles I., and his refusing to take the oath called the Solemn League and Covenant, which he never took," &c.

Twenty-first Inscription.



To

THE COUNTESS OF ABERDEEN.

CHAPTER X.

TOWARDS LONDON WITH THE PETITION.

I do not care to recall the painful thoughts of that night. All was dismal black and melancholic. I had failed in what I had attempted. I was wet, hungry, and tired. I was in peril. But worst of all, I felt that I was in some sort deserted by my friend. By the friend, too, who had been my successful rival in the affections of that one, only fair whom I truly loved ! Could he not have contrived to have left some one by the waterside to receive me on my return from a most dangerous expedition undertaken solely on his account ? What is friendship in this world ! thought I to myself—and what is love ! But this brought up the image of the peerless Anne ; and I had more than half a mind to brave the enemy who I now knew possessed Kent ; and wearied and faint and hungry as I was, to make my way towards Bourne or Sandwich to find her. For I knew she, at least, was my faithful friend, and it would be pleasurable to die in her service. For the Lady Anne had never deceived or disappointed me. She had ever been my sincere and faithful friend ; and thinking of her I was in some measure diverted from my

own sad contemplations when I remembered the misfortunes which had fallen upon her.

And now some alarm for my own safety began to affect me. A Parliament trumpet sounding a march had been for some time haunting me, and was now more plain to be heard, being that of some troop moving towards Queenborough, where indeed Mrs. Horwood and others had plotted to carry the King, should he have escaped, out of Carisbrooke.* I had in my pouch the broad pieces which Sir W. Compton had given me; and there appeared at that moment a fellow in a boat coming forth from a small creek for to dredge for oysters, which about here are plentiful. Him I accost, and prevailed upon to land me on the farther side of the Medway. For I now determined, since I could not find the Lady Anne's jewels, to endeavour to overtake the army of the petitioners on their march towards London, for as the Lady Anne dearly wished the success of that petition I began to think I had better help to advance it or perish in trying to do so.

I found that the fellow in the boat was desirous to keep out of the way of the Parliament soldiers, which was his chief reason for attempting to dredge for oysters at that time of the night, for it was already past sunset. He confessed that

* This was the place whither the King was to have been brought by relays of horses from the coast of Sussex. Lady Whorwood was his agent, and was to have been his assistant.

he had signed the petition, and expressed the most sincere hatred of the Committee of Kent and all the friends of the Parliament party. He also landed on the opposite shore with me, and brought me to a little blind alehouse, where, having regaled myself and him, and having gotten directions for pursuing my way to Blackheath, I left him, and went forward in better heart than an hour before I had deemed possible.

Fairfax his men had not yet crossed over Rochester Bridge, so I continued my journey all that night without molestation, and arrived at Dartford before daybreak, where I learnt that the army of the petitioners had halted for a short time a few hours before. This made me hasten forward to overtake them. But after this, everywhere on the road I heard alarming rumours of the approach of Parliament troops from all quarters, though indeed I saw none. But when I reached Blackheath, I was seized with great apprehensions, for instead of any rendezvous of loyal men which I had expected to see, lo! the heath was bare and not so much as one man was to be seen there at all.

Anon, however, I discover that they are all in Greenwich Park, and entering the same from the gate on to Blackheath, after passing through the grove of chestnuts planted in the time of Harry the VIII., I have a prospect of the Palace, and of the winding Thames, and what I most desired, of

the army of Kent in the plain between the river and the hill. Though much diminished since the rendezvous near Woldham, they were a goodly body still, and their various ensigns and glancing pikes and halberts, as well as the pennons of the horse, made a fair show which half the town had come into the park to admire. Sir William Compton, who at first did not know me in my new disguise, was much amazed to see me, and seemed to think it strange that Hales had neither waited for me nor left a messenger to explain why he had not. He however commended my spirit in rejoining the army, which I had recently agreed to quit. He told me that my Lord of Norwich had gone alone across the water into Essex to find out what correspondency there was there; also that a letter had been written from Dartford, and sent up to the Mayor and Common Council of the City of London, demanding their assistance, or at least their concurrence to our passing through the city for to present the petition at Westminster. To this there had as yet come no answer, and what disquieted the petitioners was that sundry persons had arrived from a near view of the city, with the intelligence that the gates and avenues thereof were all closed and guarded, and no persons except officers of the Parliament army allowed to pass either in or out. In fine, anxiety was on every countenance; and further baleful rumours of the approach of the Lord Fairfax his horse to cut us

up began to spread. Strange to tell, I was less disquieted than others, and so little fatigued that after sitting a while on the root of a fir tree with some of the officers, and partaking of some bread and cheese and beer which Sir William Compton had ordered to refresh the army, I felt inclined for some further adventure, and so proposed to try and get into the city to see whether London would rise or no.

I must here confess that some of those gentlemen—so far as their then depressed state of spirits did permit—made themselves merry at my expense, admiring my comical disguise, my waggoner's frock, my old green breeches, and my face covered with smuts. They could scarce recognise "the Admiral;" this was, as you know, the name I generally went by since the revolt of the fleet. However, this disguise now appealed very heartily to their good sense in favour of my attempt which I proposed of observing the humour of the city. And Colonel Colepepper incontinently swore, that if I would adventure it, he would do the same, and indeed go as my mistress; that is, I was to be his servant, and he was to disguise himself as a citizen's wife. There were those there who thought he did but jest. But others knew Colonel Colepepper to be capable of any enterprise. Up he starts and will go straight to a barber to trim his hair for it, and to borrow a housewife's gown, cowl, apron and what not.

But when I saw him tricked out, and heard his talk, and saw his carriage, I perceived that it was quite impossible to know that he was not what he now feigned himself to be.

He decided to go by water to London, there being now a good breeze up the river, and his pretence was that he was a godly woman from Clerkenwell, whose son had run from her to join the mutineers of Kent; and that she had been down as far as Woollage to look for him. And this story, though we were often accosted by those guarding the stairs of the river and other places—for Skippon had taken every precaution against doubtful strangers—this story I say imposed on all. We found the city very much aghast at the sad disaster of Maidstone, and secretly very furious against the grandees of Parliament and army, and also against Hammond for preventing the King's escape—but alas! all their sympathy was worth little, for we found that it was but too true that the ports were sealed against us. Strong guards were at every gate, and no person was allowed either in or out without being first strictly examined, and those who could give no clear account of themselves were detained as suspicious personages, and imprisoned forthwith as malignants. None but zealots were allowed to possess arms, and the train-band service was confined to them. It was further said that Cromwell and the forces with him in Wales were marching with

speed upon London. Notwithstanding we found the freemen of the city rushing to the Guildhall and clamouring for the Kentish petitioners to have entrance, much to the alarm of Warner, Fowke, Atkins, Gibbs, Wollaston, Allen, and the rest of that fraternity whom I have already mentioned in my account of the rising of the prentices.

The Common Council put them off, but they declared they would have a common hall in spite of them, and that the Parliament should be forced to vote for the King to be brought to London in honour and safety, &c.

Colonel Colepepper did what he could to inflame the freemen when he discovered that the Common Council had basely sent* our General's letter to the Parliament rogues at Westminster in place of replying to it. To conclude we returned again by water with the ebb tide to Greenwich. Colonel Colepepper again baffling all questionings alleging that he was for Greenwich and Woollage once more to make a second search for his foolish boy, so larding his conversation with pious expressions that I think he would have deceived Noll Cromwell, or even old Nick himself.

"Away! good Admiral Green-breeches," says he, when we jumped ashore at Greenwich once more, "tell my lord William Compton what we

* So says Carter and others. "Colonel Culpepper," says Heath, "negotiating and pressing their speedy resolution and declaration for the King and kingdom at the Guildhall to his no little danger and honour."

have seen and heard, while I restore the barber what I had borrowed of him."

When I got into the park I found that discipline, which is the very life of an army, was now utterly failing—the officers perceived that all attempts at enforcing orders would soon be futile. Fear and rage, doubt and anxiety, filled every mind. Menaced by a powerful enemy which they were wholly unable to cope with—disappointed by their friends—with no place of safety to retreat upon, and threatened with overwhelming destruction if they advanced, the position of these poor loyal men, whose homes were now the spoil of marauding rebels, was desperate indeed! It was now dusk, and to make matters worse, instead of clinging to one another in adversity they began to contend, each violently arguing in favour of advancing, retiring, or staying where they were. Now there was a rush towards the heath, to find the open country, and now another towards the river, to get into boats. And these attempts others would check by force or by threats of discharging their matchlocks on their bretheren!

"Sir," said I to Sir William Compton, "it will soon be dark, and it is said that Rich's horse is speeding up against us, and what condition we are in to resist, a fool may see. Under favour, sir, would it not be wise to join our friends in Essex, who have already, by their printed declarations as well as by word of mouth from Sir Charles

Lucas and others, engaged themselves to stand or fall with us?"

"When my lord of Norwich returns," says Compton, "and lets us know if there is good correspondence there, we can do so."

"I will answer for the Lord Capell," said I, "I know him well, and will stake my head that he will not fail us. I doubt not he hath already raised the county of Herts, and is coming to London by way of Essex as agreed upon."

And still that direful suspense and uncertainty continues, and the officers catching the infection of the men, commence to dispute among themselves. Only Colepepper, whom they all looked upon as somewhat mad, supports my proposition. A false report that Whalley's horse was approaching from Shooter's Hill decided us.* Amidst great opposition from some, we moved to the riverside, Sir William Compton and many others doing their best to preserve quiet amongst those soldiers who between fear and rage were out of their senses.]

"To Essex! to Essex!" was the general cry, which the officers rather echoed than originated. But so eager was the desire to cross the Thames that Compton and the other leaders who desired to be the last, found that if they meant to sail

* Carter says that "one riding into the park in the night told the soldiers that they were in very great danger; that the officers wished them to shift for themselves, which . . . encouraged the distraction" &c.

over at all, they must try to be first. For the rush to seize boats wherever they could be found, was one of the strangest things that could be witnessed. But in fine 2,000 officers and soldiers were accommodated—some of whom by unskilful ferrying—for they either had no room or would not wait for the watermen to come on, were carried by the tide some distance away from the rest. About 2,000, I say, crossed the Thames. The horse soldiers swimming their horses in rear of their boats, the officers doing likewise.

It was a strange sight in the summer twilight to see this exodus from Kent, and also a wild and a sad one, when it was considered that we were desperate men, whose safety was by no means assured by the step we were taking. All Greenwich turned out to look at us, multitudes of women and children flocking to the waterside in fear and wonderment.

CHAPTER XI.

THE MARCH INTO ESSEX.

FAREWELL to all peaceable intentions ! Though we had marched towards London with the petition in one hand and the sword in the other—we had not been destitute of all hope that the schismatic Parliament would have the courage to shew an English spirit, and consider our just and lawful desires for the restoration of the ancient government and known laws of the realm. But now that hope was gone.* We were no longer petitioners, but soldiers—soldiers alas ! in most desperate condition—marching we knew not whither, whose only thought was how to defend ourselves from the vengeance of our cruel and numerous foes.

Scarce had we landed on the opposite shore of the Thames when we were put to dispute it. For there was cowardly Gale and those very trained bands that had provoked the prentice rising, as you may remember, in the Moorfields. Sir William Compton forced him to a favourable treaty, which he treacherously broke ; and being

* "The Kentish men," says a diurnal, "went to the I. of Dogs and Blackwall, ferrying and swimming their horses. The City deaf to Goring's desires to pass through it. Skippon very active and wary."

seized by me, we marched him a prisoner defiantly through his own men. The diurnals will tell you of the fights at Stratford and Bow; and how we turned fiercely upon Whalley's horse and dragoons, and beat them back, causing an alarm to the farthest confines of the city.*

But further troubles did await us, for we soon found that the disaster of Maidstone had so terrified the loyal party in Essex that they were inclined wholly to fall away from their engagement to assist us—which the Earl of Norwich, riding about without sleep or rest, soon discovered; and returning after two days, was more amazed than encouraged to find we had crossed the Thames. But now back he goes to Chelmsford, where things were now worse; for the rumour was that the Lord Fairfax had crossed the Thames at Gravesend with his whole army—which, indeed, was quite true. And this did encourage the Committee of Essex to come forth from their hiding places to force the train-bands and auxiliaries to muster their forces against the loyal party.

But brave Sir Charles Lucas did so stir up the loyal gentry of the county to a sense of doing

* "The enemy," says Carter, "kept on their flight in great disorder, which, as I was informed, gave an alarm to the whole city as far as Temple Bar." See *True Relation*, by which it appears that young Lord William Compton deserves the credit of having saved the Kentish party from ruin. From papers I have seen in the State Paper Office, it would appear that Compton had property at Erith in Kent.

something for the vindication of liberty, that they suddenly became as furious and desperate to keep their engagement made with Kent as they had before been lukewarm; so that in a very gallant manner they rose and seized that Committee of Essex.*

Upon this my Lord of Norwich sends to Compton to march forward to Chelmsford, where on the 8th of June we arrived, not without continual alarms in our rear from Whalley's horse, which pursued us as far as Brainford, but was there somewhat overawed by the augmentation of our forces by a gallant body of Essex horse. And now we rendezvous in the Duke of Bucks his park—where appeared a party of gallant gentlemen who had ridden all together from London to join us. There also came my Lord of Loughborough and Sir Charles Lucas his men. And as each party appeared they were greeted with huzzas; but, perhaps, the men of Herts received the loudest, when 'twas perceived they were headed by Arthur Algernon, Lord Capell, with his standard of lions ramping in that red field, and with those crosses which did so well tally with his undaunted carriage in a glorious but desperate cause.

As soon as the marshalling and numbering of these different bodies was completed, and the

* "And were so furiously incensed against them," says Carter, "that some would immediately have killed them, had not others rescued them . . . and placed a guard over them."

leading lords and gentlemen had finished their consultations as to our future proceedings, I waited upon my Lord Capell, and was received very graciously; and when I had described to him the honourable disaster which had happened to Kent, and my own part therein, he so compassionated me as to appoint me his assistant-secretary, with very good pay, and yet I was allowed to serve also in the capacity of a combatant, as will by-and-bye appear.

On our further march—for it was necessary to draw away from Fairfax, as we were in no state to fight his powerful army—we paid my Lord of Warwick's house a visit, and seized his armoury. As he had long enjoyed the high post of Lord High Admiral of the Fleet—which he was at this moment trying to reduce to the obedience of Parliament*—he could very well spare it, also the venison we did hunt in his park, about which his steward made a fine pother, though, indeed, there were as many Parliamentarians (who did rendezvous there also) in that chase as loyal persons. Methinks my Lord of Warwick had been as well employed in killing the dun cow as in siding with the destroyers of the kingdom; but, doubtless, as his great ancestor had been a king-maker the memory thereof did influence him to support com-

* "He went from Gravesend in the ship 'Nicodemus' to try persuasive effects upon the twelve revolted ships in the Downs, but could not," says a *Letter of Intelligence*; "his lieutenant received the answer with tears."—*Clar. M.S.*, Bodl., Oxford.

bustions which might tend to some imitation of that example.

Out of the Earl of Warwick his wardrobe I did procure an exchange for my sorry doublet and green breeches, namely, a fair suit of laced buff, which did prove very serviceable wear.

But on, on we must go. For the whirlwind is behind us—Fairfax is coming up with speed. Yet we did rest Sunday at Braintree, and my Lord Capell's chaplain* did read the disused Prayer Book service in a field before our army, which was after more orderly divided into troops and companies. At nine that night we marched again, our design being to get further away from the enemy, and proceeding by forced marches through divers counties, in which my Lord Capell† had authority to enlist soldiers and give out commissions to gather up an army which might either stand and dispute it with Fairfax or go forward and join Sir Marmaduke Langdale in the North, and the loyal Scots, now coming over the border under Duke Hamilton.

The order of our march was—the Essex forces first, with Sir Charles Lucas leading. Next came Kent and Sir William Compton. Herts and the Lord Capell last. And in rear of all rode my

* Qy. Ed. Simons.

† The "*Commission to Lord Capell to command the risings in Norfolk, Suffolk, Huntingdon, Cambridge, and Hertford* (signed) Charles P. (dated), St. Germans, 15th April, 1648," is in possession of his direct descendant and representative Lord Essex.

Lord Capell that night to resist the piqueers of Fairfax. But we had happily outstript them. The Lord Capell did me the honour to converse with me, not only about the Kentish business, Hales, the Lady Anne, and so forth, but also about State affairs in very admirable discourses.

Twenty-second Inscription.

To

THE COUNTESS OF ESSEX.

CHAPTER XII.

THE LORD CAPELL CONCERNING THE KING.

VERY admirable, indeed, and very learned were the Lord Capell his observations upon how the prosperity of a state may be best advanced ; and he did beguile the dim twilight road—where somewhat incommoded with dust, there being a dull air which allowed it to hang after the army's march—we rode along at a walking pace, with an examination of the ancient Hebrew, Grecian, Roman, and other systems of government. At times, it is true, nodding to sleep—for I was much worn with the great fatigues of the last fortnight—I did from time to time miss somewhat.

At length, however, when the red sun did begin to glimmer over the Essex fields and paint trees and houses with a golden tawney—when the birds began to chirrup and the morning air came to refresh the tired soldiers with the scent of hay, whitethorn, or wallflower which flourished in roadside gardens—I was roused up to full attention. And while my lord did talk of the kingdom's affairs, of the iniquity of the rebellion against His Majesty's authority, his words so entered my ears that I could not afterwards rest till I had

committed to writing what he said. For it is to be observed that the Lord Capell had a full knowledge of all the circumstances which had caused the troubles; and being one of the most trusted of the King's Council from the time of the commencement of the Long Parliament, he had every opportunity of arriving at a just decision concerning that great quarrel, and also of properly understanding the character of the King whom the rebels did so constantly revile.

"What is there," says my lord, "almost within the power of imagination, wherewith they have not reproached the Lord's anointed? and yet, what is it that they can justifiably charge him with? But they are exact pursuers of that divelish project *calumniare audaciter aliquid herebit* (calumniate confidently something will stick). And what was said of our Blessed Saviour we may next after Him apply to His Majesty—'Never man endured such contradiction of sinners.' Our neighbours of France, notwithstanding their *gaieté de cœur*, have confessed that *la liberté est la plus belle, la plus douce, mais la plus trompeuse chose du monde*—and expectation is little satisfied by our new governors; for instead of relaxations of observances to power and authority, the people find the fire seven times hotter than it was wont to be, and the ministers of their torments like Salamander, only live and are cherished in the flames of it. But this proves an occasion for men

to recollect themselves, and more cautiously consider whereby this advantage hath arrived to his Majesty, viz., that there is not only found to be an absence of all whatsoever they have calumniated him with, but a presence of all the contrary virtues to an eminency and admiration. For notwithstanding all allurements and enticements to debauchery, he doth yet equal the innocency of those whom indigency and necessity hath restrained. And I do so little hold myself a flatterer in this (besides the time suits not with it) that I unfeignedly think that there is not a person in all his dominions that by this time consents not to what I have said. And let this suffice for their perfect consideration to all posterity—that by the known rule of the law they have not been able to condemn any man to death that hath administered under his Majesty—the infamy whereof I leave to the censure of the world, and to a more severe judge their own consciences.

“Nor less as regards his Majesty’s abilities for his princely function; the vile reproaches of coward and fool are found to be as malicious and groundless as they are barbarous, rude, and irreverent. As for courage, his Majesty’s behaviour hath been so notable in this unhappy war that he cannot be refused an eminent place amongst the great examples of the world for undauntedness in danger, patience in adversity, and in all fortunes of an equanimity (were he not so

conspicuous for other virtues) almost to a seeming apathy and unmovedness.

“And for largeness of mind and understanding, we that have had the honour to attend him during these troubles could never yet make other observation of him, but that to all persons—of what professions or faculties whatsoever—his Majesty entertained them with pertinent questions and satisfied them with prudent answers. And those that printed his Majesty’s letters, taken at Naseby, did not enough consider that together with the publication of their own malevolence (and some few things scarce apt to their own ends), that thereby the great happiness of his Majesty’s pen was made known to the world. For such a collection of letters not intended for publication is to be found in few hands—where, though his Majesty discourses with that liberty, usual and well becoming princes, and with that security of those letters from falling into a common view, yet is the matter weighty, and the words apt in their places, and both agreeing, that truly those familiar epistles do reach a good degree of elegance and are nothing like the issue of an impotent brain.

“This is also certain letters, then taken, they would not publish, leaving, I think, controversial whether they intended more malice in printing some or in not communicating others. Let the civility of the Athenian State reproach these men

—who in the heat of war between them and Philip of Macedon, if they intercepted any of his letters directed to Olympia his queen, or from her to him, never failed to send them as they were directed, the seals not broken.

“But that which hath given a shining lustre to all the world of his Majesty’s sufficiency, is his demeanour amongst the Scots, where single and unaccompanied of anything of his own party, but the sad memory of their sufferings for his sake—yet so great a prudence hath accompanied his magnanimity—his spirit neither disturbed by the rude insolency of some, nor depressed by the desperate condition of his affairs—that he entertains a very considerable number of that army in a good devotion to his service, and few there are but pay a reverence to his person; yet still he retains his own principles, not falsely flattering and deludingly gaining their affections, but in all things reserving that princely majesty and dignity he is born unto. His conference with the Divines, Henderson and Marshall, hath much promoted him in the opinion of men, ‘for,’ say they, ‘Marshall at his return to London very honestly declared his opinion of his Majesty’s sincerity to the Protestant religion,’ and also ‘the great abilities and sufficiencies of his Majesty in understanding the disputes of the times, concerning ecclesiastical government.’

“The truth is, the case is so plain in this par-

ticular of his abilities that it hath extorted this expression from his adversaries, that nobody but himself is his evil counsellor—a strange kind of dialect of acknowledging the abilities of the Prince, and yet we that know the times well understand the meaning of it.

“This have we seen in the earlier part, or, as we may say, in the dawning of his sufferings (for that which hath obscured other men’s virtues is the light by which the world hath seen the incomparableness of his). But how lustrous is almost every succeeding merit when each sad and vexatious accident is surmounted by his unparalleled courage and prudence !

“Had not the Scots an ill bargain of it, think you, when they sold this excellent Prince for £200,000, and the promise of as much more ? How piquant was that revenge of the King, when he told them ‘he had rather go to those that bought him than continue with those that sold him.’* ”

“Let us follow him to Holmby—how undauntedly did he entertain that robustious accident, when Joyce with his troopers so unexpectedly surrounded his court ! No doubt but it was a great spectacle to see the King—though naked of authority, power, and attendance—bravely standing upon the steps in the first court, among the rude traitors, expostulating and demanding

* Buckle has shewn that it was not the nation but an individual who sold Charles I.

their authority and commission ! to which when Joyce replied that 'the troops there in presence were his commission,' the King smiling returned this facetious answer, 'that they might be good *witnesses*, but he never had seen such a commission before; and if they were Joyce his commission it was an authority very well writ' (all handsome young men)—thus suitably to the then condition of his affairs did he frame his expressions towards the army. Yet would he not stir one foot till they had faithfully promised him that he should be treated with honour and respect, and not be forced to anything contrary to his honour—his Majesty assuring them how little gainers they should find themselves by such-like attempts—for though they might be masters of his body, his mind was beyond their reach. How notable was that passage, when Fairfax and some others of the chief officers of the army met the King on his journey from Holmby to Newmarket, at the Lady Cutts her house; his Majesty would not endure that either himself or the whole kingdom should be muzzled by a collusion, and therefore made Joyce—after Fairfax, their general, had denied it—to accuse Fairfax to his face that by his * orders with those troopers he came in that manner to Holmby!

* Was this one of the cases mentioned by Fairfax in his "Short Memorials" of his name being used without his knowledge?

“History hath left us nothing like this—if that of Cæsar’s confidence amongst the pirates that had taken him prisoner hold not some resemblance.

“How dexterously did his Majesty afterwards at Hampton Court avoid that captious question—as the temper of the business then was—of the Scots, when they desired him ‘to declare as to whether he were a prisoner or not,’ the King told them ‘the two Houses and the army could easily clear that doubt if it were one.’

“If the Isle of Wight be memorated with after-ages as the stage of the infamous acts of treachery, cruelty, and disloyalty, yet will the heroic demeanour of this great person in that place preserve it a memory not to be abhorred. With what spirit, and with what prudence did the King manage that affair! when the Commissioners of both Houses brought unto him the four Bills—his Majesty discerning with what sad effects his (though most just and *gentle*) answer would be pursued, did therefore, to gain some respite of time, deliver his answer sealed. The Commissioners, observing that manner not to be the most ordinary, refused it. Yet twice did his Majesty (which was as often as they contended with reason) vanquish them and force them to their reserve—impudence and power. For so wisely did he handle those Commissioners and the Governor that he made them oblige themselves by all, the

breach whereof would make them unworthy and unacceptable to human society, that the message should not be divulged, or any misconstruction or prejudice arise to him thereby, until it was read in Parliament. But scarce had the ambient air cooled the breath which uttered those protestations but he was made a close prisoner, and all his attendants torn from him. I will not do them the favour to declaim against this unheard-of perfidy. I have related it; and after it, nothing can be said that's worse.

“As we have seen it thus enumerated, so to all other occasions—which were very many—he was ever equal, and commonly improved them, if not always to the profit of his affairs (their villainy and infidelity being ever awake to intercept aught that was good) yet unavoidably to the advance of his honour and reputation. And whosoever weighs well his answer to the four Bills and considers the involved and perplexed condition of the three kingdoms by so many several parties, I persuade myself may visit many libraries and yet not meet with so prudent a sheet of paper; and so well did his Majesty understand the force of it that when the Commissioners and Governor would not be refused the sight of it, ‘for once,’ said the King, ‘I will take the boldness to be a prophet—this message will never be answered.’ How truly have we seen this prediction verified!

“But can we sufficiently magnify that admirable

declaration of his of the 18th January, 1647, from Carisbrooke Castle, directed to all his subjects? Did ever prince speak of people more graciously, more pathetically, of his affairs more pertinently, more prudently; confront his enemies more princely, more magnanimously; and of his sufferings with like equanimity? Certainly nothing that is generous, prudent, or ingenuous escapes his great pen. Statists will receive instruction from it, orators applaud it; nay, his veriest enemies—unless they confess to have poison enough against all that is discreet—must acknowledge it excellent. Concerning his Majesty's late concessions in the Isle of Wight, I believe those are only competent persons who have laboured in the like exigencies and extremities; but such a jury the world is not able to furnish. Also I think it would call any man's judgment in question impertinently to judge of those actions which seem to have their warrant from necessity—for there are many cases that have happened which though we can hardly commend, yet we may easily excuse.*

“To conclude—I say there will be found so great a debility and insufficiency in all manner of pretences to remove the crown from the head upon whom God and the law hath placed it, that in good earnest I believe there will not be found a competitor to his virtues, nor a person so experi-

* Some of these remarks seem to apply to the Newport Treaty, and, therefore, could not have been made at this time.

mented or tried in both fortunes to an extremity whereby we are assured the virtues are real and habitual not counterfeit. And he that views this prince with eagle eyes may find some faults, but vices none, virtues great and many. And, as at the beginning of the present troubles, his right sustained his reputation; so, at present, his reputation supports his right. And I doubt not but by the Divine benediction both will accompany and conduct him to his throne. And if the not straining his government to a severity hath been hitherto his fault, then also may we reproach God's beneficence to this nation, and charge our intemperance upon His bounty and wisdom. These things do not oftener fall under my consideration," concludes the Lord Capell, "but a great astonishment seizes upon me—how the iniquity of any time should be powerful enough to oppress, nay, have the courage to assault, a policy so excellently constituted, and a prince so notably qualified. He that over-confidently fords it with his own reason will quickly find himself past his depth."

CHAPTER XIII.

TO COLCHESTER.

SHORTLY after the Lord Capell had delivered those observations on the character and conduct of our much-reviled King, I fell into a plentiful passion of tears, which, however, was not on his Majesty's account. I was suddenly made aware of a loss I had sustained. For one of a number of prentices from London, who had joined us at Braintree, falling back towards the rear where I was, noticed me. I remembered him to be one of my former companions at "The Cradle." Alas! alas! he had been in Maidstone, whence he had escaped the morning after the fight—but not before he had seen amongst the bodies of many others his boyish friends—lying gashed and dead in that street now called Havock Lane—the body of Jack Gayer!

"Oh! ever-cursed rebellion!" I cried, "what miseries hast thou brought upon this nation, and upon me also! My relations and friends are falling around me like leaves in November, though 'tis yet my spring. Jack Gayer! Jack Gayer! so full of tricks and bravery! art thou so early fallen a victim to the Moloch of civil strife!"

After saying those words I continued to weep till we were within six miles of the town of Colchester. The Lord Capell was very sorry for me, and had a high esteem for the father of my poor lost companion. I think I have mentioned Sir John Gayer, the loyal Lord Mayor of London, at this time a prisoner in the Tower. But I have not told you that he was brought before the House of Lords about six weeks before this, and being commanded to kneel refused, whereupon he was fined £500.

But now the affairs of war diverted my attention. It was determined to remain a day or two in Colchester, where Sir Charles Lucas promised us some accession to our forces—having, as he believed, sufficient interest in that place where his family had long flourished. But contrary to expectation a report arrived that no armed parties would be received into the town. Whereupon Sir Charles went forward himself a little before the army with certain gentlemen despatching messengers to ascertain the truth of what he could scarce bring himself to credit. And now we pursue our journey, the Lord Capell taking the head of all the forces, finding that there was no chance of any alarm in rear. He also procured me permission to accompany Sir Charles Lucas and those other gentlemen, among whom were Sir George Lisle and Sir Thomas Colepepper.

About six or seven o'clock in the evening, when

the sun begins to throw a warmer light, we arrived about Lexden heath, and saw the fair town of Colchester rising on its very considerable eminence, with its divers towers of St. Peter's, St Mary's, and other churches which Sir Charles pointed out, as well as its walls, gatehouses and other buildings shining redly in the evening rays. Somewhat further on came two bailiffs of the Corporation in their gowns and chains riding rather leisurely to meet us.

"What is this story," says Sir Charles Lucas, "that we are not to be let to enter Colchester?"

Then did those bailiffs all of a tremble throw the blame on their brethren, and beseech Sir Charles to avoid the place and go some other road.

"We are at present at peace," said these bailiffs, "with the Parliament and all other parties, in which state we do desire to continue."

"Is this all the message ye have for us?" says Sir Charles.

"Yea, by your leave we are furnished with no other."

Here the messengers returned with the news that the gates of the town were not only shut but strongly guarded.

Sir Charles's brow grows dark. He says not another word to those bailiffs, but sets spurs to his great charging horse. The gentlemen with him, as well as myself, who was mounted on one of my Lord Capell's horses, did the like.

Near Grinsted House, now burnt, was the turnpike. We perceived 'twas shut and an armed party of horse in front of it. Further on we see the head gate, with three score horse there marshalled 'to dispute our entrance—pikes and halberds being visible on the walls above.

Sir Charles now takes his determination, and sends back one for the army to advance.

“By ——,” says fiery Colepepper, “I will charge these rebels. Who will follow?”

Sir Charles calls a halt, but we heed not. We all drew our hangers except Colepepper, who spanned a pistol instead.

Seeing us come in that posture, they retreat behind the turnpike, and make for their main body, but not before Colepepper shot one of their number dead.

But there was soon an end of the affair; Sir Charles his appearance in force overcrowded the prudent Mayor and jurates, only a proportion of whom were loyal; and upon a treaty being drawn up—which was indeed fair for both parties—our army, now grown to about 4,000, entered Colchester.

CHAPTER XIV.

FAIRFAX HIS SUMMONS SCORNE.

SIR CHARLES LUCAS and the other commanders expressed regret to the civic grandees that a Colchester man had been slain; though amongst themselves they conceived he had deserved his fate, for he was the most forward to dispute, and used also very rebellious words. 'Twas very plain, though those lords and gentlemen flattered the town with speeches about their generosity and loyalty, that many in the said town were very lukewarm, or rather hostile, to us and the cause we favoured, which was clearly shewn by the difficulties thrown in our way from the first moment of our entry by the Mayor and others. However, we seized all their arms and established guards—on the London side of the town especially—as it was from that quarter we expected danger. There were some amongst us who thought that as we were now a considerable body, and, in a place surrounded by walls, the Lord Fairfax would not be so brave as he was at Maidstone. The Lord Capell and others (myself included) were, however, of a different opinion; for, indeed, the defences of the city were not sufficient to protect those within

from anything more than a surprise. That night my Lord Capell went very late to rest, and with the first light was again abroad, as were other commanders, and divers outposts, sallying places, as well as precautions for our better defence, were fixed upon. It was hoped, however, that a couple of days would see us in our northward march through Suffolk into Cambridgeshire, &c. But such was not to be our fate; for certain intelligence caused me a little before noon to ascend the tower of St. Mary's Church, and there I perceived great clouds of dust on the London road, and imagined I heard sounds as of the approach of an army. Whereupon I descend to inform my Lord Capell, who, with the other lords and gentlemen commanders, did lodge at the "King's Head." My Lord Capell goes next to the top of Head Gate with me, and we had not been long there before a scout from our furthest outpost comes galloping through the turnpike, and desires it to be told to the Earl of Norwich that Fairfax and all his army is approaching. He is taken by us to the "King's Head," where, after a brief consultation, the Lord Capell returns with my Lord of Norwich, Sir Charles Lucas, and divers others to the top of Head Gate.

And now we could plainly hear the kettles of the Parliament horse, and 'twas deemed probable that they were those of Fairfax, his life guard. When I thought of the havoc he had made at

Maidstone, I confess there was to me a sound of terror in that distant noise. By this time our own forces were alarmed, and the main guard on the road towards Lexden beat a drum, and Colchester did also presently sound an alarm for all to repair to their colours or posts. The enemy came on so fast that our first guards had almost to retire ere we received any summons. But anon we perceived a trumpet coming with such speed to the gate as he would have ridden through it.

"Stand ho!" cries Sir Charles Lucas, "what want you in such a hurry?"

He holds aloft a letter, which he says is for the Earl of Norwich.

Whereupon that letter is brought up, and being opened is found to be from the Lord Fairfax saying he "had come to reduce us to the obedience of Parliament," he demanded "the rendition of town, and the delivery of our arms."

Upon hearing this, all those lords and gentlemen drew themselves up and cocked their beavers. My Lord of Norwich called for pen, ink, and paper, and writes a reply upon the battlement there.

It shewed some quiet resentment of the Lord Fairfax his demands.

The Earl of Norwich desired "that the Lord Fairfax and those with him should without delay return to their allegiance, in which case intercession would be made with his Majesty in their behalf."

And drums and trumpets sounding in Colchester advertise His Excellency the Lord Fairfax that we are not so tame as to yield ourselves to the cruel mercies of himself and his masters without an attempt to vindicate ourselves and the King's and kingdom's cause.

Away goes Fairfax his trumpeter, and away goes also a messenger to call in our guards, which were like to be devoured by the rebellious legions of the foe. Then immediately did the lords and gentlemen take horse, and in a short time all the cavalry we could muster did clatter out of Head Gate. The Lord Capell, Sir Charles Lucas, Sir William Compton, Sir George Lisle, Sir Thomas Colepepper, Sir Bernard Gascoigne, and divers others of Kent, Essex, Herts, &c., were perceived leading the troops and companies forth to dispute it.

The Lord Fairfax his men fell on with a great shout as they had done at Maidstone. But we met them boldly, and contended desperately, though perforce it was a retreating fight. Most of the out-guards fell back on Lucas' house. To it go Desborough, Whalley, Needham, and Berkstead; and their steel casings overmatch our poor half-armed forces. But those gentlemen before-mentioned, as well as many others—such as my Lord Loughborough, Hastings, Farre, Campion, Chester, Gilbert, Tuke, Lee (of Rochester), Beales (who did make up for his kinsman's re-

bellion), Cook, Hatch, Leyton, Pitman, &c., and Sir Hugh O'Reily from Ireland—verily did wonders, considering how little experience some of them—no less than the men they commanded—could boast of. But the numbers of the enemy are disproportionate. We retreat some to Shore Gate, but more whence we came, namely, Head Gate. Here was sad work, for Fairfax his men desire to swarm through that entrance. My Lord Capell he charges, and so do divers others, and retreat to charge again. But we are put to straits and must retire within Head Gate; and here, being come to close quarters, the Lord Capell dismounts, and seizing a pike, while other gentlemen follow his example, charges a-foot like a common man-at-arms, and again charges.

There, in front of that Head Gate, as well as in the fields before it, fell many a tall fellow; and somewhat sickening 'twas to see that slaughter. There also, though we took prisoners, were numbers of our men cut off from their retreat, for so determined are the enemy to enter and make havoc of the town, that it required us to look to the speedy closing of the gates—my Lord Capell being the first to secure Head Gate, which is banged to and presently barred. There was then a moment's pause in the fight, and word comes down from the scouts on the wall that there seemeth to be one with a white flag approaching. The truth was that the

baffled enemy had, I think, recourse to a middle procedure, from finding that we were not so easy a prey as they had flattered themselves. To the top of the Head Gate, finding such a lull, and hearing of the white flag, goes the Lord Norwich and the chief commanders.

'Twas not a trumpet but a great Parliament colonel who was to be Fairfax his mouthpiece now.

"His Excellency," cries the envoy, "desires you will surrender this good town, and submit yourselves peaceably to those at Westminster!"

"God save the King!" cries the Lord Capell, raising his hat.

"And d—n the Parliament!" added Sir Charles Lucas.

Whereupon the fight is instantly renewed, and Fairfax his soldiers redouble their efforts to force the gate. Under Head Gate the enemy fired, and over it they threw stones, while their fellows pointed their musquets at the walls, and made shot whenever any appeared. Meantime we sought out how best to oppose them. Alas! we found our loss had been great, both in officers and men; though that of the enemy was far greater. And Berkstead is mad to gain the town as he did Maidstone, and they bring a brass saker close up to Head Gate. But now we discover a vantage ground, for from an orchard south of St. Mary's, skirting the wall, a view of the gates is to be had, and thither we send

a strong party of musketeers, who shot so well that not only are the besiegers forced to retire leaving many wounded, but also they must leave behind their saker, for they have not horses to draw it—two teams whereof were shot in attempting to draw it away. Oh! 'twas pitiful to see the slaughter of those goodly beasts, which had neither taken the Covenant, nor broken it, nor done any rebellious act against his Majesty.

The like ill success had the enemy at Sheer Gate where they also leave a drake.

But now it being darkish they retire, as I said, but not without plundering* and burning the suburb about this part of the town, the flames whereof did illumine their retreat.

* Carter describes some sad incidents.—See *True Relation*.

CHAPTER XV.

TOILS AND PERILS.

Now was our hope of marching northward to raise the King's friends and join the army of the Scots—which we heard had crossed the border and was moving southward—disappointed ; for the number of Fairfax his forces being augmented by many new regiments, and by the base defection of those of Suffolk, whom we had calculated upon as our friends—the said Fairfax was able to surround the whole town, preventing us from getting either provisions or augmentation of our garrison. Besides this, they daily draw their lines closer upon us, digging trench after trench, and erecting divers redoubts and forts in all places, though by sallies and assaults we did our best to interrupt their labours. At this time I writ much for my Lord Capell, who was made Director of the Council of War, and also did assist his more active undertakings in considering and improving our defences. Sir William Compton and Francis Lovelace were his coadjutors in these things. Among the first operations was that of perfecting the Royal Fort near the Head Gate ; but the encroachments of the beseigers soon made us reflect upon what annoy-

ance might be added by making a battery in the tower of St. Mary's Church, which we already had used as a look-out post to oversee the enemy's works. By means of a gyn a saker was raised to the belfry floor, which proved of great service. Here I spent some of my time, Master Thompson that renowned gunner, permitting me to assist him in shooting off many shots at particular persons and places where things seemed most busy. Nor, remembering the late assault no less than the dismal affair at Maidstone did I spare to send a bullet at Colonel Berkstead and some of his assistants as they were one morning inspecting of the new fort they were then erecting called after that rough and disloyal person. But I cannot boast of the skill which Thompson—that cunning Polyphemus—practised, who with his one eye could equal the best of those canoneers who possessed two. But I must not omit to mention a valuable piece of service I did to the King's cause a little before that time ; but quite of another kind. One evening late, my Lord of Norwich with my Lord Loughborough and Sir William Compton, sitting in my Lord Capell's lodging, did talk of the straits they might soon be in for want of supplies, when of a sudden I, who was sitting copying some orders for the garrison for the following day, was seized with a sudden idea, and addressed my Lord Capell as follows :—

“By your leave, my lord,” said I, “I now re-

member that the last year I was with Master Gray I did transcribe for him divers letters and invoices relating to goods of all kinds stored at Colchester, and I have a particular recollection that these were usually dated from a place called *The Hythe*, which, as I take it, was a convenient place for shipping the said merchandise"—

I had no sooner spoken thus than I perceived I had fired a train. Not only the Lord Capell but all the other lords and gentlemen—several more coming in on the instant—began to ply me with particular questions, informing me that the Hythe was at the east part of the suburbs. Having given such answers as I could make, they desired me to keep what I had said a profound secret, and my Lord Norwich at the same instant gave orders for a search to be immediately made at the place mentioned; and—oh! wonderful providence at that time when we were in such straits! there was found in the Hythe great plenty of provisions; and—what was almost more needful—good store of gunpowder; all which had been accumulating there for embarkation, but had been delayed there, on account of the unsettled state of affairs for some time past. The greater part of these goods were carted away into the town before the enemy knew what we were doing.

These timely supplies increased our confidence, and made us hope, that though we might not be able to break forth of Colchester, and march to join

the Scots, we might be able to make good the defence thereof until the Scots should march to join us, or make such a diversion as would force Fairfax to abandon the siege. We were also inspired to make bolder and more frequent sallies and assaults upon the enemy's lines; and to vex them with shots from our batteries with less intermission—particularly from the tower of St. Mary's Church where Thompson and I gave them much annoyance; in so much that it became a pastime for those who had leisure, to assemble and applaud the effects of our skill from such posts and places as afforded a view of them. Hitherto we had been secure from the enemy's fire in this our eerie, but a time was to come when that immunity was to cease.

The pertinacity of our foes continued to give us more and more trouble; and at last the encroachments upon East Gate became insupportable, for they not only barred us from sallying forth in quest of forage for the horses—which was now almost impossible to procure—but also, on one occasion, made a desperate attempt to fire all that part of the suburbs, in hopes that the wind might carry the conflagration our way. Such behaviour my Lord Capell would no longer tolerate; and with the consent of my Lord Norwich, he did assemble the council of war to debate upon what should be done. Whereupon an attack in force was instantly determined upon; and what perhaps

gave vehemence to this decision, was the remembrance that the renegade Suffolk forces—whom I told you we had counted upon as friends—were the chief offenders.

Those noble personages Sir Charles Lucas and Sir George Lisle were entrusted to conduct the expedition, the former at the head of the horse having the chief command, the latter controlling the foot. The whole force consisted of about 1,000 men. I besought my Lord Capell that I might accompany Sir George Lisle, who had a particular esteem for me, which I returned with warmth, as was natural; for the kindness, gentleness and nobleness of that afterwards martyr captivated all who had to deal with him. A lion was Lucas, but Lisle was the lion and the lamb in one. I was provided besides other weapons with a hammer and nails for to nail the vents of the ordnance which we knew their barricadoes were armed with. At eight in the morning we picqueered down East Hill. But ere we came to East Bridge Sir George sent me with a forlorn across the adjacent foot-bridge, which we traversed in the very teeth of their fierce opposition—they firing on us both with drakes and muskets. I was one of the first over their barricadoes, and with the assistance of some others captured their drakes, which after an ineffectual attempt to turn upon themselves, I presently nailed. At the same time Sir Charles and Sir George, at the head of the main body

crossed East Bridge, and fell on furiously with the usual loyal war-cry, and though the streets on the further side of the river were filled with their soldiers, we united to give them such a charge as dismayed them; and after some disputation they fairly fled away towards their supports. Cheering we followed to achieve further successes. I have not time to tell you the vicissitudes of this combat, which but for the want of ammunition on our part might have been most disastrous to the enemy. They paid us off bitterly for such advantage as we had gained, for either deceived and exasperated by a story which had been falsely circulated, that we in Colchester had fired poisoned bullets on them, or revengeful for the beating we had given them—they fell upon such prisoners as they took from us, cutting and maiming them grievously, and going so far as to lop off several gentlemen's hands to secure their valuable rings in that expeditious but barbarously inhuman method.

Gallant Sir George Lisle nearly anticipated something of the desperate fortune he afterwards suffered, for at one moment, having gone further than he should in order to recall the too forward assailants, who seemed not to be aware of their rashness, he was surrounded by three or four of Whalley's troopers, who would have either captured or cut him to pieces, if it had not been for Colonel Farre and myself. Shouting "A rescue! a rescue!" we succeeded in gathering

such a force as dismayed those fierce Roundheads, and brought him away safely, not without the loss of his horse, which was hamstrung by an expert veteran of the Parliament army, used doubtless to practice similar devices. In fine, however, we had little to boast of; for Whalley, interposing his regiment between us and the bridge, we had to fight our way back as best we could, losing many of our men, but inflicting a loss upon our hardy foes at the same time.

That we did not succeed as well as we had hoped in this attempt exceedingly annoyed us; for the Suffolk 'renegades' had cause to crow that though we had at first beaten them, they regained their ground again. Besides every failure of the besieged renders more vigilant the besiegers.

CHAPTER XVI.

OF DISASTER.

MY Lord Capell was now full of grave concern. Not only did there come news of two disasters to the Royal cause—one happening in the northern parts of England to the Northumberland forces, the other to the Earl of Holland's expedition near Kingston-upon-Thames, where the brave Sir Michael Livesey overcame the Duke of Buckingham and the Lord Petre, and which resulted in the death of Lord Francis Villiers, and the flight of the Earl of Holland, and Colonel Dalbier, a renegade, who with others were pursued into Huntingdonshire, where the undertaking came to an end—not only, I say, did the news of these disasters arrive, shewing that the tide of fortune had not yet turned in our favour, but we could now get nothing for the horses to eat except the thatch of the houses, and such grass as could be cut outside the walls under the enemy's fire. Besides all this, the inhabitants began to clamour for food, while the soldiers were on short rations—meat scarce, no hope of procuring fresh supplies—an enemy more vigilant than ever, and preparing for formidable attacks upon our strongest

outposts. Yet did the Lord Capell display his usual undauntedness, assuming a cheerful aspect, and encouraging all to increased exertions in a righteous cause. As if he bore a charmed life, it was his wont to go into all places how dangerous soever, where he might discover the operations of the leaguer. Then how courteous was he to all ! How sympathising with the wounded or sick ! How ready to praise ! How cautious to blame ! Oh, noble ! oh, true ! oh, pious ! oh ! inexpressibly virtuous and gallant Capell ! I shall never, never look upon thy like again !

I remember well the morning of the — of July, for it was on that day that the news of the disasters aforesaid arrived, and were communicated at once to my Lord, who, as was his wont, had risen at five of the clock, and was sitting to receive the boys of the town, who at that hour brought in such bullets as they had picked up—it being my lord's practice to husband projectiles, and reward with money the finders thereof. As soon as that duty was ended, and I was quite alone with him, he communicated the intelligence he had received, and then informed of something else, the surprise of which fairly took away my breath. I never could discover what share my Lord Capell had in procuring me the honour which I now heard was conferred upon me ; but it is my belief that it was to him I was principally indebted. A letter came to my Lord Capell from no less a person than

his Highness the Prince of Wales, conveying the expression of his approval of my conduct in bringing over the ships in the Downs to their allegiance, and appointing me lieutenant of the "Constant Reformation"! This was indeed a distinction which I had not at all expected, but though my Lord Capell advised me instantly to accept the proffered favour, I told him I preferred to remain where I was until the termination of the siege, and also to delay a little time in acknowledging his Highness's letter. This I did entirely from a disinclination to desert my master and comrades in their now unprosperous state, and not, as some have accused me, because I saw no convenient mode of escaping through the leaguer. As he was commending my decision, at the same time informing me that he would advise me to get out of Colchester when I could, and obey his Highness's commands, the sound of shooting off of ordnance made us betake ourselves to the top of our lodging, whence an extensive view could be obtained.

We were not unprepared for the discovery that the enemy, who had been for some time making ready, had commenced to batter not only St. Mary's tower and the Royal Fort, but the house of Sir John Lucas, our strong outpost in the south suburb as well. I desired my lord to permit me to go to my battery in the tower, but though I remembered he looked somewhat anxiously upon St.

Mary's tower and steeple, he forbid me, and told me he was going to visit the house of Lucas, and that he desired my attendance upon his person. When we arrived there we found that the enemy had got some heavy cannon into the half-moon which was close to the house, and that the attack was a very determined one. He ordered me to procure more wool-sacks for the windows, for some had been set on fire. Here I lost him for a time, for he was sent for by my Lord Norwich, who knew he was too careless of his own safety. The result was that I shared the toil and danger of that day, and happily came off scot-free, when we were driven out by the enemy, who ruined the mansion with their cannon, and by setting the same on fire, a service which was performed by their soldiers, who were paid half a crown apiece for it, throwing in hand grenadoes, &c. We retired with contemptuous shouts into the gate-house of St. John's Abbey hard by, and thence had a view of their deeds of rapine, plunder, and, I must add, sacrilege; for when they had ransacked every corner of Sir John Lucas his house, and taken away or destroyed such furniture as it yet contained, they went down into St. Giles's vaults, and tearing open the leaden coffins of some deceased members of the Lucas family, I suppose in the hopes of finding rings or other valuables therein, they most shamefully tore away the hair from the corpses of some ladies there, and barbarously decorated their hats

with the same.* Let all who desire to be saints remember this glorious feat, and avoid the religion whose handmaid is rebellion. But I presume Master Ireton would see no harm in such outrages upon the dead, seeing he and all his feather do-conscientiously believe that loyal and sober citizens who in their lifetime believed not in the New Light, are but vessels of wrath, whose remains are not worthy of respect.

When I had seen the last of these triumphs of the conquering enemy, I departed to see how Thompson fared in the tower of St. Mary's, where, alas! on the instant of my arrival a woeful spectacle was presented to my view. Round shot was flying into the belfry—no answering fire came from thence—and while I was gazing disconsolately, and calling for Thompson in a doleful voice, with a crash and a strange dirge-like clang the steeple fell, bringing down saker, platform and bells, through the next floor, even to the ground!

Then with a distant cheer from the leaguer, and one last shot of triumph, which whizzed high over the ruined tower of St. Mary's, their too successful cannonading ceased. Then I run to the floor of the tower, and perceive under the fallen bells, and partly covered by the rubbish, the valiant one-eyed Gunner Thompson, crushed and mangled to death!

* See Carter, p. 136, who says that the remains of Lady Lucas and Lady Killigrew were thus treated.

CHAPTER XVII.

FURTHER TROUBLES AND ADVENTURES.

THE next morning it was perceived that the enemy was determined to assault the gate-house, evidently with the ulterior intention of making a serious attack upon the south side of the town; whereupon my Lord Capell was once more on the alert in that quarter. But we were not without hope of being able to resist, for we had a very strong work in front of the said gate-house, with a good ditch and a high and steep rampart. Thither at an early hour came the enemy's engineers to reconnoitre, and a little later I beheld the smoky face of the Lord Fairfax, peeping from behind the smouldering ruins of Sir John Lucas his house, whereupon some of our men hooted, and others gave fire, but Black Tom suddenly retired from view. In the afternoon they commenced to fire furiously key-shot and canister, and then on they came with their scaling ladders both very wide and long; and notwithstanding that we peppered them as well as we could, and spared neither stones nor brickbats, they descend into the ditch and plant them against the face of our work, and then begin mounting six together to the topmost rounds,

whence we brushed off dozens of them as they had been flies, with the staves of pikes and halberts and the butt-ends of carabines and harquebuses, and then flung over their ladders. But those desperate fellows, encouraged doubtless by bribes of money and draughts of strong waters, go at it again and again, and fling their hand grenades lustily amongst us, till at length we are obliged to retire into the gate-house and desert our work, their steel breast-plates and better weapons giving them a great advantage over our half-armed and half-starved men. But they continue their attacks, and at last by a stroke of fortune, fire our magazine of powder ; whereupon we are forced to retreat into the town, setting fire to the suburbs adjacent to prevent them occupying them, as they would of course have done to our imminent danger. But we made them buy their successes dearly, for not a few of their best men were slain or incurably wounded ; nor did we fail to carry away into the town with us many scores of prisoners, and altogether made a very gallant retreat of it, standing at bay many times, and to the cry of " Hey for King Charles ! " charging them hence repeatedly.

But now a council is suddenly called, for matters of importance were to be decided upon. All the lords and principal officers did attend it. The Earl of Norwich sat at the head of the table, on one side supported by the Lord Capell, on the other by Sir Charles Lucas, Sir George Lisle, the

Lord Loughborough, Sir William Compton ; Colonel Farre, and others sitting lower down. The Lord Capell, as soon as the proceedings were opened, said :—

“With the permission of his Excellency” (meaning of course the Earl of Norwich, Governor of Colchester), “I will make known to this council the proceedings of the enemy, firstly toward the King’s friends in this town, and secondly towards myself. I have to inform those who have not already, like Sir Charles Lucas here, been made aware of the fact, that the said enemy hath to-day shot arrows into the town, offering honourable conditions to the soldiers if they shall desert their officers, and that the Lord Fairfax hath also written a letter to the same effect, which, with the permission of his Excellency, I shall now read to you.”

Here my Lord Capell read the Lord Fairfax his letter, which was found to be in the terms he had mentioned. This being heard by all present, was received with loud expressions of disapprobation ; Sir Charles Lucas and Sir George Lisle, who had heard the contents of the letter, and had reported the arrows shot into the town, alone remaining silent. Some proposed one thing to be done and some another ; but the Lord Capell said that his Excellency had already considered what to do, and immediately produced a letter signed by the Earl, Sir Charles Lucas and himself, saying “that it

was not honourable to offer conditions to soldiers without including the officers in the same"—which was generally approved. The Lord Capell then said that it was intended to make known both letters to all the soldiers in the garrison, and Sir Charles Lucas and Sir George Lisle both undertook to say that they would answer for it that all the soldiers in that garrison would highly resent the mean proceedings of the rebels (which afterwards it was found they did).

"I have now to relate the matter concerning myself," continued the Lord Capell, with some emotion. "You must know then, my lords and gentlemen, that the Parliament or the Lord Fairfax, I know not which, have thought proper to have my innocent son seized in my house of Hadham, and have brought him into the leaguer; and now choose to insult that natural affection which every father has for his child, by proposing that he shall be sent into Colchester in exchange for one of the Committee of Essex whom you know we keep prisoner here since we seized their persons at Chelmsford."

The displeasure of the council upon hearing this intelligence was quite equal to what they had expressed in the matter which more immediately concerned them.

The Lord Capell interrupted their loud condemnations of that unheard-of act of barbarity by telling them that he had writ to the Lord Fair-

fax remonstrating upon the inhumanity of the act and declining to permit such an exchange.

"I told them further," added Capell, "that they may kill my son if they please; as for me, I will leave vengeance to Heaven."

Then did Sir Bernard Gascoigne put a question as to whether it was true that news had arrived from the Royalists in the north of their march southwards. To which Sir Charles Lucas replied by reading a letter from Sir Marmaduke Langdale with the assurance that the men of Northumberland and other border counties were in company with the Scots, under Duke Hamilton, daily advancing southward, with the view of relieving Colchester, and assisting the London Royalists to rise and overthrow their tyrannical rulers.

Then did Sir Bernard Gascoigne make a speech, which, owing to his foreign accent, was not well understood. But 'twas presently explained that, considering that the inhumanity of their enemies did seem to threaten the very hardest terms for the lords and gentlemen, though they pretended—to delude them doubtless—to offer good conditions to the common soldiers—'twould be justifiable to evade an adverse fate, and break through the leaguer with the horse—which would thus be saved from starvation. Such of the lords and gentlemen as desired to risk the attempt might then with the said horse hasten to meet the northern army instead of waiting till they came.

This matter being debated—though my Lord Capell was not favourable to the idea—was presently decided upon, and that very night named for the undertaking, Sir Bernard Gascoigne being voted to command the horse.

I was persuaded into the notion that I might now try my chance of escape, and obey the command of his Highness the Prince of Wales; but upon learning at the last moment that my Lord Capell did not intend to leave the town I repented of my decision, though my lord advised me by all means to break away with the horse if I could. He presented me with the charging horse I had hitherto made use of, and which by great watchfulness and care I had kept in a serviceable state, and directed me to go with the van in attendance upon Sir Bernard Gascoigne, and trust to chance for my after-journey to join the fleet in the Downs which he thought I might find, either by going to Yarmouth, or some more northern port, and thence by sea to Deal or Sandwich. I determined, however, to see the attempt succeed; and as soon as the horse were fairly started on their northward march, to return into Colchester and give my Lord Capell proof by this means of my great devotion to his person.

My own preparations were soon made—for I took nothing with me, and that night I appeared on the ground about the Castle where all the horse assembled with as much secrecy as possible. A

bridge had been hastily constructed on the north side of the town. The enemy at this time were believed to be busy extinguishing the conflagration on the south side of the town, so that it was hoped this attempt might have the better chance of succeeding. I accompanied Sir Bernard Gascoigne till we had crossed the river, which was done without the enemy's discovery ; after which, being anxious to encourage the party of foot, I went in advance with the spades and shovels for to level any of the enemy's works that would have impeded the horse—when of a sudden I perceived the rascally guides—who were people of the town and happened to be ill affected to the King's cause—take to their heels, and run in divers directions, one of them making for Fort Rainsborough, which my former acquaintance, the Colonel Admiral, did command. I did not at that time know it was Fort Rainsborough, and, indeed, imagined that a heavy barrier gate, that this retreating villain pushed open, was but a gate on a road leading to the enemy's quarters, and it was also so dark that I rather followed by the sound of the fellow's footsteps, than by any prospect of himself. The consequence was that I presently met with a disaster, for my horse tripping over something sent me head foremost against what proved to be nothing less than Admiral Rainsborough's tent, into which this guide had run ; and I recognised the voice of my ancient enemy

chiding the false guide for disturbing him. At the same instant there was a sudden cry of the sentinel at the gate of the fort—who, I believe, had been asleep—which was answered by other sentinels and guards, and a general combustion began, in the middle of which I found myself without my horse, for he rose and clattered off, rejoining—as I afterwards learnt—our own party. Notwithstanding my danger, as soon as I had extricated myself from the tangle of the tent cords—which had overthrown my horse—I had a great inclination to enter that tent and incontinently slay with my rapier, which I indeed drew for that express purpose, both the false guide and the ex-Vice-Admiral of the rebels—whom, if you remember, I had spared from hanging about two months before. But I was presently recalled to the necessity of regarding my own safety, and dimly perceiving the real state of the case, viz., that I was quite alone in the enemy's leaguer, even in the said Fort Rainsborough, in the centre of which was the Vice-Admiral's tent—also that the gate of the fort was still open, and men running out thereof, not quite certain of what had caused the sudden alarm—I concluded 'twas best to depart presently, and so took to my heels, and ran like a deer, out of the fort, and towards the town, which was plain to be descried by the light of the conflagration going on on the south side. But, alas! I found myself cut off; for I perceived that the

enemy were running to guard their lines, with much noise and uproar carrying some of them fire pikes, and others throwing up light balls, which so illuminated all places near, that I began to know exactly where I was; and also discovered to my great grief that my comrades were retreating whence they came, and had already, in fact, recrossed the river into Colchester. There was nothing for it now but to take care of myself, so I determined to make for the open country. But ere I had gone very far, I was alarmed by the appearance of Whalley's horse, or at least a party or picket thereof, going to their rendezvous, and had to turn and run along in rear of the enemy's lines, till, finding a lane somewhat overshadowed by trees, I pursued its windings, and by-and-bye discovered myself to have crossed the Suffolk road, and to have got below the East Bridge nearly opposite the Hythe. All was by this time pretty quiet again, and perceiving a small boat close by the bank, I got into it without being observed.

At first I thought of attempting to cross the river; but I was soon deterred from that course, for I was challenged by a sentinel on the further side, and presently fired upon. I now concluded to drop down the current, and with that view lay at the bottom of the boat, and allowed it to drift. I escaped further attention, and floated away from the beleaguered town, having presently a full view of the conflagration of the south suburbs, which

the tired Parliamentarians had now left to itself; for indeed it had mastered all their efforts to allay it, and with loud and dreadful roar, reared its forked flames towards heaven above the black walls of the destroyed dwellings, and emitted great rolling clouds of red smoke dotted with showers of sparks, and flakes of fire—all which lonely and fearful prospect was reversed in the calm waters of the Colne. But the current and the tide which had been full in and only recently had begun to ebb, swept me rapidly away towards the ocean. Nor did I fail to aid my progress with my oars, knowing well that if I passed not Mersea Fort before dawn, I should be infallibly captured, by the ruthless enemy. But Heaven favoured me so far that I not only gained the estuary of the sea, but also descried a hoy sailing southwards a little after the golden globe of the sun rose above the waters of the German ocean; and was allowed on board—the said hoy being actually bound for the fleet in the Downs. I had now leisure to marvel that I, who had designed to remain, was the only one who had escaped out of Colchester.

CHAPTER XVIII.

CONTAINING A SAD CONFESSION.

THE hoy, although it made the Downs on the following day, did not catch the fleet under his Highness the Prince of Wales, for the said fleet had at that time gone into the Thames, which made me the more regret having left the poor Royalists of Colchester, who were now, I knew, reduced to want. The captain of the hoy was not without difficulty persuaded to go in search of his Highness and the "Constant Reformation," for having heard that the Earl of Warwick had managed to retain the rest of the ships in their allegiance to the Parliament, he had so wholesome a fear of all things that one night he departed for France, and I found myself, to my surprise, regaled early the next morning with a near prospect of that coast. It was only after repeated argument that I induced him to go back to the Thames, and when we got there it was discovered that his Highness had gone again to the Downs to attend upon the castles there, which yet held out for the King. At last I step on board the "Reformation"—but it was, as I remember, about ten days later than I had expected—and was there very graciously received by his Highness Prince Rupert,

that renowned soldier, and presented to his Highness the Prince of Wales, who did me the honour to converse with me about my own exploits, and inquired very particularly concerning Colchester and what had happened there, permitting me at the same time to sit in his presence in the roundhouse, and partake of several glasses of canary.

I then did assume my duties, and endeavoured very assiduously to fulfil them. There were many eminent Cavaliers aboard of that ship, and several of the Kentish gentlemen, who informed me that the estates of all those who had been forward with the petition of Kent had been seized and sequestered. Amongst these were Sir Thomas Godfrey, Sir Anthony Aucher, Sir Thomas Palmer, the two Hammonds, and several others who are mentioned in my narrative. I saw there also, the Lord Hopton and Sir John Boys, also the Lords Willoughby and Lauderdale, and Earl Percy. From Sir Anthony Aucher I learnt with shame what injustice I had done to my dear friend Ned Hales in supposing that he had been careless of me on that disastrous day when I returned from witnessing the wrecking of his house, and the death of his faithful retainer, to the banks of the Medway, where I had quitted the "Swallow." It appeared from Sir Anthony Aucher's account that the "Swallow" had waited until it was no longer safe to do so,

but that Ned Hales had left Sir Robert Newcomen at the place with a letter for me explaining the circumstance, who, however, had been unfortunately captured by the enemy. Ned Hales had recommended me to a faithful friend at Queenborough, who would have transferred me to the care of the Lady Horwood to provide for my transport into Holland. I was much distressed to hear that both Ned and the Lady Anne were in a doleful condition abroad, their relations—that is to say, the Lady Anne's mother and Ned Hales' grandfather—openly doing all they could against them in order to ward off any suspicion which the grantees might entertain of any secret sympathy on their part with their self-sacrificing loyalty. I had already writ a letter to Ned Hales telling him of what I had seen and done at Tunstal (which, as it transpired, he never did receive); I now writ one to the Lady Anne, bewailing her condition and that of her husband, and offering all the sympathy I could, for it did pain me to my very heart's core to think that that kind, noble, generous, and most beauteous lady should, with her excellent husband—my firm and fast friend—be subjected to such sad, sad trials. At the same time I ventured to send a sum of money in a bill of exchange to Ned Hales—which was, indeed, my own pay drawn in advance—feigning it to be some that I had received from one of his tenants, which innocent deceit he never discovered, but thanked me for the

money as very acceptable in his then necessitous state. You must remember that, in addition to the sequestration of his property at Tunstall, he had borrowed money everywhere on his own credit to support the rising, so that he was indeed most piteously embarrassed and involved.

But now I must touch upon my own misfortunes. It was designed to make an attempt on shore, in behalf of the now beleaguered castles.

This attempt, as soon as it had been—as far as the seamen's part therein was concerned—arranged by me, was pronounced by that celebrated soldier Sir John Boys, Knt., and the Lord Hopton, who were then on board, as well as by divers others of experience, not practicable. But I (alas! that I should have to make the confession!) was so puffed up with my imaginary knowledge, that I did with hasty words—yea, and even (I shame to confess it!) with reproaches—urge and goad those my superiors into an action whereof they wholly disapproved; for his Highness the Prince of Wales, carried away by my impetuosity, was wholly with me. I cannot continue the narration, nor explain how fully justified were those old Cavaliers by what took place. The disaster was chronicled in the diurnals—let those read it who care—for myself, I was justly served; I lost my credit with his Highness, as I afterwards discovered, and with all his council. I also lost my liberty, for I was taken prisoner, and was carried

away presently to Leeds Castle, which was again turned into a Royalist prison, and there, as you will see, nearly paid forfeit with my life.*

* "The loss of Deal Castle," says a *Letter of Intelligence*, "was begotten by our careless stupidity. The loss of our gallant landmen was fatally enforced by Lindall" (i.e., Lendall), Lieutenant of the Admiral, who upbraided Boyes, Gipson" (i.e., Gibson) "and the rest with cowardice because they did not advance, and that he and his seamen would do the work without them."—*MS. Bodl.*

Several diurnals mention Lendall as having been wounded and made prisoner. See also *Rushworth Historical Collections*, Anno 1648. It would appear that when Lendall was taken prisoner his identity with the boatswain's mate who had betrayed the fleet was not at first discovered.

Twenty-third Inscription.

To

THE DUCHESS OF MARLBOROUGH.

CHAPTER XIX.

AT LEEDS CASTLE.

BEHOLD me marching, footsore, weary, with my right arm, swollen from a flesh wound, bound to my side—surrounded on every side by halberds and pikes—through my Lord Colepepper's park. On either hand the giants of the wood have fallen before the destroying axe of rebellion, so would the daring and ruthless hands of the Roundheads bring the pride of nobility to the dust. And see, rising grey out of an expanse of water in the midst of this wrecked forest, the noble house of the King's proscribed and exiled minister—now a jail, a slaughterhouse for the King's poor loyal servants. Captives weep at the fair bay windows or at the dungeon loophole, looking forth wistfully upon the greenwood, across the lake where waterfowl of divers kinds—half tame, half wild—scream dirges in discordant notes. And one of those captives I am soon to be! I cross a gate bridge where roars the sluice of the defensive inundation serving better than a moat. Soon the brief formality of recording my name and apportioning me miserable accommodation in a noisome and dark chamber—which would seem to be below the level

of the water—is over. I find myself amongst a motley crew whose varieties of disposition form contrasts more or less marked. One is silent and despairing, another fiercely complains, a third tries to mock at fate, and laughs and sings; a fourth sleeps. Would you know what is before each? I will tell you—death.* Death, fixed and certain, without hope or chance of reprieve! They are petitioners of Kent, who, like me, have had the misfortune to be taken with arms in their hands. Having drawn lots with others, they have lost, and here await their doom. I soon learnt from one of them that the Committee of Kent was in the house, daily conducting their business, and administering death, ruin, or banishment as it suited them. Those who had money to pay got off best, but woe betide the wretch who had none. The Committee, it was said, complained that they were much in want at this present, having divers great expenses to meet. Ere half an hour elapses I am sent for; there is now no possibility of concealing my too well-known name.

“Rupert Lendall!” sounds distinct in both

* The following extract from a Parliamentary diurnal shows that this is no exaggeration:—

June 15th, 1648. “There be 32 prisoners sent to Leeds Castle whose lot it fell on to die. The rest of the prisoners are put on ship-board for security till such time as further order can be taken therein, which will suddenly be done, for the Lord General has left it to the deputy-lieutenants of the county to dispose of such common soldiers of their county as they shall see cause, and another course will be taken with the officers,” &c.
—*Imprimatur* Gilbert Mabbot.

dungeon and council chamber, and in the last I behold my old enemies calmly triumphant, smiling in disdain on the offender now fast in their clutches. The chamber is a great chamber of state, where nobles, and perchance kings, have feasted ere this. It looks upon the lake, lighted by handsome, great windows of stone. Oh! had I been free of fetters at that moment, I had adventured a leap into the lake through a lattice which hung open, and disappointed by escape or death the purpose of these harpies. Too well did I guess that purpose to be one fraught with humiliation to me. The malignant youth who had betrayed the fleet, besides divers other acts counted mutinous by them, would surely be made a special example of. There sat Sir Anthony Weldon, as usual taking the chair. Base Livesey was on his right hand, Beales on his left, and at the tail of the conclave—whose names I need not here repeat—sat little Bix, now triumphant that the cause of the saints—as he supposed it to be—did seem to flourish.

Thatcher, that servile but not ill-disposed man—though he would, I think, sell his soul for money—looks upon me an instant without displeasure, but also without compassion, and being commanded by Sir Anthony Weldon, reads out a list of my delinquencies, ending with a brief account of my being taken in arms on such a day in August, 1648, on the shore near Deal, whilst

trying to escape back into the boats of the revolted ships at the repulse of the Prince of Wales his forces by Colonel Rich, &c.

"What have you to say to all these crimes, sirrah?" says Sir Anthony Weldon with cold ferocity, "and what reason can you urge why sentence of death be not suddenly executed upon you?"

"I have nothing to urge," I replied with hardihood. "I am ready to die for my King and my country. I have but one thing to say as to the list of my crimes, as you call them."

"And what may that be, sirrah?" says Sir Anthony Weldon, "the less you say about service to your country the better."

"The list of my crimes is not complete," said I coolly. "Master Thatcher will please add to it, that I served upwards of a month under the Lord Norwich, the Lord Capell, and Sir Charles Lucas, in the beleaguered town of Colchester, which I understand still holds out bravely for King Charles."

"Thatcher shall do nothing of the kind without some other evidence than your own statement," replied Sir Anthony, sharply, "but I give my vote that whether you have been in Colchester or not, you shall be presently whipped for boasting of it."

"I second that," says Sir Michael Livesey.

The rest gave their approval, some of them adding expressions of censure.

Beales, I remember, called me an insolent jack-anapes, and little Bix failed not to testify by throwing up his hands, and also his eyes till the whites were visible.

After some muttered consultation, Sir Anthony writes somewhat on a paper, and presently reads the same aloud.

"It is the decision of the Grand Committee of Kent, at this present assembled, that the notorious delinquent, Rupert Lendall, formerly boatswain's mate on board the Parliament ship 'Constant Reformation,' be made a special example of, and that he be remanded until preparations for his execution in sight of the revolted ships, either at Sandwich, Deal, or Walmer, be arranged by Sir Michael Livesey and Colonel Rich, at present in command of the forces there."

"You have omitted the flogging of the prisoner," says Beales.

"Nay, I give an immediate order for that to be carried out in the execution-yard of the castle. Think yourself fortunate sirrah, when you are witness to the fate of some others, that you are allowed a reprieve which you do not deserve—to meditate upon your wicked opposition to the Lord's cause and people."

It was the first time I had heard Sir Anthony preach, though I knew he was said to be a hotter zealot than he seemed. Having given myself up for lost, I began at once to endeavour to banish

those revengeful feelings, which though natural, were unbecoming of my then condition. But I could not spare to fix upon Sir Anthony a stern and somewhat reproving, if not reproachful glance, as much as to say, that he had fully as much need for repentance as I had.

He seemed either careless or unobservant, and merely directed Hugh Justice to take me before the officer who superintended the executions in a certain courtyard of the Castle, who was to have me chastised to the full extent I could bear.

This Hugh Justice was a tall raw-boned man, and messenger to the Committee. I have mentioned him in my account of my arrival at Canterbury, about Christmas time, 1647. He conducted me to the courtyard named, and handed me over to the charge of the guard there, saying that he generally received somewhat for the like favours. I told him I had nothing to give him, which was true; all I had, and also my clothes, having been taken from me at the instant of my capture. So he left me in the court of guard. The air of the soldiers there seemed to be that of zealots, yet they did all smoke that peaceful herb which Sir Walter Raleigh is supposed to have introduced into civilised countries. And the fireplace there was full of the fragments of broken tobacco pipes.

It is strange how—if death, though certain, be distant but some few days—we buoy ourselves

up with imaginary consolations of further reprieve. And this reflection I presently made, after being for a moment chilled with a deadly fear to observe that inexorable fanatic, and ruthless murderer of the loyal—Miriam May, seated on a jointstool, with his back against the wall in a deep slumber.

Soon the tolling of a bell announced that somewhat was about to take place. And anon came a troop of prisoners bound hand and foot, whose faces were more dreadful to look upon, than was the dolorous clanking of their chains to hear. For the ghastly apprehension of the coming inevitable fate, was plainly written in the bloodless lips and cheeks of many of them. To make the effect worse, one of the chaplains of the Committee, no other than the zealous Master Boreman—whom as you may remember I have mentioned once or twice before—did raise one of those dismally sorrowful hymns that his sect so delight in, which the guards and attendants prolonged through their noses—and must have made some of those poor men who were about to suffer the last penalty of their loyalty, imagine that they were already on the further side of the Styx. Though I can afford at this distance of time to make these sort of half-jesting observations, I can assure you at the moment, I felt chilled to my very heart's core.

Miriam May was now awakened out of his sleep; and seizing the list brought to him, proceeded (without apparently taking any notice of

me), to verify those under sentence of death. Master Belcher then stops the hymn, and begins something, meant perhaps to be a prayer, but which was rather a sermon of the usual schismatic colour, at the end thereof, without much ceremony there is a "Make ready! present! give fire!" and the brutal sentence is executed.

There be some chroniclers of disastrous events, who think, that unless every page be smeared with gore, and the text be adorned with chapless skulls, and groans and shrieks of pain and anguish ring through the whole narrative—they will not find readers. As for me, I would rather find none than pamper a vampire taste. In truth, I have enough that is sickening and heartrending to describe, without entering into the details of those politic but vengeful murders done before mine eyes in that courtyard of Leeds Castle. 'Twas indeed a mercy that I live to forbear describing of them. For no sooner was that shivering crowd of the doomed reduced to a quivering heap of bleeding human remains, than the fanatical Miriam May—who was ill at deciphering names, being a most indifferent scholar, like many of his feather, fixes his wild eyes upon me, and could by no means be made to comprehend by his sergeant that I was only there to be scourged, and put back into the dungeon. And I, having by his direction my ill-fitting doublet dragged off my back, was put to stand where the blood of the dead did ooze on to

the pavement, and saw in spite of my loud remonstrances, some preparations being made by those files of Miriam May's troop (or rather Livesey's, I should say, for May was but a subordinate thereof) to add another to the hecatomb of poor loyal subjects before mentioned.

Oh! was it not a special interposition of Heaven? Just as that malignant spirit May, feigning impenetrable dulness—but as I could see, spirited on by divelish malice—had by the weight of his station and authority, silenced the opposition of his inferiors, though not my voice—there came a clattering of footsteps, and the rustling of a woman's dress.

"Forbear! Forbear! I charge ye in the name of his Excellency the Lord General of the army!" cries a voice that I remembered well.

"Make ready!" shouted the fanatic defiantly.

But the lady who had spoken, now hastes in front of the soldiers, and displays a letter—flourishing it in their faces.

"Make your men retire, Miriam May, at my command, and that suddenly! Do you hear, sirrah?"

"I have warrant from the Committee, and them I must obey," said the persecutor.

"Will ye bandy words with your General's wife," says the Lady Fairfax—for she it was, "and have you so little gratitude to me, sirrah, as to dare to dispute with your benefactress, to

whom you owe your reinstatement after being cashiered last year for high mutinies?"

I could perceive an ill-concealed spleen in the countenance of the madman; but it vanished like the glimpse of an angry moon on a stormy night, and what next, think you? He shews the list, and would pretend that I am not Rupert Lendall, but the last name on the list, marked for death. But her ladyship seizing his list and examining it demolished the fiendish subterfuge—which, I believe, he had employed to overpower the remonstrances of his sergeant—by giving him the lie, and advancing then to me with a magnanimous but piteous air, takes my fettered hand which was indeed linked to my foot, and standing erect in front of me, says:

"This is Rupert Lendall, lieutenant of the revolted ship 'Constant Reformation,' if ye shoot him, I swear by our Holy Covenant ye shall also shoot your general's lady!" Then without pause she adds angrily, "Begone instantly, Miriam May, and inform the Committee, or such of them as you can find in this house, that I have a warrant from the Lord Fairfax to withdraw the said Rupert Lendall from this place, he being claimed as a prisoner by the Lord High Admiral of the fleet, the Earl of Warwick."

But the dogged fanatic would not understand. However, his men did, and both grounded their arms and extinguished their matches, for to do

them justice they had not the least desire to shed blood without sufficient warrant. And the bravery of the Lady Fairfax had this further effect, that she prevailed on some of them to escort her to the Council Chamber of the Committee, and to bring me back there with her, notwithstanding that Miriam May earnestly disputed that I must first be scourged, at least.

Oh ! like a happy dream was my deliverance ; and there was yet a still brighter awakening as you shall learn. The appearance of his Excellency's wife, armed with a warrant from the Committee of the Derby House, a letter from the Lord Fairfax, and another from the Earl of Warwick, overawed those petty tyrants of Kent. Nor could I easily suppress a contemptuous smile at their obsequiousness. Even Sir Anthony Weldon, half ape, half lion, seemed to me to lose the nobler part of his nature at that moment, and appeared wholly as a rude and uncouth baboon, endeavouring as he did to make copy of the courtly airs of the then desolated Whitehall. I was at once surrendered to the Lady Fairfax's escort—some of the Life Guard of her husband. My fetters were also knocked off ; my wound was dressed ; and I had, by her ladyship's order, a collation prepared by her own cook who travelled with her. I then departed in a coach behind hers, but was anon transferred to her own, and treated rather as a friend than a prisoner.

CHAPTER XX.

OF THE LADY FAIRFAX AND HER CIVILITY.

It was moonlight when I was taken into the Lady Fairfax her coach. She was quite alone. She inquired very kindly if my pain was now less. I told her no.

“But oh, my lady!” I cried, “how can I thank thee enough for this deliverance.”

“Rather thank Heaven,” replied she, “which ordered its immutable counsels so. But indeed I was but a secondary instrument. There was another friend, whose name I am pledged not to divulge, that should have the first place in thy thankful prayers, Rupert Lendall. But yet all danger is not past. Thou knowest mutiny is a high crime, and thou hast also been the very chief of offenders. His Excellency is inclined to mercy, and so is my Lord of Warwick; and there hath been a talk of a money composition at the Goldsmiths’ Hall, and a pass beyond the seas—providing thou wilt take the Covenant. And Master Gray hath ofttimes assured me—and again lately—that thou art well instructed in sound doctrine.”

I thought for a moment of the ministrations

of Hugh Peters at St. Sepulchre's, and of Marshall, Calamy, Burgess, and Burroughs, their hot and strong discourses against King and Cavalier which I had attended sometimes with Margaret—and only checked myself in time, or I had said somewhat unseasonable—so I did but call out—

“Master Gray!—and where may he be now, my lady—I did last encounter him at Sandwich. I hope he is now strong and well?”

“We are now more favourable to the King,” says the Lady Fairfax, not heeding my question, “and a personal treaty is not much objected to, though all rebellions against my husband's authority must of course be first put down by force. 'Tis thought his Majesty hath now seen the error of his ways, and will throw over the prelatical party, and establish the Directory and a godly Presbyterian ministry—it being, we trust, the mind of the Lord, that all popery and heresy shall cease, and we and the Scots be one fold under one Shepherd. But there are those of the army who are not of the same mind; and would heap to themselves teachers having itching ears—or rather, who would have all teachers and none learners. Yea, and have other and desperate counsels which they also design to carry out.”

“My lady,” said I, “I understand very well what you intend by this, and I can say something to that text.”

Whereupon I relate to her the strange revela-

tions of Miriam May, what time he would have made an end of me at Farleigh Bridge.

The Lady Fairfax heard the story unmoved, or gave nothing more than a sigh. I reckon that about that time she had begun to compassionate his Majesty, being well aware of the treatment he received, and of the deep designs to take away his life. But she was so wedded to the Covenant that she would have no treaty notwithstanding, if she had not persuaded herself that the King would settle the Presbyterian discipline throughout the three kingdoms.

"Rupert Lendall," says her ladyship, taking my hand with what seemed some little hesitation, "I have a serious word for thee. We draw nigh to Sir Harry Vane's house of Fairlawn, where we must pass the night. Sir Harry is not there, and the house is at my disposal. See yonder is (?) Wrotham Church. I must there surrender thee to the care of the guards. So, as I said—a serious word—'tis this. Wilt thou not, dear Rupert, forsake these backsliding ways, and turn thee with sincere repentance to the Good Cause that thy mother did favour. Sure thou hast done enough of despite against the Lord's poor people. Oh! be wise in time! Truly I glory not in the ruin that hath overtaken the ungodly Cavalier party, and I would fain mitigate the severe decrees that are put in force against them. But, oh, Rupert! is it not plain to see that the hand of God is

against them; and that if they turn not, they will all be destroyed root and branch. Let me hear thee promise to take the Covenant."

"Lady Fairfax!"—said I, filled with so much resentment, that for a moment I forgot my indebtedness and my danger together.

But ere I had said aught in passion, a thought of gratitude caused me to pause. After a while I said—

"Your ladyship forgets in what cause my father died; and oh! my lady, perchance your ladyship has erred in supposing that the King's party is utterly forsaken of the Almighty. Doth not God sometimes prove His favoured ones by hiding His face for a season. 'His eyes behold His *eyelids try* the children of men!' Your ladyship, I was brought up in the doctrine and discipline of the Church of England. And though my mother did take the Covenant contrary to the wish of my father, it was from her lips I learnt that the fifth commandment doth teach us to 'honour and obey the King, and all that are put in authority under him'"—

"Which is an article of our Solemn Covenant," interrupts her ladyship.

"Which hath been oftentimes broken, and is now virtually torn up like the Protestation, my lady," said I.

"Only by the enemies of both," hastily rejoins the Lady Fairfax. "Rupert Lendall, take but the Covenant, and I swear to protect thee! Thou shalt become one of my household. I know thou art a

good scribe—thou shalt even be mine own secretary”—

“Nay, my lady, I thank you heartily,” said I, interrupting her now in my turn, “but I cannot take the Covenant, were it to save my life; and as for secretary, I am already that to another, having served as such to my Lord Capell, for a whole month during the siege of Colchester.”

“The siege of Colchester! The Lord Capell!” cries her ladyship in astonishment, dropping my hand as it had been a snake, and edging away from me with suddenness. “Why there is not a malignant plot that this—this—recusant boy is not engaged in I think. Hola! stop the coach! and hola! Lieutenant!”

“Your ladyship calls?” says the obsequious officer of Fairfax his Life Guard, with as much courtesy as if he were a queen’s servant.

“Remove this young man to the other coach, and let him be guarded strictly as before.”

The round moon shone full on my lady’s face. I saw she was incensed, but I was too proud to be wise, and doffing my cap with as lofty an air as I could assume, I stepped from the coach, and again made a reverence; after which I took my seat in the other equipage.

Immediately afterwards I concluded by the exceeding darkness of over-arching trees, and also by the way being dangerously full of ruts that we had turned from the main road, which was true. In a brief space we stopped at the door of Fairlawn.

Twenty-fourth Inscription.

To

THE LADY BOLSOVER.

CHAPTER XXI.

AUDACES FORTUNA JUVAT.

THE lieutenant who was my guard and companion was a jovial young man, and told me that for that he had nearly been thrown out of the New Model. Like some others he had fought on the King's side in the beginning, and from some disgust had transferred his allegiance to the Parliament. He found means to procure a bottle of good wine, and regaled me with the same.

"Her ladyship seems less friendly to thee than at first," says he, "I counsel thee to make terms with her, for if thou art delivered over to the Earl of Warwick, I heard a little bird say that despite their kindly intentions, they may be forced into hanging thee up by the heels aboard of the Admiral's ship till thy brains be dashed out against the side thereof."

"That is indeed the punishment affixed to my crime," said I, "yet I hope for more lenient measure. The Lady Fairfax is displeased because I have refused to take the Covenant."

"Thou wert mad to refuse," said that lieutenant. "Lord! I would take and break a dozen Covenants to avoid a far less penalty. Tush!

what signifies an oath or two broken when on all sides we see them violated without scruple."

"The more reason for not following the multitude," said I.

"Thou art yet green in the world; here's to thy health! but take friend's counsel. If thou hast refused to oblige the Lady Fairfax as thou sayest, demand an audience of her privily to-morrow, and promise to take a dozen Covenants to pleasure her."

Just at this moment the latch was lifted, and a servant tells the lieutenant that her ladyship the Lady Fairfax desired to see the young man which was prisoner.

The lieutenant looked at me with raised eyebrows, as he would have said:—"This is a strange chance—see you take it," and made haste to obey the order.

The Lady Fairfax was quite alone; some refreshments untasted were on a table near. She motioned me to a chair at some distance, and then directed the lieutenant to withdraw.

"Rupert Lendall," says she, "I have sent for thee once more—but remember 'tis for the last time. It goes to my heart to think how thy young blood may, nay I fear, will be spilt, if you proceed in this stiff-necked course. Once more let me hear thee speak words meet for repentance; let me hear thee promise to take the Covenant. I tell thee 'tis certain that the King will give way, and

permit the establishment of the Presbytery. What madness then for thee, a subject, to affect greater scruple, when thy life is in danger?"

"If his Majesty shall command it, I will take the Covenant, madam," said I, "but till then you must excuse me."

Whereupon my Lady Fairfax takes from her pocket a small Bible with gilt leaves, and proceedeth to give text after text to show that episcopacy is an abhorred thing, and that the Presbyterian government and discipline is of divine institution.

"Madam," said I, "his Majesty in a discourse with a great Presbyterian divine did prove the direct contrary of your argument," and entering into an argument with her, I made her feel that I was by no means ignorant of the matter in question.

"Very good, Master Lendall," says she in conclusion, "but see if this fine argument will save thy neck a few days hence."

"Ah, madam," said I, "I will not be the first who hath suffered for Church and Crown, and mayhap shall not be the last. Out upon these miserable times, when liberty—yea and life—must be bought by base compliances! There was an age, I have heard, when honour and conscience were things to be esteemed. Now, whoso sheweth the least sense thereof, which is contrary to the will of our tyrannical rulers, is to be persecuted as

a criminal. My lady, I have seen those in the possession of all that this world can give, freely surrender that all to help imprisoned Majesty—facing death and ruin at the call of loyalty. I have seen the feared disaster overtake them in a worse form than they did anticipate, and yet they have borne the fiery trial without a murmur. And shall I, who have perilled less, play the renegade when I am put to the proof? No, Heaven forbid it, and help me to steel my heart against whatever woe I must suffer! Madam, my enemies may do as they list, but the grave will end my miseries. Let me take my place with those who preferring death to disgrace have scorned ignoble mercies, and made the King's banner their winding sheet!"

As I concluded these words I had risen to my feet, for I seemed to see over again the disaster at Maidstone, and the sad flight from Tunstall, as well as divers other catastrophes which I had witnessed or heard of. Being moved myself, I perceived at once that I had touched the heart of that great lady, who, notwithstanding some little-nesses, had yet a brave spirit. She looked at me with wonder and pity, and I perceived that her eyes did fill up with tears. She went into an adjoining room without saying anything, and anon returned, and said—

"You shall lodge here for to-night, Rupert Lendall. Get thee to rest, and here is a purse for the necessities of the journey. To-morrow I am for London, and we may converse further."

When she had ceased to speak she motioned me to the door she had opened.

I passed through the same, and there found a chamber which I believe to have been Sir Harry Vane's own sleeping apartment; 'twas full of divers strange things and great plenty of books of all kinds.

In fine what with a globe celestial and terrestrial, and divers other matters that savoured of enchantments, it did remind me of Master Lilly's cell, although there was there besides some weapons of war, a buff suit, and one of steel—all which last seemed to have had little use; and 'tis well known Sir Harry Weathercock was far better at the exercise of his pen and tongue than aught else; though I doubt there was not a man in the kingdom which had more to do at setting us all by the ears than this same Sir Harry. These discoveries in the chamber I made by no other light than that of the moon, but there was yet another to be made. Feeling a current of cold air, I presently perceived that it came from a door which did open out into a pleasaunce—the said door being a little ajar. I was about to open it wider when I was disturbed by a noise; and from the door I had entered the chamber, re-enters the Lady Fairfax with a candle and some viands for me.

For these favours I thanked her ladyship, who bid me good-night, and again turned the key in the lock. I stood for a couple of minutes rumi-

nating, and then went softly to the door which led out into the air. Yes, it did open into a garden where all seemed quiet. I closed it softly, and stood ruminating for a further and longer space. What was the signification of my being put into a chamber, and the key turned in the lock, when all the while a way out of the said chamber seemed to be perfectly free? Was it an oversight, or was it that the Lady Fairfax had done it with the design that I might escape? If an oversight, was I bound to remain? Would it be my duty to advertise the Lady Fairfax that I would escape if I could? After turning the matter over and over, I at length determined that I would avail myself of the chance before me, which either was intended to be taken, or, if not, was not so practicable as I hoped. For perhaps 'twould be found impossible to get out of the pleasure. I could not be certain that the Lady Fairfax was willing that I should get away; and at one moment I was about to knock, and put a plain question to her about it, but as suddenly recoiled from that course, saying to myself—

“What! make her privy to a design that she favours, but dare not openly approve! That were indeed a wise act.”

I determined to lie on my bed a while, and when all was quiet to make my attempt. I could perceive that from time to time either the Lady Fairfax or some other was stirring in the adjoining chamber. I decided that an hour or two after

midnight would be the best time for me. But in spite of my anxiety neither to be too late nor too early, I fell asleep, and awoke with a start from the uncomfortable position of my wounded arm; and lo! the moon had disappeared altogether from that side of the house, and indeed it seemed to be growing towards dawn. I groped my way into the garden, which was large and with a high wall. I began to fear there was neither any intention of facilitating my flight, nor a possibility of accomplishing it. At last, however, I found a pear tree trained against the wall, and easily ascending discovered a half-consumed haystack, not very much further down that part of the garden wall. Into this I made shift to jump, it being about ten feet from the wall. Thence I got into a dark wood, and was nearly lost for an hour or more, and was full of horror that when I should come out thereof, I should find myself close to where I had started from. Fortune, however, favoured me, and guided by the growing light in the east, I at length found myself by sunrise at Birling, near the very spot whence as a prisoner I had seen the distant mustering of the men of Kent. In full prospect of Burham heath, where no longer the banners of that loyal but now scattered expedition did wave, I made my way towards Snodlands and Halling, with the strange purpose of rewarding with a broad piece the old man who had given me his whip to apply to the flank of my runaway horse on the day of Maidstone fight.

CHAPTER XXII.

TO COLCHESTER AGAIN.

My design was at all hazards to return to my Lord Capell by breaking through the leaguer of Colchester, but how to get so far, when perchance I should be searched for, at present I could not determine, and therefore left all to chance. My honest intention to the old man who had lent me the whip was fulfilled, for though I found not him I found his good old wife, who accepted an angel with gratitude. I then did inquire for John Gyles, whom I also did find, but he was in much apprehension both for me and for himself when he heard my account of having escaped from Fair-lawn. Nevertheless he did, upon the persuasion of a little gold, agree to secrete me aboard of a hoy which was to be laden with new guns, and was bound for the landing place of the Crown yard at Rochester that very afternoon. There I arrived safely, and from a friend of my poor brother Burley's in that yard was despatched to Colchester, for those great guns were on their way to that very town to supply the leaguer.

Fearing to go as far as the wharf at the Hithe, where those new cannons were to be landed, I prevailed upon those in the hoy to land me a mile or

two short of the leaguer, and secreted myself in a field of rye, where I was not without tremours; for I found myself somewhat too near Fleetwood's quarters of horse, which I was first advertised of by hearing their horses neighing, and anon some of the men came into the very field where I was to cut some of the rye, which was all standing, not having been trodden under foot of man and beast like the grain fields nearer the leaguer. As I had chosen a hollow place I escaped notice, the rye standing also very high about me. I was not so far from Colchester but that I could see it, and did perceive with little satisfaction that for one shot fired from the town there were at least three or four from the leaguer. At last I perceive divers kites with something hanging to the tails thereof, which, fluttering over the town a while, were left to drop, and about the same time a loud discharge as it were of all the guns round the leaguer shot off together, which was followed by a shout, evidently from Fairfax his men, so loud that, though the nearest part of the lines was more than a mile and a half from me, 'twas plain to be heard. This was repeated a second and a third time. I was sorely puzzled to know the meaning of this proceeding. Alas! I afterwards learnt that 'twas the besiegers' jubilee over the total rout of the army under Duke Hamilton and Sir Marmaduke Langdale, whom Cromwell had fallen upon furiously. The kites I saw were weightied with the dismal

intelligence in print, for you may be sure the juncto at Westminster lost no time in publishing their victory, which was indeed a most important one, as it destroyed all the hopes of the King's friends. When it drew towards dark, I determined to gain the side of the Colne and proceed upwards toward the leaguer, but upon adventuring it soon received such an alarm as made me haste away inland, after which I soon stumbled upon the enemy's lines, but was favoured by an accident, for at the time of my arrival there—viz., between the almshouses and the head gate—Sir Charles Lucas and Colonel Lunsford, with Sir George Lisle, throwing open the east gate, rushed forth at the head of some three hundred men to beat up the enemy's lines, and falling on with prodigious shouts, caused the rebels to believe that an assault in great force was made. This imagination so possessed them that I appeared amongst them without inquiry, and indeed 'tis true that the soldiers of the leaguer at that time were wont to entertain such country fellows as they could force or bribe to do their work for them, so that some were without any soldiers' dress beyond a scarf at the most. Finding a pike lying in one of the trenches, I pretended to be seized with a rebellious fury, and echoing the cries of Fairfax, his men, ran with them till they halted and began to discharge their pieces. I observed that the King's soldiers did not fire, and therefore concluded to run for-

ward, which I did, but not without incurring extreme danger, for upon approaching the dark mass of soldiers—which was now for a moment stationary—I perceived when I was close upon them that they were a band of the “Colchester Shavers” of whom I had read in the diurnals, and there they stood peering into the darkness to discover their foes, and I saw by the fitful flashes of the rebel muskets that the said Shavers were griping their long staves, which scythe-blades did prolong, and were ready to mow down whomsoever should come within reach.

I now threw down my pike, and lustily calling out “God save King Charles!” attracted the attention of Sir George Lisle, who, a little in advance of “the Shavers,” instantly approached me.

I called out my name, but was near being destroyed, for three Shavers, fearing some treachery, speedily came to the side of Sir George; but Sir George had recognised my voice, and I was soon free from further apprehension. And now the leaguers, pouring in their round and key shot as well as their small shot, and also mustering in great numbers to repel the assault, Sir Charles Lucas gave the word to retire, which was speedily obeyed. I soon found myself within Colchester walls. I forgot to mention to you that as soon as darkness set in I perceived a faint and dismal illumination proceeding from the town, as if it had been fired and was smouldering, and this illumina-

tion was also reflected in a ghastly fashion by the sky. Once within the head gate I perceived the explanation of it, which was that fires were burning at frequent intervals all along the top of the wall, for the enemy was now—especially on the south side—so near that an assault had been for some days hourly expected, and cauldrons of pitch were kept continually boiling on the said fires, and there were watchers appointed with cans and ladles for to present the pitch to the assaulters.

By the light of those fires I perceived that Sir Charles Lucas, Sir George Lisle, and most of their men, now bore traces on their cheeks of the privations and hard toils they had been suffering—also that the town was now much ruined.

“What has brought you back here?” says Sir George. “Is his Highness landed to make a diversion in our favour?”

“Alas, no!” I replied, and told him briefly of my disgrace, capture, and escape.

“I am sorry for you,” says Sir George, “most of all for your coming in here, for there is little hope of our doing any further service to the King. Our food and our ammunition are nearly exhausted, and all hopes of relief are at an end; the defeat of the Duke of Bucks and Lord Holland has been followed by that of the Scots.”

And he explained the mystery of the kites I had seen, and informed me of their having several printed accounts.

CHAPTER XXIII.

OF OBLIGATION TO SURRENDER.

THE lords and gentlemen being assured that night of the certainty of the total defeat of the Scots, fell to deliberating; while I, overcome with fatigue, fell to slumber in my former lodging. The next day divers messages passed between the enemy and ourselves. The Lord Capell was sorry for my misadventures at Deal, and regretted that I had returned to Colchester; but said that I should be his secretary still if he should still be able to retain some command or office, but he was not very hopeful of the result of the present effort.

This was somewhere about the 25th of August. At the hour of noon I had the honour of dining with the lords and gentlemen, the chief of whom were the Earl of Norwich, the Lord Capell, the Lord Loughborough, the Lord Hastings, Sir William Compton, Sir Charles Lucas, Sir George Lisle, Colonel Farre, Colonel Francis Lovelace, &c. The Parliament diurnals about this time made themselves merry over our disasters, and did pretend that a trumpeter of the enemy gained admittance to the dinner chamber, and there

found the lords and gentlemen served with only a boiled quarter of a lean dog and six carrots; which was a fabrication, for they had horse flesh to the last, besides rice and other matters. After dinner was another council; and I resumed my post of secretary, and was present at the deliberations. But before they began we had a view from the top of the house of a great flourish in the leaguer, where with much parade and drumming and trumpeting, several standards taken from the Scots and sent hither by Cromwell were carried up and down conveniently near to the town to assure us of the certainty of the defeat of our friends. This was followed by a flight of kites with despatches to the tails thereof which fell in divers parts of the town—some, it is true, in inaccessible places, but some even into the streets. The Earl of Norwich sent me to pick up one that fell in the High Street, but the soldiers would not let me get it, for they said they would see what that writing at the kite's tail meant, which was the first beginning of the mutinous spirit which their desperate condition did now originate.

When I came back I found the council ready to open, and I related my adventure, and how the soldiers had seized the letter at the kite's tail.

The Lord Capell then opens the business and informs the council of what had passed since they last met; viz., that Fairfax flatly refused to permit the garrison of Colchester to march out

with the usual honours ; viz., arms in their hands, drums beating, colours flying, bullet in mouth, and matches lighted. And that all that could be got was quarter for the inferior officers and soldiers, and that the superior officers, that is, the lords and gentlemen "should surrender to mercy."

"What this rendering to mercy means," says my Lord Capell, "requireth explanation ; but 'tis plain that we are not to expect much favour at their hands. My Lord of Norwich, Sir Charles Lucas, and myself, in the absence of the rest, returned an immediate answer that we preferred that the Parliament army should assault the town, and to save them trouble we would throw open two of the gates and dispute their entrance."

"And what was their reply to that?" demands the Lord Loughborough.

"A refusal," says Capell, "at least, the Lord Fairfax repeated his former offer, only"—

Here one interrupts by bringing hastily in one of those letters from the tail of a kite which is instantly read, and proves to be the enemy's usual device of ignoring the commanders and addressing themselves to the private soldiers and inferior officers. The paper offered these last "fair quarter provided that their superiors be rendered to mercy."

Many of the gentlemen were so exasperated at these renewed efforts to isolate the commanders

that they burst forth into loud censures of them. But as soon as he could make himself heard the Lord Capell addressed the lords and gentlemen.

"That the rebels should offer hard terms was after all," he said, "only to be expected ; seeing that it was only by severe measures they could hope for success. When his Majesty was as barbarously treated as if he had been but a common felon, what could his servants expect ? For his own part, he was disposed, if others approved, to dare the worst ; and, before the Lord Fairfax should have time to assault the town, he would vote to leave the baggage behind, and suddenly and violently to sally forth to a man, and endeavour to break through the enemy's lines or perish in the attempt."

Sir William Compton, Sir Charles Lucas, and Sir George Lisle loudly applauded the proposal of the Lord Capell ; and after a little discussion, it was put to the vote, and carried unanimously.

Colonel Farre proposed that Sir Bernard Gascoigne should command the few horse which were left.

"By your leave," says the Lord Capell, "I would seriously beg you to consider how little the miserable remnant of the horse will avail us in this attempt. We must besides remember that now that there has been a talk of surrender, we may not find so cheerful an obedience from soldiers who can no longer cherish the high hopes of

victory they once flattered themselves with. We must set them an example of courage and self-denial; and seeing that few besides officers now possess horses in a serviceable condition, I think it would be expedient to determine to forego any advantage to ourselves, and declare that we will lead the enterprise on foot."

"Well said," observed the Lord Norwich, "it will prevent any suspicion being entertained that the commanders desire to break away from the rest."

"Under favour, my lord," observes the Lord Capell, "your lordship and the lieutenant-general ought to be excepted. It would not be seemly for the chiefest commanders to march on foot."

"My Lord Capell," says one, "yourself should be mounted and make a third."

"Nay," says the magnanimous Capell, "I desire to march at the head of the men of Herts carrying a pike as I have done this some time past."

This, you must know, my Lord Capell had done from the time of the first beginning of the diet of horse flesh, which was shortly after I had quitted the town; when they roasted a horse whole near the north gate, making a feast round it with healths to the King. Then also were formed those Colchester shavers—chiefly of the dismounted horse which did such execution upon the Roundheads.

To conclude—the business of breaking forth

of the town—though opposed at first by some, it was generally agreed to, and the next day named. But, alas! evil agencies were at work; for the rebels had friends and spies in the town who spared not any pains to excite discontent and infuse suspicion into the breasts of the King's soldiers; the result of which was that at this critical moment those soldiers conceived the fantastic notion that the lords and gentlemen did not really intend to make away with their horses as they promised; but would at the last moment mount, and breaking through the leaguer, save themselves, and leave their subordinates to a harder fate than the enemy now decreed for them.

And this sad suspicion and most false notion began to be entertained by them, I believe, when they were in their cups, for the lords and gentlemen supplied the whole garrison with such wine as they had left, as well as dried fruits and other things, to make merry on the evening of the proposed attempt.

I was in my Lord Capell's lodging at a time which was within an hour of the moment named for our enterprise, all had been made ready. The soldiers were all drawn to the walls on the south side of Colchester under pretence of knowledge of an assault intended by Fairfax his men. It was past midnight. The fires which kept hot the cauldrons of pitch mentioned before did dolefully illuminate the walls with a

faint misty light. The gates were ready to open to let us march forth. Every man I knew had his pike, his firelock, and his bandolier filled with the last charges of powder which our stores contained. The horses of the officers were ready to be led forth to be pistolled at the head of every troop and company. The Lord Capell believed that all was secure, and had left me in an upper chamber burning the writings of the siege; when hearing a strange murmuring sound, I looked forth of the attic window, which, as I mentioned before, commanded a wide prospect of Colchester and its surroundings. Not being able to understand the said sound, I went to the chamber below, to advertise my Lord Capell, and some of the other lords and gentlemen whom I had left there not very long before. But there were signs of their having suddenly left that chamber at the commencement of their frugal supper, which was then on the table ready, but had not been scarce touched. I went forth to find, alas! the garrison in a mutiny; the soldiers on the walls disputing with their officers, and loudly complaining of intended treachery, which was, indeed, entirely an imagination. Some time later the lords and gentlemen who had gone out returned, persuaded that all hope of breaking through the enemy's lines was at an end. 'Tis true those soldiers—who before had endured much hardship and misery without a murmur—next day

found out how false their suspicions had been, and agreed to adhere to their commanders. But 'twas now too late. The enemy was advertised of our intention to break away. No course was left to us but to take such terms as were offered.

CHAPTER XXIV.

RENDERED TO "MERCY."

HERE then was the end of all our hard toils and sufferings. How different alas! from what we had promised ourselves! Perchance had the soldiers displayed a little more obedience at the close of Colchester siege the bold enterprise we had conceived might have been executed and led to glorious results. But Providence had decreed that the rebellious nation should feel the galling yoke which it had courted; and that a further hecatomb of noble persons should be sacrificed in expiation of crimes from which they were free.

In sad conclave sat the Council for the last time, awaiting to receive an explanation from Fairfax about terms which they would now be compelled to accept.

"What is meant by rendering to mercy?" was the question which had been put. It was, indeed, hoped that though some mystery did lurk in the phrase, our foes who had us in their power would treat brave men with compassion. Nor when the answer came that rendering to mercy signified "no certain assurance of quarter, but that the Lord General would be free to put some imme-

diately to the sword" did the Council believe that any sanguinary proceedings would follow surrender. And, indeed, the last part of the answer was supposed to encourage that notion.

"There hath been," said that answer, "large experience, neither hath his Excellency *given cause to doubt of his civility to such as he shall retain prisoners*, although by being rendered to mercy he stands not engaged thereby."

"I cannot think," said my Lord Capell, "that brave soldiers like Fairfax and those under him, rebels though they be, would be base enough to raise the cry of *Voe Victis*, when all danger of opposing the strong and numerous forces of the Parliament is at an end."

Colonel Colepepper differed from the rest, and thought no Roundhead could be trusted; Sir Charles Lucas was not sure that magnanimity could be expected; but Colonel Farre, when he heard the answer read agreeing to send commissioners to arrange the details of surrender, turned pale, and went incontinently to find how he might conceal himself or escape. For having been a Parliamentary officer—governor, too, of the fort called Landguard Fort—he knew his life would be endangered, whatever the fate of the rest.

Sir William Compton was the chief commissioner on our side, entrusted with the management of the business in hand. The articles were soon signed, and those who had late been foes mingled

on the walls—or at least some thereof—such as the inferior officers and common soldiers. And now came the rendition; and enter the Lord Fairfax in state, riding through the gate accompanied by many superior officers, and escorted by his own Life Guard. But indeed, this was not the first part of that, to us, inexpressibly sad pageant; for the Parliamentary general was preceded by a multitude of his own soldiers, who swarmed into the town at all places contrary to the articles, and laid their hands upon whatever they could find of any value.*

Black Tom made a circuit of the walls, and was received occasionally with cheers from the town rebels, who had done their best secretly to assist him. When his triumphal march was concluded he went to the Moot Hall, and there immediately assembled his officers in council. In the meantime, I was with the lords and gentlemen at the "King's Head," having been included anonymously among my Lord Capell's servants: It was thought I might thus be overlooked.

While the lords and gentlemen were wondering whether they would be sent into confinement somewhere, or, as they rather inclined to think, be more mercifully delivered passes to go beyond the seas, as had been done upon the surrender of Oxford at the conclusion of the first war, I received a short letter which surprised me much.

* See *True Relation*.

Whose the hand I could not determine, and, upon mentioning my suspicion that it was the hand of my Lady Fairfax, produced it to the Council, telling over again the particulars of my escape from Fairlawn, and asking their opinion. Sir William Compton, bringing back to my remembrance the happy time at Bocton Malherbe, suggested it might be the hand of the Lady Anne. But I knew 'twas none of hers, and some then did incline to believe it was no other than that of the Lady Fairfax, as I, indeed, believed myself.

This letter said nought except that my composition had been paid at the Goldsmiths' Hall, and I was free. It bore no date or signature, and came under cover to the Lord Capell. When I learnt that I seemed to see a new light thrown on the matter.

"Oh! my lord," said I, "however it may be, of this I am sure, that you have interested yourself in my behalf, and that this is another favour for which I am indebted."

"Nay," said the Lord Capell, "you wholly mistake; were I to interest myself in your behalf with the King's enemies, it would be more likely to ensure your destruction than your deliverance."

"Then," said I, "it is the work of the Lady Fairfax; and Black Tom is perchance about to repent of his rebellion, and take the King's part at last; and if I am pardoned after having betrayed the fleet in the Downs, there can be little doubt

of the kindness of our foes to those who are here rendered to mercy."

Those lords and gentlemen were generally induced to believe that my supposition might be correct, and there was some talk over rumours that were spread at this time of the desire of Fairfax to make some accommodation with the King, and of his becoming daily more convinced of what others could plainly see, viz., that he had been but the tool of Cromwell and Ireton and their crew ever since the formation of the New Model.

We were in the middle of those very hopeful surmises when, like a cloud that foretells a coming tempest, or like a spectre that interrupts the beginning of a feast, the giant form of Colonel Ewer—that grim messenger who afterwards darkened his Majesty's path—appears with dark and solemn countenance suddenly in our midst. Like to an executioner he salutes the Earl of Norwich, and then approaching Sir Charles Lucas, tells him sneeringly that he is wanted by the general at the council of war then sitting; and that Sir George Lisle, Sir Bernard Gascoigne, and Colonel Farre were also required to repair to the Moot Hall.

"George! George! Dost thou hear?" cries Sir Charles Lucas to Lisle, for he had forebodings of a dismal explanation of the term of rendering to mercy.

Sir Bernard Gascoigne, not well understanding

English, did not know his name pronounced as Ewer gave it; but all three presently took leave of the rest of the lords and gentlemen, who now felt their hearts to sink within them at the thought of what a council of war might do; for just about the moment that Ewer entered they had also gotten hold of a diurnal which told of the surrender of Pembroke, and of Langhorne, Powell, and Poyer drawing * lots for their lives though they had rendered to "mercy!" and of one of them being also put to death.

Colonel Farre, who was one of the persons called for by Fairfax, had told me privately to come to his lodging and tell him if aught was heard which might be of consequence to him. I accordingly made my way out of the room where the lords were; being fortunately overlooked by a crowd of curious and insolent soldiers who were gathering round, and who presently endeavoured to strip † such of the lords and gentlemen as they could detach from the rest. Having assumed a poor garb I was mistaken, I think, for some fellow of the town.

Colonel Farre and Colonel Colepepper lodged together; and I found a woman standing at the cellar door in the house, who had followed Farre into the town, being very much devoted to him. She told me Colepepper had gone off in a woman's disguise, and Farre with him. But this

* A child drew the lots.

† See *Carter*, p. 95.

was not true as to Farre, for he was at that time, and also afterwards, lying mighty uncomfortably in a butt of ale, which had yet two or three gallons in the bottom; and when any came to search that cellar for Farre she drew ale from the very butt where her friend was hidden and gave to them—whereby he escaped after Fairfax had left.

The same woman had been eaves dropping at the Moot Hall, and communicated to me this incredible story—that the court of war there sitting had been harangued by Ireton in fierce terms. Nothing less at first would please him but that all the superior officers should be immediately put to the sword; namely, the Earl of Norwich, the Lord Capell, the Lord Loughborough, Sir Bernard Gascoigne, Sir William Compton, Sir Charles Lucas, Sir George Lisle, and Colonel Farre.

"And what said the rest to that?" I demanded of her.

"I know not," saps she, "for I came hastily away to tell Colonel Colepepper and Colonel Farre, but I think some one raised his voice against such cruelty. However, Colonel Farre and Colonel Colepepper thought it not fit to delay further, but got over the walls in their several disguises, and I pray Heaven they may have got safely through the leaguer."

"Oh," said I, "I fear, I fear that something is determined against Lisle, Lucas, and Gascoigne."

And making my way back to the "King's Head," I heard sinister rumours.

But I now had to think of myself, for on approaching the "King's Head" I was suddenly clutched by some one who strode up behind me, calling out—

"Oh, thou micher, thou runaway rascal! Ha! I have caught thee again. Stir and I will blow thy brains out!"

And looking round I perceived Colonel Berkstead, who, hearing I was in the town, had come from the council of war to seize me himself, for he still believed a large reward would be given for my apprehension. I answered him indignantly in these terms—

"Sir, you need not trouble yourself to hold me so fast. I am already a prisoner, and was returning to the 'King's Head.'"

"Oh," quoth he, "you will find it hard to make me believe that. I know thee to be as apt at escaping as a soaped pig."

"Perchance," said I, "you will find I will escape you once more, Colonel Berkstead, for you will find that I have been allowed to compound."

At this loud laughs that rebel soldier, who believed not a word of it. Finding it was so, I said to him—

"I appeal to the Lord Fairfax."

I was answered as Paul was when he appealed from the lenity of Agrippa, and was straightway

taken before the supreme commander. I was conducted into the Moot Hall, where he sat at the head of a table surrounded by his chief officers. At the foot thereof stood Lisle, Lucas, and Gascoigne, with their hands bound. I recognised several of the rebel officers, amongst whom Berkstead resumed his place. The cruel Ireton was addressing his noble victims. I caught sight of that rough sea-hog Rainsborough looking upon me with spiteful glee. I observed also Whalley, Fleetwood, and one or two more whose faces I knew. But Fairfax prevented any further observations on my part or on theirs by commanding me to be kept outside the Moot Hall. In a minute or two I perceived the three Royalist commanders coming forth of the Hall guarded as before, but what was to happen to them I could not then ascertain. And now came my turn again. I was brought before that Court of War. Berkstead reminded Fairfax of my former eminent "treasons," as he called them, and also that he had heard I was taken prisoner at Deal and had escaped. I defended myself, mentioned the Lady Fairfax, and perceiving that Fairfax was well informed of the particulars of my escape, began to congratulate myself that I was safe. I hazarded a remark that my composition being paid I trusted His Excellency would not deprive me of the benefit thereof. Whereupon Berkstead's mirth was checked, for Fairfax admitted that my composition had been accepted.

"Surely your Excellency is deceived," says Berkstead, who saw his £1,000 vanishing away. "So great a delinquent could not have been permitted to compound?"

Rainsborough also expressed his amazement.

But Fairfax calls up his clerk Rushworth, who satisfies me and my enemies that there is no mistake at all in the matter by producing authority which cannot be disputed.

I was thanking Heaven inwardly for my deliverance when Ireton, that ever-malignant genius, suggested that before I could be liberated I must account for my presence in Colchester. Feeling that disguise was useless, I told the story of my getting into Colchester a few days before, without any mention of my former service there. I further said that I was servant to the Lord Capell.

"Your Excellency," says Ireton, "will have to consider what ought to be done with this young man. His master is the worst malignant of the whole of them. I vote that this Lendall be sent back to confinement at the 'King's Head,' from whence 'tis evident he did intend to escape."

And so I am a prisoner once more.

Ireton would have had me thrown into a dungeon, but Fairfax, at my request to be sent back to my master, ordered me to be reconducted to the "King's Head." I had not been there a minute before intelligence arrived that Master Simmons, chaplain to the Lord Capell, had been sent for by

Lucas and Lisle, and we were soon certain that they, as well as Sir Bernard Gascoigne, had been barbarously condemned to present slaughter by that merciless Court of War.

The indignation and grief of the rest of the lords and gentlemen was violent. They at once despatched a messenger to Fairfax desiring that they might all suffer with their comrades, and doubtless Ireton would gladly have seconded that proposition. It is reported that he spoke darkly thereupon of the satisfying of their ardent desires by-and-bye. I have little doubt that it was at Ireton's suggestion that I was now hauled away from my Lord Capell and the others, and taken at a brisk pace through the streets with the assurance that I should be presently shot to death, notwithstanding that my composition had been accepted, and that Fairfax seemed my friend. There seemed much probability of it when I found myself taken to the castle of Colchester and thrust into a dungeon* with two rows of bars in place of windows, where, by the somewhat scanty light which the very thick walls did confine the entrance of, I perceived Lisle, Lucas, and Gascoigne at their prayers, and believing myself to be in the same danger as they, I did heartily join in their petitions for mercy to a higher tribunal than a court-martial of cruel rebels. Had I time to dilate on such things, I would describe to you the ear-

* Still in existence.

nestness of Lucas and the almost cheerful demeanour of the gentle and gallant Lisle. Gascoigne, with a very white visage, seemed fully prepared to meet his fate in a becoming manner. At length they were drawn forth to be shot to death, and though I did demand to accompany them I was told that my time was not yet come. I saw their martyrdom from the window of the dungeon, viz., that of Lisle and Lucas, for, as is well known, Gascoigne was reprieved. It was near the time of twilight when they had finished what they had to say. Their speeches were but imperfectly heard where I was, but they have been fully given by the diurnals. I shed many tears when I saw Lisle fall, for though our acquaintance had been but short, I had conceived an almost passionate regard for him. There were many spectators looking over the walls into the castle green when that sad and wicked murder took place, which was superintended by Ireton and Rainsborough.

I now looked to see Sir Bernard Gascoigne destroyed in like manner to the other two, but instead of that I perceived the concourse of people crowding on to the green—partly from over the neighbouring walls, which had been ruined in places the night we attempted to break forth, when I left Colchester for the fleet, and partly by other ways.

They presently so surrounded the bodies that I could no longer see the bloody stains on the shirts

of the dead, for both of them had unbuttoned their doublets and boldly received the rebels' bullets in their bosoms. What was said or thought by the crowd I know not; they appeared to be silent.

But anon the jarring of the door startles me into the notion that my turn was now come. In place of that, however, I am told I am, for the present, with Sir Bernard Gascoigne, reprieved; and joining Sir Bernard—who expressed much contempt for those who had spared him and not his two comrades—we were marched back to join the lords and gentlemen, who meantime had been removed from the "King's Head" to another house.

Here Sir Bernard and I gave an account of the lamentable spectacle we had witnessed, moving the indignation as well as the pity of those Royalist lords and gentlemen.

Scarce had their feelings been expressed when it was announced that the Lord Fairfax and some of his chief officers would visit us. And presently enter the said Fairfax, with Noll's son-in-law Ireton, who, as I have mentioned before, was there as his nurse, and ever at his elbow; also Rainsborough, Fleetwood, Whalley, and others. They came in with more obsequiousness than Roundheads usually shew to Cavaliers, but they were received with cold and stern demeanour by all. Fairfax stammers out his excuses for the severity shewn, slipping out something about "soldiers of

fortune" necessarily chosen to be made "ensample of" for having been most active in the defence; then tries to be conciliatory, assuring us that our lives were now safe, and that we should be well treated till the Parliament should give orders for our disposal. But those who had perilled all for the King's cause, and who had for many weeks been daily in expectation of death, and whose appearance betokened the trials and hardships they had braved, were not to be so appeased. The thoughts of the blank left in their gallant band by the brave and hardy Lucas and the gay, generous, and gallant Lisle—whose souls had fled, and whose bodies now lay weltering in their blood on the castle green—filled every breast with fierce resentment. The captives found a fitting interpreter of their feelings in the undaunted Capell, who, looking upon his visitors sternly, addressed himself to Fairfax.

"My lord," said he, "you should have received our thanks if you had spared the lives of our gallant and beloved comrades. You have not done so, though we did appeal to your sense of justice to remember mercy—which indeed was the word mentioned in the terms of our surrender. We, therefore, desire you will finish the work well begun, and execute the same rigour upon the captive comrades of the martyred Lucas and Lisle."

But here Ireton—brimming over with venomous

spite, and also probably from the confused aspect of Fairfax, supposing that no fitting reply could be given by his puppet chief to the really unanswerable speech of Capell—thrusts forth his divelish head and opens his mouth.

"You were all told," says he, "that the General claimed the right to put all of you to the sword. The Council of War shewed more mercy than perchance some of you deserve," he adds vindictively, fixing his gaze on Capell, "in condemning only two and sparing the rest. Consider the blood that has been shed"—

Here Capell interrupts.

"If you talk of blood, sir, remember, I pray you, which side began the strife in '42. If you look at the date of the Parliament commission of Array and that of His Majesty, you will quickly see, what you know very well already, that the King did not draw the sword till he was forced to do so in his own defence."

"We and our brethren," says Ireton, "meddle not with carnal matters and idolatrous king-worship. We drew the sword against the enemies of the Lord, to fight under the banner of the gospel of the Most High, and that sword we will not sheath till His work be accomplished."

"Sir," replied the Lord Capell, fixing his eyes so sternly upon the other that he grew of a sudden deadly pale, "you profane the name of the gospel. It neither permits of breaking oaths of allegiance,

nor invites subjects to shed the blood of their fellows upon a dissembling pretext. Above all it teaches lessons of charity and mercy which your party by no means always attend to."

"Our Cause shall prevail notwithstanding, my lord," says Ireton, shaking with passion, "as you and your fellows, and your God-forsaken master the King—whom we have set aside—shall learn to your and his cost."

And with some other reproaches the interview terminated.*

* Those who desire to learn all the particulars of the "Siege of Colchester" will find them in Mr. Townsend's interesting work published under that title.

CHAPTER XXV.

PRISONERS ON THE MARCH.

THE same malign influence which had menaced me with death in Colchester, doubtless effected my separation from my noble employer, the Lord Capell. He had applied that I might accompany him and share his captivity wherever it should be; but after some delay he received a reply which showed that a vigilant enemy did somewhere exist; for the reply was a refusal, on the ground, that it had been discovered that I had acted "as secretary, and not as servant, as had been pretended," and that I would be removed to a separate prison, Windsor being named as the place where the Lord Capell was to be incarcerated. In accordance with these orders, I was shortly torn away from that honourable company of lords and gentlemen; and confined in the church at Hithe, with the common soldiers—who having received such fine promises of favour if they would surrender, expected a better fate. Bitterly did some of those captives lament their mutiny which had cost Lisle and Lucas their lives, and the rest of the commanders their liberty; for the common soldiers fared not much better. A proportion was

ordered to be shot, and the rest with few exceptions, marched away in bands to divers prisons, being first set upon by whomsoever of the Parliament soldiers would take that trouble, and pillaged and also stripped of their clothes.* And forsooth, because I had a worn-out suit I was beaten therefore, and left but my shirt to cover my naked limbs; my hat and shoes being thought worth taking, though my doublet and hose were cast away as worthless. And I fared yet worse, for being driven along a road out of Colchester with the rest of my miserable companions, and resting famished in a church, all together the first night—I was overheard reproving one of my comrades in the following manner—

“Wherefore,” said I, “do you disturb us by your wailing and complaining? Why not strive to bear your sufferings like a man, remembering as you should that you in particular have brought them on yourself; for I remember you as an active mutineer, persuading your fellows to oppose the decision of our commanders, on the night that we were to have broke through the leaguer; whereby our possible victory was partly by your help prevented. Consider also, that your King is at this present a wretched prisoner.”

But this man still making sad moans, would make out that I at least am better off than he.

“Nay,” said I, “far worse, for I have had a

* See *True Relation*, p. 205.

greater fall than you, having been at one time Vice-Admiral of the fleet."

Whereupon I foolishly relate something of the revolt of the twelve Parliament ships in the Downs, imagining that our guards, as had been their custom at Colchester, lay not in the church, but having locked the same, had dispersed to divers alehouses, or other more comfortable lodging. One of them, however, whom I had mistaken for a prisoner, awakened with a loud snort at the beginning of my narrative; and waiting till the end thereof, rose and came over to me; and poking me up with his snaphaunce, which was loaded, addressed me thus:

"What! art thou indeed the rascal varlet who did so treat our great Colonel-Admiral?" (for he was one of Rainsborough's regiment and a desperate fanatic like his commander) "by this hand thou shalt have somewhat more to complain of."

And tying me neck and heels, so that he might know me in the morning; he left me to pass the remainder of the night in huge discomfort.

By inadvertency I had been wrote down as Tindale in their lists, what time we were separated into gangs at Colchester; and I had no mind to correct that error. But now my identity being once more revealed, the soldiers commenced to treat me with particular inhumanity; not only reviling me abominably, as being one of the chief authors of the fatigues and perils they had ex-

perienced at Colchester, but also by beating me more frequently than any of the other prisoners. I, however, with the help of Providence preserved my life, by appealing to the covetous propensities of the soldier who had discovered what he hoped to be a prize—by boldly saying to him—

“If you expect a reward for seizing one who betrayed the ships you must keep him alive. I shall drop by the roadside as others have done, and perish, thereby perhaps depriving you of many good pounds in gold.”

This happily led him to take more care of me and to reserve to himself the pleasure of beating me, or pricking me along with a pike when I was weary.

This poor flock of doomed sheep did not know what road they were on, nor what their ultimate fate would be. I was fully convinced we were going for Kent; for our march was somewhat southerly; and I appalled some of my hapless companions by telling them that perchance we might be sacrificed at Leeds Castle, by the tyrannical Committee of Kent, in like manner as I had seen others. But other fate was intended, though I was so far right that Kent was our first destination. For after a few days we saw the fort of Tilbury before us, with the Thames and Gravesend beyond it. As for me, I was at this time so fevered with hunger and pain, that I can scarce remember that sight. A letter had overtaken us by the way, from the Lord Fairfax his clerk, Rushworth, to whom the soldier who discovered

my identity had written, saying that no reward would be allotted to the said soldier, and that I should be treated precisely as the rest of the prisoners were. Upon learning this that soldier beat me unmercifully, and complaining of the expense he had been at in nourishing my "worthless carcase," as he called it, let me go without food for two whole days. Thus I arrived in Gravesend in miserable condition. I was ill and fevered, weak from hunger and fatigue, and indeed had not sense enough left to understand the intelligence that we were all bound for Rochester, to be crammed under the hatches of the ship "Defiance," till we were one by one disposed of at eleven pence apiece (that being the price the Welsh prisoners had fetched) to Algerines—to pass the rest of our years in slavery; or kept till we could be shipped to foreign plantations in the Occidental Indies.*

* The following is from a Royalist source but is corroborated by Parliamentary diurnals. It refers to the events at the beginning of June, 1648. "Those that were taken by Black Tom at Maidstone, are by Black Tom's command put under hatches in the ship called the 'Defiance,' where they are to be starved to death (the charitable saints denying relief unto them) thirty-two are sent to Leeds Castle, where they must receive the reward of loyalty and be murdered, and sent after Captain Burleigh."—*Parl. Kite*, 1648.

So early as 18th June, 1648, the slaughter and banishment of prisoners had been commenced by the besiegers of Colchester. See *Exact Narrative*, &c. for the following. "The prisoners taken at the entrance of the suburbs of Colchester were drawn out. Every thirteenth man of the Essex batchelors are to die. Every tenth man of the married men, and every fifth of the London and Kent men that were engaged in this new design—the others that are left of the batchelors to be sent beyond the seas."

But not quite out of Gravesend on our way to Rochester I fell down in a half-swoon; nor could any persuasions of my tormentor's pike prevail upon me to rise; and had it not been for the kindly people of the town who interposed, I think he would then and there have despatched me. This I know not of my own knowledge, but from the assurance of witnesses.

When I came to myself, I found myself lying on a poor man's pallet; while a fair young woman melting into tears did tenderly support my head on her warm bosom, and nourish me with spoonfuls of sack. I perceived also that she had been bathing my feet, which were much cut with the roughness of the ways I had been travelling. Who this young woman was I leave you at present to guess.

CHAPTER XXVI.

OF A KIND NURSE.

“It was the Lady Anne Wotton!” I hear some of you say. But no! the beloved Anne was far away over the salt sea. Had she been near me when I was in that sad plight doubtless she would have had compassion on me. Her hand was ever ready to administer comfort to any that suffered. Her tears, too, did readily flow at the sight of misery and pain. But I say again, she was far, far away. Who then was this maiden fair and kind? I did ask that question myself at that very article of time. I was answered by a soft voice that I knew well.

“Margaret Gray!” it said, and nothing more, for the kind maiden did sob so that nought else could she add.

While I was yet asking the question I did indeed recognise her; and I felt how truly fair and how truly kind was that maiden whom I had still persuaded myself, or tried to persuade myself, was not really devoted to me, but rather for divers reasons feigned what she did not feel. Then did I remember with astonishment how ungrateful I had been; for oh! how many proofs of

her love had I already received, and yet would not be convinced! And with these thoughts came, as it were, a violent warming of my heart to her, and I said—

“Dear Margaret, I love you for this!”

Then did I see through her tears a wild delight expressed in her pretty face. And she did more tenderly press my head to her soft bosom.

But of a sudden I bethought me of my tormentor, and looked hastily round to see what had become of him. I remembered that I had been alone with him; for the other miserales had gone halting forward with the rest of their guards. But I saw nought but faces of poor folks, some of whom had eyes full of tears, at the spectacle of this gentle copy of the good Samaritan his act. Which of the Parliament saints and preachers would have done as much as poor Margaret? Verily I believe every one of those vaunted “lights” would have acted the part of the priest and Levite, had they been there, and seeing me lying on the way would have passed by on the other side.

“Where are the soldiers?” I asked.

“They are gone, dear Rupert; they have marched away!” says Margaret.

“Yes, yes, thou art saved from them,” cry the poor folks.

“Think thyself lucky,” said an old man, “to be

here, while thy poor companions are left to their fate."

"Yea, and thank this young lady here," cries the woman whose house I was in, "for it was her words, and her tears, and prayers—and more particularly her gold—that prevented yon red-coat from despatching thee with his pike; though shame on the fellow he did prick thee with it whilst thou wert wholly insensible. I would fain know what thou hast done, poor lad, to deserve such usage."

"I am a Kentish petitioner who rendered to mercy at Colchester," said I. "Oh! dear Margaret," I added, in a whisper to her, "I can never, never, never forget thy goodness to me!"

"Speak not of it, dear Rupert," says she.

And then addressing the people, prayed them to stand aside and give me more air and quiet, which petition being strongly seconded by the woman of the house, they one by one departed.

I now perceived there were divers marks of blood on the holland sheet wherewith I was covered; but I soon found that some slight wounds of the soldier's pike had been already dressed by Margaret, who did again weep in telling me thereof.

The woman of the house now withdrawing for a moment, I said—

"Kiss me, dear Margaret! And now tell me how it is that thou art here?"

But I found my head was too confused to understand her, and, indeed, I presently again became nearly insensible. The kind Margaret found means to transport me to a more comfortable lodging—which was, indeed, one where she did herself lodge with her father, Master Gray.

I must now tell you that they were now bound for Holland, and were only waiting at Gravesend for a favourable wind; the ship that was to take them beyond the seas being then lying in the river. Master Gray had all his money-bags with him. He had been privately informed that the Committee of Kent—prompted by Livesey—having discovered that Gray had lent monies to Hales, were pressing the grandees at Westminster to sequester him. But the Lady Fairfax having made interest for him, he had been warned by Rushworth, the clerk, to make what haste he could to depart.

Thus it was that Margaret happened to find me. Looking forth from her chamber window, she had caught sight of me. But I was in such miserable estate that she was not certain at first of my identity; nevertheless she determined on following me, though her father and herself would be put somewhat in jeopardy by it. For they had been warned by Rushworth that they must live in close concealment until such time as they could escape beyond the seas. The humanity of old

Gray, however, could not refuse an asylum to his former prentice—now dangerously sick. So I was tended and nursed for a second time by Margaret, and after a few days partly recovered, and was told some of these particulars by the fair Margaret, whom I now began to perceive was little inferior in beauty and kindness to my lost love. As she sat by my bedside, I now was not content unless I held her hand in mine; and I was fain to kiss her so oft that she would at times say—

“We shall kiss ourselves all away, and there will be nought left of either of us.”

But, indeed, at every fresh discovery of her very sincere affection for me I could not refrain—as soon as I could sit up—from embracing her tenderly. The natural consequence of all this was that Master Gray, one day catching us at this exercise, did say that it must not continue; whereupon I did beg of him to give me Margaret in marriage, that I might have her all to myself for ever, to do as I pleased. With a pretended reserve he told me he would consider the matter; but in the meantime he must forbid his daughter to come to me. Yet within half an hour, while I was in great fear that I should lose my second love as I had lost my first—though not in precisely the same manner—the door of the chamber opens and Margaret comes in with her eyes turned upon the ground, not daring to look upon me.

I rose and ran to her. I folded her to my heart and kissed her twenty times without speaking. At last I said—

“Your kind father doth consent?”

“Yea,” says she.

Whereupon I fold her yet closer and kiss her twenty times more. And now all riddles had become plain. Her father's manner to me when he would assault me in Queen Street, the year before, accusing me of having undermined his daughter's affection by base arts, was rather an invitation for me to express a preference for his child—whom he very well knew had ever been secretly devoted to his prentice boy. And his anger on that occasion was rather to be traced to a conviction that the prentice was indifferent to the merit of his daughter than to other cause. Doubtless he could not understand my blindness; still less, my preference for the Lady Anne Wotton.

Then with singing and delight we pass the rest of that day, and we hold a high feast—I, Margaret, and Master Gray. And little Master Gray did drink many healths, and at last did so repeatedly drink to our good fortune that he became somewhat fuddled. Whereupon Margaret removed the bottles of claret, and he went to sleep to one of her songs, which she did very sweetly sing to the accompaniment of a lute. It was the somewhat doleful song which I have before quoted

in this narrative. But as it mentions kissing, I did interrupt it between the verses in a manner which I told her was most fitting to drive away the melancholy which that ditty inspired.

What made our hearts the lighter was that we thought all present danger was over; for Sir Michael Livesey, coming accidentally to the lodging, where we were, had caught sight of Master Gray, and accosting him very civilly, said nought that looked either as if he cherished any revengeful feelings, or as if anything was brewing by the Committee of Kent, at his instigation, for to embarrass Master Gray. Nevertheless, Master Gray was prudent enough neither to mention me or his daughter, nor to say a word about his intention to go beyond the seas with his moneybags as soon as the wind, which had been some time easterly, should change.

We concluded that Livesey and the Committee being now triumphant, and having the undisturbed possession of all that they had lost, and a great deal more to boot, viz., the estates of all those gentlemen who had signed the petition, were now disposed to slacken their vengeful pursuits of fresh delinquents. Having talked over these matters with Margaret, we persuaded Gray that there could now be no objection to finding a parson on the following morning to unite us in marriage according to the Presbyterian form. To which Gray did presently consent,

CHAPTER XXVII.

STRANGE DISCOVERIES.

THAT night, having drunk so much wine, I slept more soundly than I had done for some time, and did not awake till the sun was well up above the roofs of the houses opposite. There was from my garret a fair prospect of the river, and of Tilbury Fort. And looking upon the flag thereon, and upon the streamers of the ships in the Thames—as also upon the clouds—I perceived a brisk west wind blowing.

“Ho!” thinks I, “there will be a flitting after the wedding, and our bridal bed, a little bird tells me, will be in the cabin of a ship.”

For I conceived that Master Gray would not delay his departure, and I knew the master of the ship was anxious to be gone.

I had determined to procure a posy for Margaret, and we were to be married at nine of the clock, and it was now eight; so I made all haste to go forth.

It was with difficulty I could procure the posy, for there had been as much destruction of gardens as of aught else in those sad times; and also a neglect of many like things. I had reason to

imagine that she had gone on some similar errand ; for going to her chamber to bid her good-morrow, and get a kiss from her, as I went forth—I found her door open, her chamber empty, and the bed cold, Gray's door being closed, and loud snores sounding therein, I concluded she had gone forth alone, and I cared not to disturb the old man.

But when I returned, still finding that Margaret had not come back—though the snores in her father's room still sounded—I went below to search for Sarah Skelhorn, who, though I have not mentioned her, was at this time in attendance on her mistress, having come there however only two days before. But neither Sarah nor the landlord and his wife, who were both very old people, were to be found. Then I said to myself—

“Whither can Margaret have gone? And what has become of the rest?”

Presently I concluded they were forth to buy somewhat for a wedding feast. But I found no fire in the kitchen, nor any other preparations made; though the house appeared in some disorder. I next imagined they must have all gone forth, without waking Gray, to inquire after the sailing of the ship. And now, looking from the window, I perceived her spreading her foresail, and I thought I could see the capstan going round for to raise the anchor. Whereupon I rush into Gray's chamber.

“Oh! master! master! the ship is weighing,

and spreading sail—and here is Margaret gone I know not where; Sarah Skelhorn, too, and not a soul but ourselves in the house!”

But the chamber was dark; and there came no answer but the same snores I had heard from without.

“Master Gray! Master Gray! dost thou hear?”

But though I tried what shaking would do, it availed nothing.

I tore aside the hangings of the window; for the chamber was dark. When oh! horror! I perceived the bed was occupied by quite another than Gray, whom upon careful examination I discovered to be Hugh Justice, messenger to the Kentish Committee.

The cause of the soundness of his sleep was apparent; for there were divers bottles of strong waters, sack and claret, and other liquors, beside his bed—several of which he had apparently emptied—spilling the same upon the coverlet and flaxen sheets; with a can in his hand, and also in his clothes.

All of a sudden I suspected Livesey of having sent him there; but what had become of Gray and of Margaret? Fear on their account nearly drove me mad; but looking out upon the river, and seeing the ship hoisting sail, I said to myself—

“They have cajoled this Committee messenger, and got him to drink himself drunk, while they get aboard.”

Then I run out of the house, and while wondering why they had not awakened me, take boat at the water-side—approach and hail the ship, which was then moving down the Thames.

“What, ho!” I cried, “take me aboard! You have, I think, Master Gray and his daughter with you?”

I perceived they looked in some alarm. Terrible to relate—upon coming to an explanation, and making them understand who and what I was, they declined to take me in; and worse—informed me that the ship had that morning been searched by soldiers and others in the service of the Committee of Kent—who would have it that Gray and his daughter were concealed on board.

“Oh! I am undone! I am undone!” I cried. “I have lost all that is dear to me!”

Then, another idea striking me, I made the waterman pull for the shore with all his might.

I conceived that they had been suddenly alarmed, and had concealed themselves somewhere in the town—perchance at the house where I had been first taken in. With difficulty I found this last. The mistress thereof was at the door. I remembered her face. She did mine.

“Do not come in here,” says she, turning as white as the wall of her house, “thou wilt bring me into trouble. Away! begone!—they have sought thee here already this morning.”

“Sought me!”

"Yea; and did nearly hale me to prison when they could not find thee."

"And what of the young lady who came to my relief, that day here? Say the truth! Have you not concealed her and her father in this house?"

"Alas! and have they taken her away?" says the woman. "I have not seen her since I parted with her and thee—but away! away! Thou wilt get me into trouble and be taken thyself, if thou longer delayest!"

I was nearly mad now with apprehension. I returned to the lodging, and inquiring of a neighbour, my worst fears were realized. There had come a party of soldiers in the night, who had forced the door, and after a little while had gone—perchance carrying away prisoners—of that they could not be sure, since 'twas dark and they dared not inquire. Such things did oftentimes occur.

In spite of the danger, I went up to Gray's chamber and violently shook Hugh Justice in his bed, determining to slay him or get tidings of Margaret. But he was sleepy drunk still, and could by no means be wakened by cans of water poured over him, or by any other means. And in default of information, I came to the maddening conclusion that Margaret and her father had been violently carried—perhaps Hugh Justice knew not whither—while I had escaped notice, from my pallet being in an obscure

corner of my garret, hidden behind divers old trunks, sacks of peas and other lumber. While I was thinking what to do, I received a friendly warning that danger again menaced. For soldiers were seen approaching with a cart to take away the rest of the goods in the house. Hugh Justice had, as I afterwards found, been left in charge thereof.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

I INQUIRE AFTER MARGARET.

At first in my despair of being able to find Margaret, I conceived the design of rendering myself up; and so perhaps meet her at Leeds Castle, or some other prison. But on second thoughts, the improbability of so finding her, and the impossibility of helping her if I did, was presented strongly to my fancy; and not a moment too soon I fled out of a back window, and so got into the country before the soldiers who entered were aware of me. Then on higher ground which, I presently reached, I stopped to draw breath; and sadly perceived the ship departing that should have carried Margaret and myself to a safe asylum, and perhaps into the vicinity of the Lady Anne! At the thought of that fair one formerly so beloved, I could not but marvel how Margaret had awakened such passionate thoughts in my breast. At length, perceiving the cause, I said—

“It is rather because I now feel how warm and sincere is her love, than because she is grown into a far handsomer woman than I ever thought she would be. By my soul!” I added, fired by the remembrance of her, which indeed seemed that of

a new friend, "I will find her, though I have to walk barefoot all over the shire. I will do as Blondel did when his king was prisoned, he knew not where. At every loophole and dungeon-grate I will sing her favourite song. Perchance they have taken her to Sir Peter Rycaut's house. Thither in the first place I will bend my steps."

Bold words for a delinquent, who, but for a happy accident, would have been ere this sold as a slave into Africa for a few pence! who was now perhaps at this very instant diligently sought for in more places than one!

I was brought to my senses by meeting at this moment one of the collectors of the Committee, who put a question to me as to whether I knew where one Hugh Justice messenger of the Committee lodged in Gravesend. The house, he added, was under sequestration, the owner having harboured delinquents.

Feigning ignorance I tried to gain information. But this collector would tell me nothing. My courage now evaporating, I sought the woods; and all that day travelled therein till I came to the hill above Wrotham. I had become sensible of the great danger I was in, and was sorely troubled at the same time for Margaret. And yet several times I was seized with a mad desire for revenge, and said to myself—

"Ten thousand curses on Sir Michael Livesey! it is he who is at the bottom of all this mischief—

base, deceitful, knavish, cruel rascal that he is! I will go seek him, and slay him incontinently; and thus shall I venge Kent, Margaret Gray, and myself!"

Late that evening I took a new resolution. I would make for Surrey, and by that circuitous route get to London and endeavour to interest the Lady Fairfax to find out what was become of Margaret. As for Margaret, I felt she was safe from ravishment. I knew she would rather poignard than wed Sir Michael. I made sure that both Gray and his daughter, however, as well as Sarah Skelhorn, and the two old folks of the house, had been suddenly taken in their beds, otherwise I should have received a message from some of them.

That night I slept in the woods under dripping trees, which dry at first became anon more wetting than the rain which came down in a moderate quantity, to add to my discomforts. And the next day going into a village to beg food—for money I had none—I heard the agreeable tidings that I was searched for. It took me four days to get to London; and my only bedchambers during that time were the porches of the parish churches.*

The Lady Fairfax was not in Queen Street, but in the Earl of Warwick's house. Thither she had

* A gallant Cavalier relates that these places were found the safest night lodgings.

gone to lodge, awaiting a meeting of the great Presbyterian lords who were there debating how to bring the King to their terms by a treaty, and to oust the Independents, who were now as much opposed to Presbyters as the other had been to prelates.

Late one evening after two or three vain attempts, I forced my way into her presence, raising quite a combustion among the servants, who did with clamour follow me into her private chamber to which I had by chance found my way. Her ladyship, however, recognising me at once, quieted and dismissed those menials.

"So you have come to be my secretary, Rupert Lendall, when you can no longer find better employment?" says she, not without something like bitterness in her tone.

"No, my lady," said I, "it is not so. I come to beg your assistance and advice. I am in danger, and so I fear are some of my friends. I am heartily obliged to you for former great kindnesses, and indeed if you would not compel me to take the Covenant, I would gladly be your servant!"

And thereupon I gave her a full account of all that had happened since I left Fairlawn in the night.

I was considerably disappointed with her answer. She was evidently aware that I had been in danger at Colchester. I presume she had been told of it by her husband. She expressed little

sympathy. As for Margaret and old Gray, she knew nothing of them; and did not think she could discover aught. She was told indeed by Rushworth, her husband's kinsman, that they had intended to go beyond the seas. Finally she said that "I had made mine own bed and must now lie in't."

I was leaving her presence in some dejection, when she so far relented as to command me to stay, and, after some further talk, declared she would conceal me in that house for to-night; and after, have me conveyed to her house in Queen Street. As for old Gray and his daughter, she would make inquiries. I was then handed over to her tiring-maid to be stowed away, which was very comfortably done by that good wench, who, though demure in aspect, was as full of frolic as any filly foal. I will not weary you by a description of my long concealment in the Lady Fairfax her house. Suffice it to say, that by very great pains she obtained my pardon from the grandees, as soon as they had seized upon his Majesty and carried him prisoner to his own castle at Windsor, which was in December, 1648. Hearing that my Lord Capell was in the Tower, I obtained access to him, and was permitted by the interest of the Lady Fairfax (who now was mighty angry with the Independents) to visit him frequently. From this you will doubtless infer, that I had forgotten Margaret Gray. It is true that I had! The Lady

Fairfax ascertained what I could not at first believe, that Margaret's capture, as well as that of her father, was not altogether without her connivance! Sir Michael had, at all events, won over her father as well as herself. She was now, I was assured, living contentedly in Kent as Lady Livesey, ladying in great luxury!

Upon hearing this asserted by the Lady Fairfax in the most circumstantial manner, I lamented no more for Margaret, whose father I suspected had played double with me; if she indeed was herself quite innocent, which I began to doubt!

"What will not women do for money?" I exclaimed, "they will sell their bodies! they will barter their souls! Why did I veer from that one true loadstar, who though she was another's was formerly the bright planet of my worship?"

Whereupon I reverted once more to sad reveries of the beloved Anne; and sat down incontinently to write her an account of the behaviour of Margaret.

CHAPTER XXIX.

OF CAPELL IN THE TOWER.

THE Lord Capell did not know how he and the other lords, Hamilton, Norwich, Loughborough, Compton, Hastings, Holland, &c., were to be disposed of. 'Twas thought that the Houses considering the concessions made at Newport as satisfactory, and being in favour of restoring his Majesty, there would be a general amnesty for both sides. When, lo! the army march upon London, and promulgate their thundering declaration, which shewed their fixed design to change the whole fabric of the government, and to finish in blood as they had begun. Next came Pride's purging of the Commons; the sealing up of the Lords, and the mock trial of the King. My Lord Capell and his fellows there saw what their own fate would be. A day or two after the impious proceedings in Westminster Hall had commenced I went to the Lord Capell's apartment in the Tower, which had a casement that did look forth upon Tower Hill over the ditch.

I found him ramping about like a caged lion. He had obtained a copy of the charge which they had framed against the King. He had a roll of

paper in his hand; and on his table were more writings. He was full of loyal fury, and plied me with questions about the behaviour of the people.

"All is consternation, grief, and amazement," said I, "only the worst zealots seem to have any contentment in their countenance; and only the boldest of these dare to shew the malicious pleasure they enjoy; and that only by half-concealed glances of scornful triumph. The preachers, who formerly cried aloud for the blood of delinquents—or at least the Presbyterian part thereof—with Calamy and Burgess at their head, talk of signing petitions to stop the proceedings of this High Court of Justice."

"Do you hear nought of loyal meetings without the city or of a Common Hall being called within to take steps to preserve his Majesty's life?"

"Nay," said I, "and if there be such an intention it would have to be kept secret. All seem palsied with fear. The freemen of the city indeed are loud in condemnation of these regicide monsters; but with the power of their militia in the hands of Cromwell, and all arms seized, and fast in their magazines they are powerless; as are doubtless those lords and gentry who dwell about Westminster or elsewhere in the suburbs. 'Tis said the Lord Fairfax is averse from these proceedings, but some think he supposeth he will be the supreme head when the King is destroyed.

The Lady Fairfax assures me she cannot get him to move one way or the other. She is sufficiently indignant herself; and rages at the Independents, for the Presbyterian concession of his Majesty at Newport seemed to her doubtless to promise not only peace to the nation, but triumph to her party, and a long tenure of her husband's high office."

"Oh, Strafford! thou art avenged!" cries my lord, looking forth of his casement upon Tower Hill—which being the place of that great man's execution, or rather murder—I imagine, reminded my Lord Capell of him at that instant. "Thou art avenged, and the people have brought on themselves this curse. Rebellion worketh out its own punishment. But oh! the crime! the unheard-of crime!" cries Capell, "to dare to try their King—their native hereditary King—and that too, by a packed tribunal of upstart knaves! When such a thing is permitted how shall any man hope to preserve what Magna Charta and the Petition of Rights secured to Englishmen?"

"How, indeed!" said I.

"Oh, ye fell monsters!" cries the Lord Capell, clenching his fist, and shaking it, "what has become of all your seven years' calumnies of private articles about the matches of Spain and France; the death of King James; the business of Rochelle; the design of the German Horse; the Queen's designs to advance Popery; commissions

given to Popish agents for private levies; the bringing up the northern army to overawe the Parliament; the offers to the Scots of the plunder of London, if they would be neutral; the business of Ireland; the dreadful preparations of the Danes, and other foreign forces*—with an incredible number of other slanders?

“What were these but previous machinations, which, like an antemasque, with many ugly shapes amuses and entertains the people, whilst you in your tyring-house are dressing yourselves, and when you appear to act your tragic villainy—all quit the stage?

“The thing speaks for itself; they were but imposturous juggles and delusions to cozen the people into mistakes, for your own designs. And now they themselves must receive the reward of their own folly.”

And with that my Lord Capell takes the charge against his Majesty to pieces, and shews how monstrous, lying, wicked and impious it is.

Then giving me somewhat that he had writ, desires me to find such an one who is to procure its immediate printing and dispersion. And the said writings do contain, as he shews me, a violent incitement and appeal to all ranks and classes of people to rise up at once and interfere to prevent his Majesty's murder; which he shews—notwith-

* All these inventions had been diligently circulated by the enemies of the Crown.

standing that others believe banishment only intended—is clearly determined on by these scarlet rebels.

Then I obey his instructions; but, alas! none can be found who will dare to disperse the paper of my Lord Capell—no, nor even to print it. Such an indescribable power had the army party obtained by their recent victories, and present audacious proceedings.

And I continued to bring my lord such reports as I can gather from day to day of the proceedings of that impudent mock court, and of the bearing and the answers of his sacred Majesty to the treasonous, impious, brutal, and abominable words they address to him. His patience, his firmness, his reasonableness, his majestical unexpressed contempt of their usurped power, I dilate upon—for the fame thereof is secretly circulated by such spectators as find their way into the hall, and obtain over the heads of a packed phalanx of soldiers, a sight of their persecuted sovereign; who after a long standing at bay for his own rights and those of his subjects, is now trapped as he were a venison, to be ruthlessly torn to pieces by a pack of currish hounds.

The Lord Capell did continue to write scores of letters daily to stir up the King's friends; and these I did either secretly deliver, or procure to be delivered, to those to whom they were addressed; and when my Lord Capell was not thus employed,

he did pace his prison floor like a caged lion as before, and did oftentimes lift up his voice in eloquent condemnation of the tyrants of the hour.

At last came the dreadful day when their impious wickedness was completed; and I bore to my Lord Capell the news of the appearance of the presumptuous and impudent Bradshaw in a scarlet robe, and of his pronouncing the fiendish and bloody sentence against the King. At the same time, being advised that the lives of all the chief delinquents would be taken in like manner by that court (fulfilling the dismal augury which I had had but too much reason to believe in, a year before, in Master Starkey's house, in the night), I had contrived a plan for my Lord Capell to escape from the casement of his prison in the Tower, by filing the bars thereof, and by bringing him a strong cord for to descend into the ditch. I must tell you that not many visitors were permitted to see him, and that I only obtained leave to be with him under colour of being his servant. However, I contrived with his assistance to file the bars; and to arrange for his reception in a lodging at the Temple; and after to Lambeth in the marshes there. The Lord Capell was further encouraged to this attempt by the hopes of support he had secretly received from divers persons—many of them of eminence—in a plan he had to rescue His Majesty on his way to the scaffold which as we now heard, was to be set up in con-

tempt, in front of his own banqueting hall. His hope of now being able to share in this attempt did very much increase his desire of escaping from the Tower. 'Twas happily arranged by me to propound this plan of escape only on the dreadful morning of the sentence; though I had been negotiating it with others for some time past—for the propounding did divert his loyal grief and rage from the terrible contemplation of the King's now certain destruction, and the consequent confirmed slavery of the nation. Late that evening I quitted my lord, who was full of hopes of what he should be able to do when he should be once more a free man. Of personal risks he seemed to think nothing. In the cause of the King and country he was ready to walk through fire and water, and seemed to care nothing for the vision of the bloody scaffold which did loom in the distance.

Twenty-fifth Inscription.

To

THE DUCHESS OF MONTROSE.



CHAPTER XXX.

A LAST ATTEMPT FOR KING CHARLES.

FOR the most part the lawyers did take the King's side in the troubles, as indeed all honest lawyers must, which is clearly evidenced by the arguments of brave and learned Judge Jenkins. It was to the Temple therefore that the Lord Capell was first to betake himself; and there, was to meet secretly some of those who did intend to attempt a rescue of His Majesty on the scaffold, or on his way thereto. On the evening of the 27th of January I did repair to the chamber fixed for the reception of my Lord Capell, where a disguise was to be ready, and where divers friends were expected to assemble. Upon entering it I found what appeared to be an old man with long locks of grey, a beard of the same, and a pair of spectacles, and who had somewhat of the air of an apothecary. Observing that he seemed to take notice of me, I accost him, and found to my amazement ere I said two syllables that I was clasped in a warm embrace.

"Ned Hales!" cried I, "by all that is wonderful!"

"Softly!" says he, "stone walls have ears, and

I am not only a prime delinquent, but also a debtor whom some would be ready enough to seize."

Then am I struck with remorse for my stupid inadvertancy; but no one was within hearing, so no harm came of it.

He congratulated me upon being at large and free from persecution, which considering what I had done in the matter of the revolt of the fleet was, he thought, surprising. I told him I traced it to the Earl of Warwick, and to the Lady Fairfax. Then I said—

"Oh! Ned, how is it that thou art in England? Is it not highly dangerous at this time, when they have doomed the King, and will it is said make a terrible example of all the chief Royalists that fall into their hands. Hath the Lady Anne come from beyond the seas also?"

"No," says Hales, "and be assured Rupert, that I would not have adventured it thus without an object of the highest importance."*

"And what was that?" said I, "are you permitted to compound?"

"Yea, if I come in person, so that they may deprive me of my liberty and perhaps of my life.†

* Some loyal attempt according to Clarendon (*see* Book xii.), was made by E. Hales subsequent to his flight; though we are not informed as to what it exactly was.

† I possess a copy of a letter from Barham the postmaster at Sittingbourne to Sir E. Hales saying that Sir A. Weldon and the Committee had refused to do anything to relieve those sequestered unless they appeared in person. When young Edward Hales did appear in 1653, he was sent to the Tower.

I came on a mission to his Majesty. Oh! the wickedness—the monstrous wickedness of these bloody rebels! to condemn him to death in this unheard-of manner! I came from his Highness the Prince of Wales bearing this” (here he shews me a sealed letter). “Know,” continues he, “that it contains the seal and signature of his Highness the Prince, whose filial devotion to his father did prompt him to send a blank paper with his signature thereto, and another letter praying his royal parent to make such compromise in his name as will cause the rebels to spare his life. Know also that I went with the same to wait on his Majesty.”

“Oh, Ned! how perilous for you! But what said his Majesty?”

“He declined to receive the letter—that is, the blank paper with his son’s signature—and ordered it to be delivered back saying, he did not value his life so much as to buy it from those who would filch it from him.”

“Ah!” said I, “doubtless his enemies did not expect such courage from one whom they have ever tried to persuade the people is a coward and a fool.”

“But he shall not die, if hearts and hands can prevent it,” said Hales, with eagerness.

“Oh!” said I, “you are then in our plot, Ned Hales, to rescue him on the day of his intended murder?”

"Yes, yes," says he, "it must be done, though it cost 10,000 lives."

"The Lord Capell is to put himself at the head of the devoted band," said I.

"I know, I know," said he, "the noble Capell! the glorious defender of Colchester! Colchester the honourable tomb of the petition of Kent! Would I had been there!"

Thereupon we lament for Lisle and Lucas, and I tell him many things about the siege, and how we were cozened into rendering "to mercy!"

I told him of the escapes of Farre and Colepepper, and inquired after divers Kentish gentlemen who were beyond the seas; also after Master L'Estrange. Then I told him I must leave him a while to assist the Lord Capell in making his escape. My share therein was to be ready with a boat at the nearest stairs on the river, for to convey my lord, who was to let himself down from the window some time after midnight—swim or wade through the Tower ditch, and mounting on the farther side, come to meet me at the river stairs with all convenient speed. The conversation I had had with Hales diverted me while I did wait at the rendezvous in the boat, otherwise I had been a prey to anxious thoughts; for my lord was so long in coming that I feared all our plans had miscarried. But at last to my great joy he appeared; but exhausted with fatigue, and covered inches deep with mud, which instead of water, as

we thought, filled up the Tower ditch, yea and nearly suffocated my Lord Capell, for though so tall he sank in it up to his very chin. In short his great height saved him ; but he told me that he thought he should have expired in the effort of dragging himself along through such a quagmire as he found the ditch to be. A weaker man* indeed would have sunk under so hideous a toil. Happily avoiding the water spies, whom the grandees kept to watch the river, we reached the Temple without accident, and after my Lord Capell had taken some repose in the secret chamber prepared for him, he received visits from divers Cavaliers, who at great risk assembled in the Temple in the dead waste and middle of the night.

And there and then was arranged the plan of rescuing his Majesty. All who had a hand in it were to attend upon my Lord Capell's directions. And though all particulars were not then decided upon, 'twas agreed that Ned Hales should when the time came give the signal for the rescue by raising a white flag, and calling out in a loud voice the word INVICTA !—which you remember is the motto of Kent. Then, all those in the plot, having pistols and rapiers ready to present and draw, were to rush upon the guards with fury and fight to the death. Agents were further appointed to tamper with the army, and sums of money liberally subscribed to aid the work. The Lord Capell hoped

* Or a shorter—Clarendon says he was up to his chin.

to appear in a disguise which should deceive even those who knew him best; and declared he would be the first man to draw rapier, and would seize the King's person, while the rest gathered round in a phalanx. The boldness of my lord, and his plain determination to risk his life to the uttermost, infused a hopeful spirit amongst the rest. 'Twas finally decided that the attempt should be made somewhere near Sir Thomas Cotton's house, where the King was lodged during the trial, immediately after he should be brought forth from the said house. They were not aware at that time that he was removed to St. James his Palace.

The next evening, which was the 28th January, 1648, my Lord Capell in a disguise took boat with one Sir Henry Moody,* and myself in a girl's disguise once more, and made for the Bank side. I perceived when we had left the Temple stairs the villain Rolfe come into the garden at a swift pace and take a survey of the boat. But I believe he did not know the Lord Capell's appearance, and I do not think he recognised me, but of that I am not certain.

I called the attention of my lord to him in the following fashion, for we had agreed that any talk we had must be after the godly pattern—

"Yonder," said I, "is worthy Captain Rolfe, who hath ever been true to the Good Old Cause and did excellently plan, and also carry out with pious

* Lady Harvey Lewis believed that the name of Capell's companion in the boat could not be discovered; but without doubt it was Sir Henry Moody.

Colonel Cobbett the capture of Charles Stuart at Carisbrooke, whom before, he would have pistolled ere he should break away."

This I said with a smooth and sanctified face, though my heart did boil with rage against the traitor. For what I said of him was true, Hammond having gone out of the way to allow his bolder subordinate to act his desperate treason.

'Twere better I had said nought, for the Lord Capell could not refrain from scowling upon Rolfe, which perchance excited the suspicion of the waterman. However my lord was not interrupted, but went to a house in Lambeth Marsh, where Sir Henry Moody had been some time concealed before. I accompanied my lord thus far, and then returned, expecting to find the boat, which indeed I did, but without the waterman. I then chose to walk by way of the bridge instead, which was a long journey to the Temple. I found nothing but laments for his Majesty in the City, and sorrow upon all faces. Prentices did mutter what they would do in revenge. But I knew such talk was idle. I rejoined Ned Hales, who was glad to hear that my Lord Capell was safely stowed. The remaining time was spent in secret labours to advance our plot. But some had already begun to fear that the grandees would so surround the King with soldiers that we should not be able to come near him. Ned Hales had seen nothing of Rolfe. I feared, however, he might be on his track.

CHAPTER XXXI.

OF A RESPITE FOR THE KING.

THE day before that fixed for the King's murder, came rumours that Fairfax did intend to prevent the contemplated crime—whether that rumour was true or no, I was unable to ascertain. I went however to my Lord Capell's retreat in the Marsh, to communicate the report, and get fresh instructions. 'Twas said that Fairfax would interfere by force, with his own regiment, and oppose Cromwell and Ireton; who, it was now known, were the King's implacable enemies, and had contrived his ruin, while at times pretending to befriend him.

But lo! what was my horror, on arriving at the said house in the Marsh, to find no trace of my Lord Capell, except that he had been carried off by soldiers from Whitehall, which report of some near the place was soon proved to be true, for 'twas announced in the Common's House, and £40 given to the rascally waterman* who leaving his boat, had tracked and reported him, Rolfe I presume assisting.

By-and-bye I discovered he was hard and fast in

* Zachary Standard, was, I think, his name.

that very place in the Tower whence he had escaped. Only warders were now to watch him both within, and also at the farther side of the ditch, opposite his window, the bars whereof were renewed and strengthened. This did greatly obstruct our plans ; and the rumour about Fairfax—whose wife had shewn herself a brisk Royalist during the trial—made us less diligent. For we thought there would at least be a combustion amongst the soldiers whereby the king might profit.

Then came the fatal morning of the 30th of January, and with it a rumour that our plot was discovered ; which presently proved true, for all concerned in it were diligently searched for. What became of the rest I knew not till afterwards. For myself, I fled to Queen Street, and being furnished there with a letter from the Lady Fairfax to her husband, boldly took the same to the chamber where the council of the army used to sit. The chamber was closed, so I could not immediately get an answer from the Lord Fairfax, which was what his wife required, as to whether the story of the reprieve of his Majesty were true or no.

It was a dull cold morning with a thin white fog. At the front of the banqueting hall I did see the dreadful sight of an high black scaffold, whereon the sound of great hammers working was plain to be heard from a long distance. Those

workmen, as well as divers soldiers I met, assured me that the news of the reprieve was certain.* Somewhat relieved I returned to the Lady Fairfax, who desired me to go again in search of my lord, assuring me that I could not be taken prisoner with that letter in my hand from her. She directed me to divers houses of the chief officers of the army not very far off. On my way I heard drums† beating from the direction of St. James's Park, and conceived 'twas the publication of the king's reprieve. We, who had been in the plot for his rescue, had all promised that if we could, we should be in the street before Whitehall at such an hour. But the joyful report of the reprieve prevented the necessity of my appearing there.

At last I found where his Excellency the Lord Fairfax was, and being commanded to wait some time, received at last a sealed answer to my letter, with which I hastened to the Lady Fairfax.

Oh! horror! when 'twas opened by her, she burst into a flood of tears. Dreadful to relate, I had been wholly deceived, as were many others, by the false news of a respite. I could not believe but that the Lady Fairfax was mistaken, and ran forth of the house, and so with speed to Whitehall.

* "To amuse the people," says Heath, "for the prevention of a rescue, they caused it to be rumoured as if they would respite the King, and better consider of so weighty and important a business."—See *Chron.*, p. 217.

† "The King was marched through St. James's Park to Whitehall, the guards marching," says Heath, "at a slow pace to their ill-tuned drums."

I found the street almost vacant. The damnable wicked deed had been done! I heard a horrifying account of it from one who had seen it. He said the groans of the multitude when the stroke was given would haunt him till his dying day.

Immediately after the final blow, the Horse did furiously charge the people in the street both ways, and so dispersed that sorrowful crowd. There was scarce a vestige of the scaffold left, 'twas removed in such violent haste. Rumour said that the Lord Fairfax, who had intended to interfere, was cozened, as were all the other plotters.*

* See Hume. Mr. Markham, however, seems to think Fairfax had no wish to interfere.

CHAPTER XXXII.

OF CAPELL HIS TRIAL.

Now was the ruin of church and kingdom complete, and Royalists did fly the country by scores and hundreds together, gathering up the wrecks of their property which had been spared to them by extortioning committees; and departing in haste they cared not whither, so they were quit of a land that God had cursed for its rebellion; while those who did remain did secretly rage and storm at their tormentors, or uselessly plot their destruction, only to their own ruin, for the legion of upstart divels that now held the supreme power, did hold it with a firm hand, since at their back were the terrible soldiers, glad to exercise any violence they had an excuse for against the partizans of the now ruined but once bravely combatant cause.

As for myself, I was hidden away once more by the kindness of the Lady Fairfax, who was now not so great a person as formerly—and passed my time in sad contemplation of the posture of affairs, the dispersion of my friends and the ruin of my hopes. I thought very bitterly of old Gray, for I

had come to persuade myself that it had been with difficulty that Margaret had overcome the aversion she had so constantly entertained for the detestable Livesey, who I must tell you, after being one of the judges became one of the scavengers of the king's bloody scaffold, for he sat in committee on the royal trinkets which were worn by his Majesty on the day of his martyrdom,* and doubtless had his share of the rich spoils of King Charles his wondrous collection of art treasures.

I repeat, I now believed that it was old Gray's care for his money bags that had forced the match on Margaret, joined to the fear they both must have had of Sir Michael's malice.

Ned Hales had escaped; I had now besides the Lady Fairfax (for whom I would have cared more had she preached less) but one friend in England left—my sister with Frances Trattle having fled to Holland—and that was my Lord Capell, who was as good as doomed; for word soon came that Sergeant Dendy had made proclamation for his trial, and that of the rest of those noble prisoners, with the braying of trumpets and the rolling of drums in front of Westminster Hall. To the Tower to visit my lord I could not go; but I was witness to his bravery and wit before the mock tribunal which had murdered his sovereign; for the Lady Fairfax had a box in the

* Sir Michael Livesey, was one of a Committee named 31st January, 1648-9, "to consider particulars about the late King's body, his George, his diamond and his seals," &c.

hall, where, screened by curtains and behind her ladyship, I did daily attend.

I have not time to tell you of his fellows in misfortune, who were on their trial at the same time, viz., Duke Hamilton, the Lords Holland and Norwich, and Sir John Owen, the Welsh hero. But the Court was presided over by that scarlet rebel Bradshaw, in a scarlet gown in mighty state, and sat in the same place as at the king's trial, viz., at the south end of the hall.

When it came to his turn, enter the Lord Capell undismayed. Nor did he take so much notice of the Court as to doff his hat until he came to the bar. Here the charge being read to him by the mock Solicitor-General he shewed at once his scorn of that illegal tribunal, which had committed the unheard of crime of condemning the King of England to a traitor's death, for he refused to acknowledge their jurisdiction; and being pressed by the insolent tyrants to answer to the charge he at once told them that, "The articles of the surrender of Colchester, and the assurance of quarter from the Parliament-General there given, did free him from all legal proceedings, and that all the gowns in Christendom had nothing to do with him."

This he spoke with a voice so strong and clear, and with so soldier-like and noble a bearing, that a hum of applause did come from the crowd at the further end of the hall in honour of this modern Hector.

Which thing did sufficiently anger the overbearing, insolent tyrants, who sat there to murder him under the forms of law.

Few witnesses were examined, but many crafty words were employed by the remorseless counsel against him to give colour to their bloody intention. For when this suborned wretch had made him out a murderer and a traitor, for bravely adhering to the oaths which the rebels had broke, and sacrificing his peace and security by taking up arms in defence of the rights of the Crown, and the true liberties of the subject—he flinched not to assert that the Lord Capell's escape from the Tower was an argument for taking away his life. And after the manner of the rebellious sect, brought up Holy Writ to prove a precedent. How false and deceitful the words of this counsel were, will, from the following, plainly appear. He did compare his case to that of "cursing Shimei. For," said he, "though David had sworn to him by the Lord, saying 'I will not put thee to death with the sword' (1 Kings, i, 8), yet, afterwards, when Shimei broke away from his confinement at Jerusalem, and went to Gath to Achish to seek his servants, Solomon, his son, commanded Benaiah, who went out and fell upon him and put him to death." In like manner did this counsel explain away the noble prisoner's plea of freedom from the jurisdiction of the Civil Court.

When after some days of such like juggling the Lord Capell was put on his defence—for counsel he

was not allowed, or did refuse—he stood boldly up and defended himself with a noble eloquence and unanswerable arguments. He made good his plea of quarter given him from the General's own mouth at Colchester, as well as implied by the articles of rendition. He said that if the General had power to put Lisle and Lucas to death, 'twas plain he had the power to assure quarter to the rest who had rendered to mercy. 'Twas true there had been an ordinance to give no quarter to the rebel Irish. "But though I am a rebel," said my lord, "I am not an Irishman, and therefore am not intended by that ordinance." He did disdain to show how false was the pretence of comparing his case to that of "cursing Shimei;" but simply did show that some who had escaped from Colchester had been allowed to compound. Whereas his case was different, his escape from prison being to avoid the civil jurisdiction which he would not acknowledge. "I plead my right," said the Lord Capell, in conclusion, "if I must be tried by the civil power, to be tried by a legally constituted tribunal, namely, by my peers, in the same manner as the late Earl Strafford and the late Archbishop Laud." And going at length into divers statutes, and quoting Magna Charta and the Petition of Right, he showed that the laws of the land did justify all his proceedings, and that the law of arms did secure his life; and having finished his argument which was clear as light, in terms of moving eloquence, he demanded that the Lord Fairfax should be

asked to give evidence to disprove the explaining away of the promise of quarter assured. Whereupon the Court adjourned.

I was not present when Fairfax did appear, who brought with him, or was brought by, Ireton, accompanied by Berkstead and others of the commissioners for the rendition of Colchester, for my Lady Fairfax would not attend, but sulked at home, knowing, I suppose, that Fairfax would not shine in the capacity of witness. But to my sorrow I learnt that he did evade the plain and honest answer expected from a soldier, and could not clearly explain that quarter had been assured to Capell and the rest; after which Ireton, with bitter and revengeful coldness—which made it plain he had not forgot the taunts of Capell at Colchester—did explain, that the quarter given did only give freedom from the power of the sword, and not from the power of a civil court. Also that “rendering to mercy” did mean that the prisoners were only to be freed from “the *promiscuous* execution of the sword”—which was a proper commentary upon the murder of Lisle and Lucas.

The last part of this solemn farce was the two hours’ murdering speech of Bradshaw, of which the following specimen is sufficient to show you how jugglery and mock justice may cheat the king’s subjects of their lives, when the king’s power is usurped.

“It is true,” said this fox-wolf, speaking upon the Colchester articles, “if this had been a war

proclaimed and prosecuted against a foreign nation, these articles would have been kept inviolable. But the prisoners not being enemies but rebels, the case was different. As for the Lord Capell's plea for Magna Charta, or trial by peers—it's true 'twas the ordinary way; but upon just occasions, as precedents do inform us, this way hath been waived; and further, those words or the law of the land is thus generally construed, that without peers, merely by witnesses, several Courts in this kingdom do give sentence as is the case in the Admiralty Court, &c."

"His speech being ended," the diurnal will tell you, "'Ho! yes!' was made, and Duke Hamilton stood up. Then that villainous reprobate Broughton* read sentence against him, that he should die by having his head severed from his body. Next the Earl of Holland; the Lord Goring; and fourthly (these be still the words of the diurnal, not mine) the never-enough-to-be-honoured Lord Capell—who, with magnanimous courage, more undaunted than ever was Roman, having all the time his sentence was reading and pronouncing, his arms akimbo, out-facing boldly those bloody tyrants and messengers of murder and cruelty, that sat in judgment to take away his innocent life."†

* Of Maidstone, a regicide. In 1660, after proclaiming Charles II. in that town, he rode away and fled beyond the seas.

† This account of the trial is not an invention of Lendall's.

Twenty-sixth Inscription.

To

THE EARL OF ESSEX.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

THE MURDER OF THE LORD CAPELL.

WHEN the Lord Capell's destruction was fixed—in spite of the great interest used to save him and the other peers by petitions of noble lords and ladies to the usurping section of the Commons—wherein Cromwell played a prominent part,* following up his son Ireton's bloodthirsty clamours for revenge—I say, when 'twas fixed when and where Capell was to die, I did plan the same rescue for him which he had intended for his Sovereign. But it being discovered to him by some officious friend, the Lord Capell did by express command forbid it. For himself he would not have one drop of bloodshedding risked, though

* Cromwell, who had known him very well, spoke so much good of him, and professed to have so much kindness and respect for him, that all men thought that he was now safe when he concluded—That his affection to the public so much weighed down his private friendship, that he could not but tell them that the question was now whether they would preserve the most bitter and implacable enemy they had; that he knew the Lord Capell very well, and knew that he would be the last man in England that would forsake the Royal interest; that he had great courage, industry, and generosity; that he had many friends who would always adhere to him; and that as long as he lived, what condition soever he was in, he would be a thorn in their side. And, therefore, for the good of the Commonwealth, he should give his vote against the petitions.—*Clar. Hist.*, Book xi.

for king and country he would not have spared the last of his own, as he now was going to prove; nay more, he hath left on record this sentence written immediately after the destruction of his Sovereign—a kind of legacy of words worthy of Sparta. And if a rebel must for policy throw away his scabbard when he hath drawn the sword, is it not the duty of the loyal subject never to sheath his till usurpers be destroyed?

“Leave all those softer and pusillanimous passions,” says he, “that have affinity with doubts, griefs, and fears; but stimulate and excite those of indignation and revenge, and such as may be applied to celebrate the virtues of this heroic and unparalleled prince, our late Sovereign. Forget not the courage of the first inhabitants of this famous, never till now infamous, island, which for some hundreds of years so exercised the Roman Eagles that less than 7,000 soldiers continually in field and garrison, sufficed not to preserve to them the honour of their conquest over the natives. Let us then disdain that such a paltry and inconsiderable pack of traitors should domineer and over-rule us. Let us not, by so many degrees, be baser than the most barbarous of our ancestors.”*

But now being without any other prospect for himself than that of certain death, this noble lord

* These, like most others quoted in Lendall's MS., are the actual words of Arthur Algernon, first Lord Capell.

did pass the remainder of the brief time he had to spend in this lower world in devout exercises, whereby his most Christian serenity and patience became known unto all. I will not harrow your souls with an account of his last parting with his beloved wife and children, to whom he gave his last words of blessing and of advice in terms which would add to his renown if they were published. For me he did exert his influence that I should be no more hunted by the bloodhounds of the usurpers, who once more did haunt my footsteps, growling forth, I had heard, the cruel intentions of their masters to avenge the death of Rainsborough by making me a terrible example, as had been formerly proposed. You must know that the Jonah of the Fleet, whom I had unshipped at Deal, had, after betaking himself to his old command of foot at Colchester, been sent to besiege Pontefract Castle some weeks afterwards, which Colonel Morrice, who had ingeniously betrayed it for the King, did very gallantly defend. In the garrison were some soldiers who had a particular affection for Sir Marmaduke Langdale, and that general being prisoner at Nottingham Castle, the said soldiers did conceive the daring plan to seize Rainsborough at his head-quarters at Doncaster in the midst of his own men, so as to get Langdale exchanged. They, however, were foiled in that plan; for having seized him, he gave an alarm, whereupon they were forced to despatch

him, contriving afterwards to make their escape.* The Lord Capell, I say, did use his influence with the Earl of Warwick and others in my behalf, claiming to have me for his servant during the brief time he had to live, and undertaking that his son should procure a sum of money to pay into Goldsmith's Hall as my third or fourth fine. Whereupon I was permitted to attend him, but only upon the scaffold, with no certain promise of pardon, though my fine was agreed upon.

Upon the 9th of March I came out of hiding. 'Twas a fine spring morning, and warm for the time of year. Violets had begun to blow in the Lady Fairfax her garden near Queen Street, and green sprouts in bosquet and hedgerow did promise the revival of nature. But this was to be the closing day of the chief and flower of the loyal nobility of England. The Lady Fairfax with a sigh did hand me a posy of violets to throw upon the martyr's form when he should have rendered up his spirit to heaven—a noble sacrifice to the manes of the Crown and Church. And so I go forth, and find Ireton superintending the dismal pageant of murder. New Palace Yard was full enough of horse and foot to prevent any rescue, if it had been thought on. The Sheriff was there with his halberds, and in the midst was the scaffold, not black as his Majesty's had been, but draped in red, with a piece of crimson silk laid

* See *Clar. Hist.* Book xi.

down on the floor thereof, under the block, to signify, I suppose, that the victims were men of blood.

I did not see the sufferings of Hamilton and Holland—the Earl of Norwich and Sir John Owen were, you must know, reprieved; and for the last Ireton did pretend to exercise a merciful interest as a set-off against the thirst he had shown for Capell's blood, by making a speech in his favour. But 'tis well known that the reason he got mercy was that some of Prince Rupert's men had landed in Anglesea, and threatened to hang the Committee there if Owen was put to death.*

I will not sicken you with accounts of how—when I got up on the scaffold, just as my lord, who had come from Sir Thomas Cotton's house through Westminster Hall, was taking leave of the now Bishop Morley—I perceived signs and tokens of the butchery that had been before. But I doubt if Master Burbage or Master Betterton, who have made famous the plays of Will Shakspear, did ever in their representations of his notable tragic heroes walk the stage with greater dignity and nobility than the Lord Capell when he trod the scaffold within a few minutes of his death. Nor Roman, Spartan, nor brave Trojan could have eclipsed him. He was every inch the

* So says a diurnal of the time. Mrs. Hutchinson says that Sir John Owen's reprieve was due to her husband's representations to Ireton.

peer and the soldier. His beaver cocked defiantly, and, with a composed countenance, he marches to the rails that were towards Whitehall.

“What!” says he, “did the other lords address the people uncovered?”

And finding 'twas so he takes his hat off, and in a brave, loud voice begins his last oration.

He begins by telling the people that he forgives those that have brought him to this violent end. And then, in becoming language, makes his profession of his religion, which he said was according to the Reformed Church of England, in which he had been born and bred—which had flourished from the time of Queen Elizabeth until these troubles—and which he accounted the best in the world.

Then did he touch lightly upon the broken treaty of Colchester, and how the promised protection of his life had not been made good. Also that he did die for obeying the fifth commandment, which bound him to obey the magistracy under which he lived. Of his part in Strafford's death he made repentant confession, that he had voted for the Bill against him from fear. As his late Majesty had made lament for an unjust sentence, which had brought an unjust sentence on himself—so did he. He glorified his late Majesty as the most virtuous and sufficient prince in the whole world. Spoke favourably of his son and successor; and plainly told them they would never be in the

right way till the old order of things had been restored. He then once more professed his hearty forgiveness of his enemies. Nor would he impute malice to any of them.

“What other end there is in them, I know not,” said he, “nor will I examine, but let it be what it will, from my very soul I forgive them every one.”

Then commending those who heard him and the whole nation to the gracious care of the Almighty, he addressed some words to the executioner, and prepared himself for the dreadful stroke; praying himself, and requesting the prayers of those present.

When that dreadful stroke* was given, sobs and tears did lament the sad fate of this great and noble Cavalier, who in all he had done had no other end than the public good.

Assuredly his fame shall grow with the march of time; and when at length, base principles shall be almost forgotten, faction silenced, and honour yielded where honour is due—high upon the roll of noble Englishmen shall his name be found; and it shall be proudly remembered how, verifying his coat-armour—

Our Capell, lion-like undaunted stood,
Beset with crosses in a field of blood. †

* Which according to a diurnal was unskilfully made and had to be repeated.

† This distich is found in the elegies of the time. Lendall's panegyric is not more eulogistic than that made by Clarendon (see Book xi.).

CHAPTER XXXIV.

CONCERNING MARGARET.

My lord had shaken hands with me, ere he knelt to the block, and bid me assuage my tears, as he did the rest; and as he passed away, I did console myself in [thinking how vain was the malice of his bloodthirsty enemies, who but freed him from his earthly tabernacle. But when, after their rude drums and harsh trumpets had sounded a point of war, and those well-fed soldiers departed, leaving the friends and attendants of the deceased—many of whom were lean and sorrow-stricken—with the marred remains of this faithful servant of his martyred King—I felt the righteous rage of loyalty and friendship mounting within me to such a height of fury, that if I had been armed, I would have assaulted Ireton ere he left Palace Yard. Then came again the saddening and sobering thought of my powerlessness, and of the martyr's forgiveness of his murderers, and I stood speechless beside the coffin; and lastly, melting into tears, did strew the violets of the Lady Fairfax upon the still form of my lost patron and friend.

In the act of doing so, even at the moment I

felt most deserted and lonely, I found my hand gently clasped, while the fellow of that hand that clasped mine, strange to say, did likewise strew violets upon the same venerated object, and a voice that I knew, exclaimed—

“Oh! Rupert, Rupert! what a meeting! and what a deed is this. Thy noble, noble master and friend!”

And lo! 'twas Margaret who spoke, and whose eyes also rained tears upon the corpse as fast as her hand dropped the violets.

“Lady Livesey!” said I, in a tone which had more of awe and wonder than of reproach.

I was answered by a look of amazement; and 'twas plain that the feeling it did index had altered the current of her thoughts, for her tears instantly ceased. I perceived she was dressed in mourning weeds, of a texture that did denote poverty.

Would you know the truth? The Lady Fairfax had been wholly deceived about Gray and his daughter—or shall I say imposed upon?—by her informants, whose interest it had been to conceal the fact that the old man and his child had after suffering imprisonment elsewhere, been thrown into the Gatehouse, where the extortioners, who kept them close under an assumed name, did fleece them of all they possessed, under colour of compounding for the crime of assisting divers delinquents—myself amongst the rest.

“Oh! fool! fool!—idiot! dolt!” Such were the words I mentally applied to myself. “How could you have believed so improbable a legend, so insulting to one whom you had lately thought you could not honour sufficiently!”

Sarah Skelhorn had escaped; but Margaret’s father—would you know it all—had died! died in prison!

We retired from Palace Yard into a neighbouring house, where some of the sorrowing relatives did receive the remains of the martyr—and here I was made acquainted with all particulars. ’Twas indeed true that Livesey had captured both in the night at Gravesend when I lost them. Finding that Margaret would not be his, he did carry out those malicious plans—so worthy of a regicide and of a scavenger of Royal shambles—which ended in the discharge of Margaret from prison when her father was ruined and dead, and she too had no more to give.

Margaret’s now complete poverty had been brought about by her tender generosity to me. For ’twas she, and she alone, who had saved me after my being captured at Deal, and had paid my composition into the Goldsmith’s Hall. When we talked of the extortion and cruelty of those in power, I was seized once more with sudden fury.

“Let us hence, Margaret!” I cried. “Let us leave this accursed land where fraud and murder are screened by the mask of hypocrisy—where

beggarly thieves drive in coaches over the graves of the honest and noble whose death and ruin are the rewards of their constancy, valour, and integrity. Let us fly beyond the seas, and seek the presence of our young King, the heir of our ancient Royal house—the son of the martyred, murdered, never enough to be lamented Prince, whose blood cries for vengeance, which cometh not yet, but *shall* come! Let us hence! let us hence!”

“Ah! Rupert—I must not, I cannot go with thee—once upon a time I had wherewith to aid thee, I should now be but a clog upon thy path, an encumbrance, a burthen. Go, seek some other fair who can add to thy store, and not diminish it.”

We were alone in the chamber.

“Dearest and best! kind and generous Margaret! to whom I owe life and liberty, and all I ever shall win—without thee I cannot, will not live. Come to my arms and be my wedded wife!” So saying, I clasped her to my bosom and kissed her with affection. “We were all but made man and wife a few short months since; and shall thy misfortunes separate us now—thou trebly dear one? The munificence of my martyred master hath left me what will take us beyond the seas. Let us trust in Providence for the rest. I am young, I am strong, I can do many things—I did abhor the rebels’ service, as thou knowest. But by

sea or land I am ready to serve my Sovereign—more especially now when his cause is low, his foes many, and his friends disheartened and dispersed. I will entreat his Highness, Prince Rupert's favour to restore me to my honourable office in the King's ship the 'Constant Reformation.' 'Tis said the revolted ships do sweep the Channel, and do sink or capture all craft that will not lower their top-sails to the King's flag! "

Then did this dear one—so injured by my uncharitable and stupid thoughts—fondly returned my embrace. We took leave of the Lady Fairfax, who told me I was far too young to take unto myself a wife—a thing which I would by no means admit. And we did comfort ourselves by the assurance of meeting our noble Kentish friends in some of the distant places whither we were bound. And though Margaret did pull a sad mouth when I mentioned the name of the Lady Anne, I did kiss her into smiles again, and our wedding chamber was—as I had once before predicted—the cabin of a ship; for that same night we did leave our native land to go beyond the seas.

THE END OF THE NARRATIVE.

NOTE BY JER. G.—Not withstanding all thys braggadocio talk, Prince Rupert wolde not receave him back, whereuppon this Lendall, alias Tindall, did shuffle away to the plantations where 'tis believed his wife dyd turn a mighty zealous Presbyterian, and some of theyre children be settled at *New Plymouth*, and other places. Wee are free to believe as much as we like of the Slanders thys vile *Narrative* doth try to fix upon ye Godlie party. But 'tis to be remembered they dyd rule in *England* wyth Safety to themselves and Glory to the nation for divers years. And tho' they made much fusse in burninge of rumpes and gettinge beastlie drunk, at ye Restoration, what dyd it all ende in? Is the throne better filled?

P.S.—Pious Master Bix, a persecuted Saint, now in hys 80th yeere, informes me that after y^e deathe of Miriam May (whom Lendall wanted courage to kill) 'twas found she was but a brave and godlie woman, who, being wedded to a clerke of Sheppie—a minion of Arch^d Laude's, whom she despised—dyd dessert y^e same; and joyning Cockayne's troope in 1642 (having first worked for her lyving at Goudhurst as a forger of armes) dyd help Culmer to break downe Canterburie painted windows and also to sacke her owne husband's Parsonage.—So much for the valour of R. L.

Item. Master Bix saith that Roger L'Estrange, as well as R. Lendall and R. Lovelace, had a hand in this Royalist *Lyebill*—and indeed R. L. may stand for alle.





